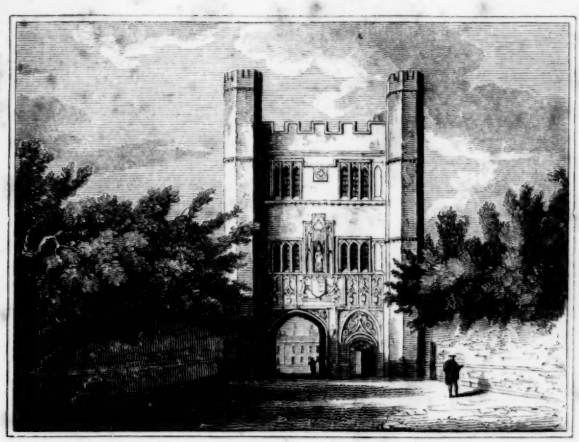
THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE;
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. V.



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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. V. Part I.

The Negotiations of Woolsey, the great Cardinall of England. Containing his life and death, viz. 1. *The originall of his promotion.* 2. *The continuance in his magnificence.* 3. *His fate, death, and buriall. Composed by one of his owne servants, being his Gentleman-Usher,* [G. Cavendish.] *London, printed for* William Sheares, 1641.

Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, in Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography. Printed from a MS. in the Lambeth Library.

The fate of this most interesting piece of biography has been singularly unfortunate.—Until very lately, it has only been known in editions of the work, the earliest of which was printed nearly a hundred years after its composition, and then so garbled, abridged, and altered, by the caprice of a tasteless editor in order to serve a temporary purpose, as almost to destroy the identity of the work. Numerous MSS. (no less than ten in different public libraries) of it, have, however, very fortunately come down to our time; and to them, alone, must we recur for the elegant and simple language, the minute and accurate narrative, the instructive and extraordinary facts, of the biographer. Moreover, it was but a short time ago, that the *real* author was properly ascertained, and the popular error, which attributed the credit of the work to Sir William Cavendish, the founder of the house of Devonshire, completely refuted. The author of that excellent pamphlet, "*Who wrote Cavendish's Life of Wolsey?*"

has set the matter at rest, by proving, that our gratitude should be paid to *George* Cavendish the elder, the poor and neglected brother of Sir William; and thus, by consequence, shewing the fallacy of the tradition, that the wealth of that distinguished house had its foundation in certain advantages which Sir William was supposed to have enjoyed in the course of his service upon Cardinal Wolsey. To George Cavendish, of Glemsford (as it is rightly stated by Lord Herbert), the faithful follower of the great Cardinal, a zealous Catholic and loyal subject of Queen Mary, do we owe this remarkable account of his master's high estate and precipitate fall. Of the ten MSS. which still exist of this ancient work, one has lately been edited by Dr. Wordsworth, in his *Ecclesiastical Biography*, from a MS. in the Lambeth Library; and it is this, rather than the imperfect earlier editions, which we shall use for our extracts, not only because it is illustrated and amended with great judgement and taste, in that excellent and valuable work, but because the book from which it is copied appears to have the best claims to originality of any of the others, whether print or manuscript, which have met our view.

There have been few more remarkable and eventful lives than that of Wolsey, which has even become a proverb in the mouths of all those who would exemplify the instability of human grandeur, and the uncertainty of the favour of princes. Cavendish appears to have been a constant attendant upon the person of the Cardinal for the last few years of that prelate's life, and to have enjoyed perpetual opportunities of close observation. The latter years of his own life, after the death of Wolsey, he probably employed in recording the facts which had come under his own view, and in recollecting and committing to writing those which his master, in his hours of familiar confidence, had related to him.

It is seldom that we can get so near a view of a life so remarkable and eventful as that of this great courtier; and the rarity of such works increases in proportion to the remoteness of the period. But what adds to the value of this production, is, that there is no where a more vivid and striking representation of the manners of that distant age, than in the pages we are about to review.

When Cavendish lived, literature was neither a very common nor a very necessary accomplishment, nor is it at all usual to find the gentlemen of that age sitting down to record the memorable events of their lives for the instruction or amusement of posterity. Our author, however, was too much struck by the splendour and grandeur of the Cardinal, too much affected by the awful change in the fortunes of his patron, and what is still more amiable, too indignant at the spreading slan-

ders against the character of his deceased master, to suffer the glory of his magnificence to pass away without an effort to transmit to future ages some testimony of its radiance. So that it became the pious care of this steady adherent of the "mighty fallen," to dwell with fondness on the scenes in which he had seen his master perform his stately part, to watch over again in thought the progress of his doubtful fate, and collect the few faint rays which played about the last hour of the broken-hearted statesman. Both Wolsey and ourselves may be said to be fortunate in his biographer. In spite of the attachment which the writer must be supposed to have felt to his subject, his work bears evidence of a most exemplary impartiality, by which the Cardinal loses nothing, and we gain much. The pen of Cavendish is a lively and a ready one, and all that came under his own observation he describes with fidelity and accuracy. His style has the unstudied graces of a man writing in earnest; and when it rises, as it frequently does, in denouncing the blind caprices of chance, the degeneracy of the times, or the neglect of obscure worth, it often possesses a dignity and impressive eloquence, which mark a lofty and intellectual spirit.

In the management of the work, he has adhered to the order of time, and commences with what he understood to have been the history of Wolsey's early life and rise to greatness. In this part, he interweaves some events as he had heard them described from the mouth of the Cardinal himself; after which he proceeds to a description of his sumptuous establishment and magnificent mode of life, such, probably, as he himself found it on entering the minister's service. He then proceeds to relate what passed under his own observation—the extent of which period not reaching much farther than from the Cardinal's embassy into France to his death, does not embrace any long interval, but is filled with scenes of pomp and splendour, and gorgeous ceremony, which cast into the shade the simplicity of modern manners; and likewise pourtrays the most interesting period of the life of Wolsey, as well as of his master, the "hard-ruled king." The trial and divorce of Katherine—the King's passion for Anne Boleyn—the cruel separation of that lady and the lord Percy—the Cardinal's embassy into France, his fate, the last scenes of his life, and his death in the abbey of Leicester—are all here, with many other events and anecdotes of inferior importance, related by an eye-witness, with a fidelity and a liveliness which place them before our eyes.

It is well known that the fortunes of Wolsey took their rise in the reign of Henry VII. and that had not the death of that king interposed, it is probable that his ability and dexterity would have secured his advancement to the highest station by the favour of that wary monarch. The circumstance which

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first brought him into notice is mentioned in all the histories, but is here related, at length, from Wolsey's own mouth, and is too characteristic to be omitted:

"It chaunced at a certain season that the king had an urgent occasion to send an ambassador unto the emperor Maximilian, who lay at that present in the Lowe Countrey of Flaunders, not far from Calaise. The bishop of Winchester and sir Thomas Lovell, whom the kinge most esteemed, as chiefe of his counseile, (the king one day counselling and debating with them upon this embassage,) saw they had nowe a convenient occasion to prefer the kinge's chapleene, whose excellent witt, eloquence, and learning, they highly comended to the kinge. The kinge giving eare unto them, and being a prince of an excellent judgement and modesty, comanded them to bring his chapleine, whom they so much comended, before his Grace's presence. And to prove the wit of his chapleine he fell in communication with him in great matters: and, perceiving his wit to be very fine, thought him sufficient to be put in trust with this embassage; commanding him thereupon to prepare himself to his journey, and for his depeche, to repaire to his Grace and his counsell, of whom he should receive his commission and instructions. By means whereof he had then a due occasion to repaire from time to time into the kinge's presence, who perceived him more and more to be a very wise man, and of a good intendment. And having his depeche, he tooke his leave of the kinge at Richmond about none, and so came to London about foure of the clocke, where the barge of Gravesend was ready to launch forthe, both with a prosperous tide and winde. Without any further aboade he entered the barge, and so passed forthe. His happie speede was such that he arrived at Gravesend within little more than three hours; where he tarried no longer than his post horses were provided; and travelled so speedily with post horses, that he came to Dover the next morning, whereas the passengers were ready under saile to saile to Calaise. Into the which passengers without tarrying he entered, and sailed forth with them, so that long before noone, he arrived at Calaise; and having post horses in a readiness departed from thence, without tarrying. And he made such hasty speede, that he was that night with the emperor. And he having understanding of the coming of the kinge of England's ambassador, would in no wise delay the time, but sent for him incontinent (for his affection to kinge Henry the seventh was such, that he was glad when he had any occasion to shewe him pleasure.) The embassador disclosed the whole summe of his embassage unto the emperor, of whom he required spedy expedition, the which was graunted him, by the emperor; so that the next day he was clearly dispatched, with all the kinges requests fully accomplished and graunted. At which time he made no farther delay or tariaunce, but tooke post horses that night, and rode incontinent towarde Calais againe, conducted thither with such persons as the emperor had appointed. And at the opening of the gates of Calaise, he came thither, where the passengers were as ready to retourne into Englande as they were before at his journey forewarde; insomuch that

he arrived at Dover by tenne or eleven of the clocke before noone; and having post horses in a readiness, came to the court at Richmond that same night. Where he, taking some rest untill the morning, repaired to the kinge at his first coming out of his bed chamber, to his closet to masse. Whom (when he saw) he checked him for that he was not on his journey. "Sir," quoth he, "if it may please your highness, I have already been with the emperor, and depeched youre affaires, I trust with your grace's contentation." And with that he presented the kinge his letters of credence from the emperor. The kinge, being in a great confuse and wonder of his hasty speede and retourne with such furniture of all his proceedings, dissimuled all his wonder and imagination in the matter, and demanded of him, whether he encountered not his pursevant, the which he sente unto him (supposing him not to be scantly out of London) with letters concerning a very necessary matter, neglected in their consultation, the which the king much desired to have dispatched among the other matters of ambassade. "Yes forsoothe," quoth he, "I met with him yesterday by the way: and having no understanding by your graces letters of your pleasure, notwithstanding I have been so boulde, upon mine own discretion (perceiving that matter to be very necessary in that behalf) to dispatch the same. And for as much as I have exceeded your graces commission, I most humbly require your graces remission and pardon." The kinge rejoicing inwardly not a little, saide againe, "We do not only pardon you thereof, but also give you our owne princely thanks bothe for your proceedings therein, and also for your good and speedy exploit," commanding him for that time to take his rest, and to repaire againe to him after dinner, for the farther relation of his ambassage. The kinge then went to masse; and after at convenient time he went to dinner.

"It is not to be doubted but that this ambassador hath in all this time bene with his great friends, the bishop, and sir Thomas Lovell, to whome he hath declared the effect of all his speede; nor yet what joye they have received thereof. And after his departure from the kinge, his highnesse sent for the bishop of Winchester, and for sir Thomas Lovell; to whom he declared the wonderful expedition of his ambassador, commending therewith his excellent witt, and in especiall the invention and avaunceing of the matter lefte out in their consultation, and the ambassadors commission. The kinges wordes rejoiced not a little these worthy counsaillors, for as much as he was of their preferment.

"Then when this ambassador remembered the kings commandment, and sawe the time drawe faste on of his repaire before the kinge, and his counsaile, he prepared him in a readinesse, and resorted unto the place assigned by the kinge, to declare his ambassage. Without all doubt he reported the effect of all his affaires and proceedings so exactly, with such gravity and eloquence, that all the counsaile that heard him could doe no less but commend him, esteeming his expedition to be almost beyond the capacity of man. The kinge of his mere motion, and gracious consideration, gave him at that time for his diligent service, the deanery of Lincolne, which was at that time, one

of the worthiest promotions, that he gave under the degree of a bishopricke. And thus from thenceforth he grewe more and more into estimation and authority, and after was promoted by the kinge to be his almoner. Here may all men note the chaunces of fortune, that followethe some whome she intendeth to promote, and to some her favour is cleane contrary, though they travaille never so much, with all the painfull diligence that they can devise or imagine: whereof, for my part, I have tasted of the experience.

"Now you shall understande that all this tale that I have declared of the good expedition of the kings ambassadour, I had of the reporte of his owne mouthe, after his fall, lying at that time in the great parke at Richmonde, he being then my lord and master, and I his poore servant and gentleman usher, taking then an occasion upon diverse communications, to tell me this journey, with all the circumstances, as I have here before declared."

In the midst of this devotion to the will of the reigning monarch, Wolsey, doubtless, was too sagacious to neglect his successor. Accordingly, we find the young king, instantly on his elevation to the throne, continuing the favour of his father, and even calling the rising churchman to tender those counsels, on which, before long, he himself was destined wholly to repose. The arts by which Wolsey insinuated himself into the confidence of the king, as well as his qualifications to play the part of counsellor or courtier, as might suit the occasion, are thus well described:

"After the finishing of all these solemnizations and costly triumphes, our naturalle young and lusty courageous prince and sovereigne lorde kinge Henry the eighth entering into the flower of lusty youth, took upon him the regal scepter and the imperiall diadem of this fertile and fruitful realme, which at that time flourished in all aboundance and riches (whereof the king was inestimably furnished) called then the golden world, such grace reigned then within this realme. Now the almoner (of whome I have taken upon me to write) having a head full of subtile wit, perceiving a plaine pathe to walk in towards his journey to promotion, handled himself so politickly, that he found the meanes to be made one of the kings counsaille, and to growe in favour and good estimation with the kinge, to whome the king gave an house at Bridewell in Fleet-street, sometime sir Richard Empson's where he kept house for his family, and so daily attended upon the kinge, and in his especiall favour, having great sute made unto him, as counsaillors in favour most commonly have. His sentences and witty persuasions amongst the counsaillors in the counsaile chamber, were alwaies so pithy, that they, as occasion moved them, continually assigned him for his *filed tongue and excellent eloquence* to be the expositor unto the kinge in all their proceedings. In whome the kinge conceived such a loving fansy, and in especiall for that he was most earnest and readiest in all the counsaile to avaunce the king's only will and pleasure, *having no respect to the cause;* the king, there-

fore, perceiving him to be a mete instrument for the accomplishing of his devised pleasures, called him more neare unto him, and esteemed him so highly, that the estimation and favour of him put all other auncient counsaillors out of high favour, that they before were in; insomuch that the king committed all his will unto his disposition and order. Who wrought so all his matters, that his endeavour was alwaies only to satisfy the kings pleasure, knowing right well, that it was the very vein and right course to bring him to high promotion. The kinge was young and lusty, and disposed all to pleasure, and to followe his princely appetite and desire, nothing minding to travell in the affaires of this realme. Which the almoner perceiving very well, tooke upon him therefore to discharge the king of the burthen of so weighty and troublesome busines, putting the kinge in comforte that he should not neede to spare any time of his pleasure, for any business that should happen in the counsaile, as long as he, being there and having his graces authority, and by his commandment, doubted not so to see all things well and sufficiently perfected; making his Grace privy, first, of all such matters before, or he would proceede to the accomplishing of the same, whose minde and pleasure he would have, and followe to the uttermost of his power; wherewith the kinge was wonderfully pleased. And whereas the other auncient counsaillors would, according to the office of good counsaillors, diverse times persuade the kinge to have some time a recourse unto the counsaile, there to heare what was done in weighty matters, the which pleased the king nothing at all, for he loved nothing worse than to be constrained to doe any thing contrary to his pleasure; that knew the almoner very well, having a secret intelligence of the kings naturall inclination, and so fast as the other counsaillors counselled the kinge to leave his pleasure, and to attend to his affaires, so busily did the almoner persuade him to the contrary; which delighted him very much, and caused him to have the greater affection and love to the almoner. Thus the almoner ruled all them that before ruled him; such was his policy and witt, and so he brought things to pass, that who was now in high favour, but Mr. Almoner? who had all the sute, but Mr. Almoner? and who ruled all under the king, but Mr. Almoner? Thus he persevered still in favour, untill at the last, in came presents, gifts, and rewardes so plentifully, that I dare say he lacked nothing that might either please his fantasy or enrich his coffers; fortune smiled so favourably upon him. But to what end she brought him, ye shall heare hereafter. Therefore let no man to whome fortune extendeth her grace, trust overmuch to her subtell favour and pleasant promises, under colour whereof, she carrieth vevemous galle. For when she seeth her servaunt in most high authority, and that he most assureth himselfe of her favour, then sodaynelye turneth she her visage and pleasaunt countenaunce, unto a frowning cheere, and utterly forsaketh him: such assuraunce is in her inconstant favour and promise."

Thus did Wolsey pave the way for the promotion, which was soon after heaped upon him.—He was successively invested

with the dignity of two bishoprics, and the archbishopric of York (1514), all of which he held together: he was then made Cardinal (1515), then Lord High Chancellor, and afterwards appointed by the Pope his Legate *a latere* (1516).

After Cavendish has dwelt upon the splendour of the Cardinal's household with evident delight, and reckoned up the number of servants and attendants, lords and gentlemen in waiting, by the names of their offices, to somewhere between four or five hundred individuals, and declared the number of the personages on his check-roll to be eight hundred, all or most of whom dined in his hall every day, he goes on to describe the manner in which he discharged his duty of Lord Chancellor:

"Nowe will I declare unto you his order in going to Westminster Hall, dayly in the tearme season. First ere he came out of his privy chamber, he heard most commonly every day two masses in his closet: and as I heard one of his chaplains saye, which was a man of credence and of excellent learning, the cardinall, what business or weighty matters soever he had in the day, he never went to bed with any parte of his divine service unsaide, not so much as one collect; wherein I doubt not but he deceived the opinion of diverse persons. Then going againe to his privy chamber, he would demaund to some of his saide chamber, if his servauntes were in a readiness, and had furnished his chamber of presence, and waiting chamber. He being thereof then advertised, came out of his privy chamber, about eight of the clocke, apparelled all in red; that is to say, his upper garment was either of fine scarlet, or taffety, but most commonly of fine crimson satten engrained; his pillion of fine scarlet, with a neck set in the inner side with blacke velvet, and a tippet of sables about his necke; holding in his hande an orange, whereof the meate or substance within was taken out, and filled up againe with the parte of a spunge, wherein was vinegar and other confections againste the pestilent aires; the which he most commonly held to his nose when he came among any presse, or else that he was pestered with any suiters. And before him was borne first the broade seale of Englande, and his cardinall's hat by a Lorde or some Gentleman of worship, right solemnely. And as soone as he was entered into his chamber of presence, where there was dayly attending upon him, as well noble men of this realme, and other worthy gentlemen, as gentlemen of his owne family; his two great crosses were there attending, to be borne before him. Then cried the gentlemen ushers, going before him, bare headed, and said '*On before, my lordes and masters, on before; and make way for my Lorde Cardinall.*' Thus went he downe through the hall with a sergeaunt of armes before him bearing a great mace of silver, and two gentlemen carrying of two great pillars of silver; and when he came to the hall doore, then his mule stood trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same, and gilt stirrups. Then was there attending upon him, when he was mounted, his two crosse bearers, and his pillar bearers, in like case, upon great horses, trapped all in fine scarlett. Then marched he forwarde, with a traine of noblemen and gentlemen, having his foote-men

four in number about him, bearing each of them a gilt poll-axe in their handes: and thus passed he forthe, untill he came to Westminster Hall doore. And there he alighted and went after this manner, up into the chauncery, or into the star chamber; howbeit most commonly he would goe into the chauncery, and staye a while at a barre, made for him, beneathe the chauncery, on the right hand, and there commune sometimes with the judges, and sometimes with other persons. And that done he would repaire into the chauncery, sitting there till an eleven of the clocke, hearing of suites and determining of other matters. And from thence, he would diverse times goe into the star chamber, as occasion would serve. *There he spared neither highe nor lowe, but judged every estate according to his merits and desertes.*"

In the course of our quotations, the reader will be struck with the large assistance, which Shakspeare, in his *Henry VIII.* derived from our author; though whether he had seen the work in MS. or only copied from the chronicles, which have also made considerable extracts from it, it is at present difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain. We would wish our readers to compare the following lively description of the fête with the corresponding one in Shakspeare, who has copied it almost literally.

" Thus in great honour, triumphe, and glory he reigned a long season, ruling all things within this realme, appertayning unto the kinge, by his wisdome, and also in all other weighty matters in foraigne regions, with which the king of this realme had any occasion to intermeddle. All ambassadors of foraigne potentates were alwaies dispatched by his wisdome, to whom they had continuall access for their dispatch. His house was alwaies resorted like a king's house, with noble men and gentlemen, with coming and going in and out, feasting and banquetting these ambassadors diverse times, and all other right nobly.

" And when it pleased the King's Majesty, for his recreation, to repaire into the cardinall's house, as he did diverse times in the yeare, there wanted no preparation, or goodly furniture, with viandes of the finest sorte that could be gotten for money or friendshippe. Such pleasures were then devised for the Kings consolation, or comforte, as might be invented or imagined. Banquettes were set forthe, masks, and moumeries, in so gorgeous a sorte, and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames, no damoselles, meete or apt to daunce with the maskers, or to garnish the place for that time, with other goodly disportes. Then was there all kinde of musicke and harmony set forthe, with excellent fine voices bothe of men and children. I have seen the kinge come sodainly thither in a maske with a dozen maskers all in garments, like shepardes, made of fine cloathe of golde, and fine crimson satten paned, and cappes of the same, with vizors of good proportion of visnamy; their heares and beardes either of fine golde wier or of silver, or else of good black silke; having sixteene torch bearers, besides three drummes, and

other persons attending them, with visors, clothed all in satten, of the same color. And before his entering into the hall, ye shall understand, that he came by water to the water gate, without any noyse, where were laide divers chambers and gunnes, charged with shot, and at his landing they were shote off, which made such a rumble in the ayer, that it was like thunder. It made all the noble men, gentlemen, ladies, and gentlewomen to muse what it should meane coming so sodainly, they sitting quiet at solemne banquet: under this sorte: First ye shall perceive, that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, nise covered, and my Lord Cardinall sitting under the cloathe of estate, there having all his service alone; and then was there set a lady and a noble man, or a gentleman or gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made adjoyning, as it were but one table. All which order and devise was done by the lorde Sandes, then lorde chamberlaine to the king, and by Sir Henry Guilforde, controller of the kings majesties house. Then immediately after this great shot of gunnes, the cardinall desired the lorde chamberlain, and the said controller to looke what it should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They looking out of the windowes into the Thames, returned againe, and shewed him, that it seemed they were noble men and strangers arrived at his bridge, coming as ambassadors from some forraigne prince. With that, quoth the cardinall, "I desire you, because you can speake Frenche, to take the pains to go into the hall there to receive them, according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages being merry at our banquett, desiring them to sit downe with us, and to take parte of our fare." Then went they incontinent downe into the hall, whereas they received them with twenty new torches, and conveied them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and flutes, as I have seldom seen together, at one place and time. At their arrivall into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the cardinall where he sat, and saluted him very reverently; to whom the lorde chamberlain for them said, "Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and cannot speake Englishe, they have desired me to declare unto you, that they having understanding of this your triumphant banquette, where was assembled such a number of excellent faire dames, could doe no lesse, under the supportation of your grace, but to repaire hither to viewe as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchaunce, and then after to daunce with them, and to have of their acquaintance. And sir, furthermore they require of your grace license to accomplish the said cause of their cominge." To whom the cardinall saide, he was very well content they should so doe. Then went the maskers and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened their great cup of gold, filled with crownes, and other pieces of golde, to whom they set certaine of the pieces of golde to cast at. Thus perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, to some they loste, and of some they wonne. And perusing after this manner all the ladies, they returned to the cardinall, with great reverence, pouring downe all the golde left in their cuppe, which was above two hundred

crownes, " At all," quoth the cardinall, and so cast the dice, and wonne them, whereat was made great noyse and joie. Then quoth the cardinall to my lord chamberlen, " I pray you," quoth he, " that you will shew them, that mee seemeth, there should be a noble man amongst them, who is more meete to occupy this seate and place than am I; to whome I would most gladly surrender the same, according to my duty, if I knewe him."

" Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lorde cardinall's wordes, and they redounding him againe in the eare, the lord chamberlein saide to my lorde cardinall, " Sir, they confesse," quoth he, " that among them there is such a noble personnage, whome if your grace can appoint out from the rest, he is content to disclose himselfe, and to take and accepte your place, most worthely." With that the cardinall, taking a good advisement among them, at the last quoth he, " Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he." And with that he rose out of his chaire, and offered the same to the same gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hande. The person to whom he offered then his chaire was sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personnage, that much more resembled the kings person in that maske, than any other. The king hearing and perceiving the cardinall so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing, but pulled down his visor, and Mr. Neville's also, and *dashed out such a pleasant countenance and cheare*, that all the noble estates there assembled, perceiving the kinge to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinall eftsoones desired his highnesse to take the place of estate, to whom the king answered, that he would goe first and shifte his apparell; and so departed, and went straighte into my lord cardinalls bed chamber, where was a great fire prepared for him; and there newe apparelled him with riche and princely garments. And in the time of the kings absence, the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken up, and the table spreade againe with newe and cleane perfumed cloathes; every man sitting untill the kings majesty with all his maskers came in among them againe, every man new apparelled. Then the king tooke his seate under the cloathe of estate, comanding every person to sit still, as they did before. In came a new banquette before the King's Majesty, and to all the reste throughout all the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred divers dishes of wonderous costly devises and subtilties. Thus passed they forthe the nighte with banquetting, dauncing, and other triumphant devises, to the great comforte of the Kinge, and pleasaunt regarde of the nobility there assembled.

" All this matter I have declared largely, because ye shall understande what joy and delight the cardinall had, to see his prince and soveraigne Lorde in his house, so nobly entertained and placed, which was alwaies his only study, to devise things to his comforte, not passing upon the charges or expenses. It delighted him so much to have the King's pleasaunt and princely presence, that nothing was to him more delectable, than to cheare his soveraigne Lorde, to whome he owed so much obedience and loyalty; as reason required no lesse, all things well considered.

"Thus passed the Cardinall his time forthe, from daye to daye, and yeare to yeare, in such great wealthe, joye, and triumphe, and glory, having alwaies on his side the King's especiall favor; untill fortune, of whose favour no man is longer assured, than she is disposed, began to waxe somethinge wrothe with his prosperous estate."

Honest Cavendish having got so far with the description of his master's favour with the king, his numerous dignities in the state, and his splendour and hospitality in his household, begins to think that even the power of Fortune, whose mighty influence he so often deprecates, must fail in overthrowing him, "so," says he, "for the better meane to bringe him lowe, she procured Venus the insatiate goddess to be her instrument." Thus by their united efforts Anne Boleyn is thrown in the way of the amorous king, from which moment the biographer dates the ruin of my lord cardinal. The history of the love, which it was necessary to clear away before the rays of royal splendour could be allowed to gild the fortunes of the poor unsuspecting maiden, is too interesting and too characteristic of the times and of the parties, to be omitted, though we fear the extract will run to an unreasonable length.

"To tell you howe the King's love began to take place, and what followed thereof, I will doe even as much as I know to declare to you. This gentlewoman was commonly called Mistress Anne Bulleine. She being but very young, was sent into the realme of Fraunce, and there made one of the French Queene's women, continuing there untill the French Queen died. And then was she sent for home againe; and being againe with her Father, he made such meanes, that she was admitted one of Queen Katherine's women; among whome, for her excellent gesture and behaviour, she did excell all other; in so much that the Kinge began to grow enamoured with her; which was not known to any person, ne scantly to her owne person.

Nowe was at that time the Lorde Peircie, sonne and heire of the Earle of Northumberlande, attending upon my Lord Cardinall, and was his servaunte; and when it chaunced the said Lorde Cardinall at any time to repaire unto the courte, the Lord Percie would resorte then for his pastime into Queene Katherine's Chamber, and there would he fall in dalliance among the maides, being at the last more conversante with Mrs. Anne Bulleine, than with any other, so that there grewe such a secrette love betweene them, that at the length, they were insured together, intending to marrye. The which thinge when it came to the King's knowledge, he was therewith mightily offended. Wherefore he could no longer hide his secret affection, but he revealed his whole displeasure and secrets unto the Cardinall in that behalfe; and willed him to infringe the assurance, made then betweene the saide Lord Peircie and Mrs. Anne Bulleine: in somuch as, the Cardinall, after his retourne home from the courte to his house in Westminster, being in his gallery, not forgetting the King's commandement, called then

the saide Lord Peircie unto his presence, and before us his servauntes, then attending upon him, saide unto him thus.

"I marvaile not a little," quoth he, "of thy folly, that thou wouldest thus entangle and ensure thyselfe with a foolish girle yonder in the courte, Anne Bulleine. Doest thou not consider the estate that God hath called thee unto in this worlde? For after thy father's death, thou art most like to inherit and enjoye one of the noblest earledomes of this region. Therefore it had bene most meete, and convenient for thee, to have sued for the consent of thy father in that case, and to have also made the King's Highness privy thereof, requiring therein his princely favor, submitting thy proceedings in all such matters unto his Highness, who would not only thankfully have accepted thy submission, but would, I am assured, have provided so for thy purpose therein, that he would have advaunced thee much more nobly, and have matched thee according to thine estate, and honor, whereby thou mightest have growne so by thy wise behaviour in the King's high estimation, that it should have been much thine advauncement. But now see what ye have done, through your wilfulness. You have not only offended your Father, but also your loving Soveraigne Lorde, and matched your selfe with one, such as neither the King, nor your Father will be agreeable to the match. And hereof I put thee out of doubt, that I will send for thy Father, and at his coming he shall either breake this unadvised bargaine, or else disinherit thee for ever. The King's Majesty himselfe will complaine to thy Father on thee, and require no lesse than I have saide; whose Highnesse intending to have preferred Anne Bulleine unto another person, wherein the Kinge hath already travelled, and being almost at a pointe with the same person for her, although she knoweth not it, yet hathe the Kinge, most like a politique and prudent prince, conveied the matter in such sorte, that she, upon his Grace's motion, will be, I doubt not, righte glade, and agreeable to the same." "Sir," quoth the Lorde Peircie all weping, "I know nothing of the King's pleasure herein, for the which I am very sorry. I considered I am of good yeares, and thought myselfe sufficient to provide me a convenient wife, whereas my fancy served me best, not doubting but that my Lorde my Father, would have bene right well contented. And although she be but a simple maide, having but a knight to her father, yet she is descended of right noble bloud and parentage. As for her mother, she is nigh of the Norfolke's bloud; and as for her father, he is descended of the Earle of Ormond, being one of the Earle's heirs generall. Why should I then, Sir, be any thing scrupulous to matche with her, whose estate and descent is equall with mine, even when I shall be in most dignity? Therefore, I most humbly require your Grace of your favor herein; and also to intreat the King's Majesty most humbly on my behalfe, for his princely favor in this matter, the which I cannot forsake." "Loe Sirs," quoth the Cardinall unto us, "ye may see what wisdome is in this willfull boyes heade. I thought when thou heardest me declare the King's pleasure and intendment herein, that thou wouldest have relented, and put thyselfe, and thy voluptuous acte wholly to the king's will and pleasure, and by him to have been ordered, as his grace should have

thought good." "Sir," quoth the Lord Peircie, "so I would, but in this matter I have gone so far, before many worthy witnesses, that I know not how to discharge my selfe and my conscience." "Whie, thinkest thou," said the Cardinall, "that the King and I know not what we have to doe, in as weighty a matter as this? Yes (quoth he), I warrant thee." But I can see in thee no submission to the purpose." "Forsoothe, my lord," quoth the Lord Peircy, "if it please your Grace, I will submit myself wholly unto the King's Majestie, and to your Grace in this matter, my conscience being discharged of the weighty burthen thereof." "Well then," quoth the Cardinal, "I will send for your Father out of the North partes, and he and we shall take such order in this matter as shall be thought by the king most convenient. And in the meane season, I charge that thou resort no more into her company, as thou wilt abide the king's indignation." And therewith he rose up, and went his way into his chamber.

"Then was the Earle of Northumberland sent for in the King's name, who upon the receit of the King's letters, made all the spede that he could unto the King, out of the North. At his comyng, first he made his resorte unto my Lord Cardinall, as most commonly did all other noble personages that were sent for in such sorte, at whose hands they were advertised of the cause of their sending for. But when the Earle was come to my Lord, he was brought incontinent unto him in his Gallery. After whose meeting my Lord Cardinall and he were in secret communication a long space. And after their long talke, and drinking of a cup of wine, the Earle departed. And in going his way, he sat down at the galleries end in the halfe pace upon a forme that was standing there for the wayters ease. And being there set called his sonne unto him, *we standing before him*, and said thus in effecte unto him. "Sonne," quoth he, "even as thou art, and allwaies hast bin a proude licentious disdainfull and a very unthrifty waster, so hast thou now declared thyself. Wherefore what joy, what comforte, what pleasure or solace shall I conceive of thee, that thus without discretion hast misused thyselfe, having neither regard unto me thy naturall father, nor unto thy naturall soveraigne Lorde, to whom all loyall subjectes bear faithfull obedience; ne yet to the wealth of thine own estate, but hast so unadvisedly assured thy selfe unto her, for whome thou hast purchased the King's high displeasure, intolerable for any subject to sustaine? And but that his Grace doeth consider the lightness of thy head, and wilful qualities of thy person, his displeasure and indignation were sufficient to cast me and all my posterity into utter ruine and destruction. But he being my singular good and favourable Prince, and my Lord Cardinall my good Lord, hath and doeth clearely excuse me in thy lewd fact, and doeth rather lament thy lightness, than maligne me for the same; and hath devised an order to be taken for thee, to whom both thou and I be more bound than we be able well to consider. I pray to God that this may be unto thee a sufficient admonition to use thy selfe more wisely hereafter: for that I assure thee, if thou doest not amend thy prodegallity, thou wilt be the last Earle of our house. For of thy naturall inclination thou art disposed to be wastefull and prodigall, and to consume all that thy pro-

genitors have with great travaile gathered and kept together with honor. But having the King's majesty my singular good and gracious Lord, I trust, I assure thee, so to order my succession, that ye shall consume thereof but a little. For I doe not entend, I tell the truth, to make thee mine heire; for, thanks be to God, I have more boyes, that I trust will prove much better, and use themselves more like unto wise and honest men: of whom I will chuse the most likely to succede me. Nowe good masters and gentlemen, (quoth he unto us), "it may be your chaunces hereafter, when I am deade, to see these things that I have spoken to my sonne prove as true as I spake them. Yet in the meane season, I desire you all to be his friends, and to tell him his fault, when he doeth amisse, wherein you shall shew yourselves friendly unto him. And here," (quoth he), "I take my leave of you. And Sonne, go your waies in to my Lord your Master, and attend upon him, according to thy duty." And so he departed, and went his waye downe the hall into his barge.

"Then after long consultation and debating in this the Lord Percies late assurance, it was devised that the same should be infringed and dissolved, and that the Lord Piercy should marry one of the Earle of Shrewsburies daughters. And so he did indeede after all this; by meanes whereof the former contract was dissolved; wherewith Mistress Anne Bulleine was greatly offended, promising if it ever lay in her power, she would work much displeasure to the Cardinall; as after she did in deede. And yet was he not in blame altogether; for he did nothing but by the Kings devised commaundment. And even as my Lord Piercy was commanded to avoide her company, so she was discharged of the Courte, and sent home to her father for a season; whereat she smoked: for all this while she knew nothing of the Kings entended purpose."

Cavendish is of course no friend to the lady whom he considered the cause of his master's ruin; and in the conclusion of this part of his subject mentions Queen Katherine and Anne Boleyn in a contrast by no means favorable to the latter.

"After these my Lord Percies troublesome matters brought into a good stay, and all things done that before were devised, Mistress Anne Bulleine was revoked unto the Court, whereas she florished after in great estimation and favour; having allwaies a privy grudge against my Lord Cardinall, for breaking of the contract made betweene my Lord Peircy and her, supposing that it had bin his devised will and none other, nor yet knowing the Kings secret mind thoroughly, who had a great affection unto her, more than she knewe. But after she knewe the kings pleasure, and the bottom of his secret stomacke, then she began to look very haughty and stoute, lacking no manner of jewells, or rich apparel, that might be gotten for money. It was therefore judged, by and bye through the Court, of every man, that she being in such favour, might work masteries with the King, and obteine any suite of him for her friend.

"All this while, she being in this estimation in all places, it is no

doubt but good Queene Katherine, having this gentlewoman dayly attending upon her, both heard by reporte, and sawe with her eyes, how it framed against her good Ladyshippe: although she shewed neither unto Mistress Anne Bulleine, ne unto the King, any kinde or sparke of grudge or displeasure; but accepted all things in goode parte, and with wisdome and great pacience dissimuled the same, having Mistress Anne in more estimation for the Kings sake, than she was with her before, declaring her selfe to be a perfect Grisell, as her patient actes shall hereafter more evidently to all men be declared."

In 1527 Wolsey was sent on an embassy with great pomp to France, to negociate a peace with Francis, of which, with all its ceremonies and parade, we have a full description. The Cardinal was everywhere received with honours usually paid to royalty alone, and treated with the French king as his equal. Some of Cavendish's own adventures are also related in a very pleasing lively manner, with the characteristic plainness and simplicity of an Englishman of the time. These, however, we must pass over, and only quote a few lines which illustrate an ancient custom in England, now exploded. Cavendish, in passing through a village, had been invited into a castle by the lord of it, who introduced him to his wife.

"And I being there tarrying a while, my Lady Madam Crokey [*Crequis?*] issued out of her chamber into her dining chamber, where I attended her comming, who received me very gently like her noble estate, having a train of twelve gentlewomen. And when she and her traine was come all out, she saide unto me, 'For as much,' quoth she, 'as ye be an Englishman, whose custom is to kisse all ladies and gentlemen in your country without offense, although it is not soe here with us in this realme, yet I will be so bould as kisse you, and so ye shall doe all my maids.' By meanes whereof I kissed her and all her maides. Then went she to her dinner, being as nobly served as I have seene here any in England, having all the dinner time pleasant communication of the usage of our ladies and noblemen of England, and commended the behaviour of them right excellently; for she was with the king at Arde, when the great encounter was between the French king and the king our soveraigne lorde: At which time she was, bothe for her person and goodly behaviour, appointed to keep company with the ladies of this realme. To be short, after dinner pausing a little, I took my leave, and so departed on my journey."

Before the Cardinal enters the French territory, he assembles his attendants, and makes a speech, full of excellent instructions for their conduct in a foreign land. We will quote a part which is curious for the character of the French which it contains, as well as for an example of the speaker's eloquence, and likewise his affability to his dependants.

"Nowe to the *second* pointe: The nature of Frenchmen is suche,

that at the first meeting they will be as familiar with you, as they had bine acquainted with you long before, and common with you in their French tongue, as though you understoode every word; therefore use them in like manner, and be as familiar with them as they be with you. If they speake in their naturall tongue, speake you againe to them in the Englishe tongue, for if you understande not them no more shall they understande you." And speaking merrily to one of the gentlemen there, being a Welshman, he saide; "Riche," quoth he, "speake thou Welche to him, and I doubt not but thy speache shall be more diffuse to him than his Frenche shall be to thee: and thus," (quoth he again to us all), "let all your enterteinement and behaviour be according to the order of all the gentleness and humanity, that ye may be reported, after our departure from hence, that ye be gentlemen of right good behaviour, and of much gentleness, and that ye are men who knowe the duties to your soveraigne lorde, and to your master, esteeming much your great reverence. Thus shall ye not only obtaine to yourselves great commendation and praise for the same, but also advaunce the honor of your prince and country."

In the course of the negotiation we find a lively specimen of the ambassador's diplomatic talents.

"Nowe in this castle there was lodged Madame Regent, the king's mother, and all her ladies and gentlewomen. Then came there to my Lorde, the chauncellor of France, a very witty man, with all the king's grave counsellors, where they toke great paines dayly in consultation. In so much that I heard and sawe my Lord fall out with the Chauncellor of France, laying to his charge, that he went about to hinder the league, which was, before his comming, concluded between the king our soveraigne lord and the French king his master; insomuch that my lord stomached him stoutly, and tould him, "That it should not lie in his power to infringe the amiable friendship. And if the king his master, being there present, would followe his counsell, he shall not faile shortly after his returne, but feele the smarte, what it is to mainetaine warre against the king of England, and thereof ye shall well be assured." Soe that his stout countenance, and bould wordes made them all in doubt how to quiet him, and revoke him againe to the counsell, who was then departed in great fury. There was sending, there was coming, there was intreating, and there was great submission, and intercession made unto him, to reduce him to his former communication and conclusion; who would in no wise relent, untill Madame Regent came to him herselfe, who handled the matter in such wise, that she brought him againe to his former estate of communication. And by that meanes he brought other things to passe, that before he could not obtaine, which was more for feare, than for any affection to the matter, he had the heades of the counsell so under his girdle.

"The next morning after this conflict, he rose earely about the foure of the clocke, and sat him downe to write letters into Englande unto the kinge, commanding one of his chaplains to prepare him ready to masse, insomuche that the chaplaine stode ready in his vestures,

untill foure of the clocke, at afternoone; all which season my Lorde never rose, neither to make water, nor yet to eat any meate, but continually wrote letters, with his owne hand, having all that time his night cap and his cherchief on his head. And about the houre of foure of the clocke, at afternoone, he made an end of writinge, commanding Christopher Gunner, the king's servaunt, to prepare him without delay to ride post into England with his letters, whom he dispatched away or ever he dranke. And that done, he went to masse, and said his mattins and other devotions with his chaplaine, as he was accustomed to doe; and then went straight a walking in a garden; and after he had walked the space of an hour or more, and said evensong, then went he bothe to dinner and supper all at once. And after supper, making but small tarrying, scant an houre, he went to his bed, there to take his rest for that night."

As Cavendish describes every thing he saw, and, as an attendant upon the person of the Cardinal, he saw nearly all that was to be seen, the most important matters take their turn in his narration with the most inconsequential, and each is described with the like earnestness. A love of pomp and splendour was the ruling passion of Wolsey, and his gentleman usher dutifully invests himself in the cast opinions of his master. To describe a pageant is the next best thing on earth to seeing one, and when my Lord Cardinal was ushered forth among crowds of feasting guests by Cavendish, all was well, and, for the moment, both were happy. Among other splendid and extraordinary sights of this reign, we find is given the remarkable citation of the king and queen before the two legates, Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio. —Of this an accurate account of the proceedings in the court is given, the whole of which Shakspeare must have had before him. Part of it we quote.

" The Judges commaunded the crier to proclaim silence, whilest their commission was read bothe to the courte and to the people assembled. That done, then the scribes commaunded the crier to call the king, by the name of " King Henry of England, come into the courte," and with that the king aunswered and said " Here." Then called he again the queene, by the name of " Katherine Queene of Englande, come into the courte," who made no answer thereto, but rose incontinent out of her chaire, whereas she sat, and because she could not come to the king directly, for the distance severed betweene them, she toke paine to go about by the courte, and came to the king, kneeling downe at his feete in the sight of all the courte and people, to whom she sayd in effect these words, in broken Englishe, as hereafter followeth.

" Sir," quoth she, " I beseeche you to doe me justice and right, and take some pitty upon me, for I am a poore woman and a straunger, borne out of your dominion, having here no indifferent counsell, and lesse assuraunce of friendship. Alas! sir, what have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure have I shewed you, intending thus to put me from you after this sorte? I take God to my judge, I have bine to you

a true and an humble wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never constrained or gainesayd any thing thereof, and being alwaies contented with all things wherein you had any delight or daliaunce, whether it were little or much, without grudge or countenaunce of discontentation or displeasure. I loved for your sake all men whome ye loved, whether I had cause or no cause; or whether they were my friends or enemies. I have bine your wife this twenty yeares or more, and ye have had by me diverse children.

" And when ye had me at the first, I take God to my judge, that I was a very maide; and whether it be true or no, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause that ye can alleadge against me, either of dishonesty or other matter lawfull to put me from you, I am content to departe to my shame and rebuke: and if there be none, then I pray you let me have justice at your handes. The King your father was in his time of such an excellent wit, that he was accompted among all men for his wisdome to be a second Solomon. And the King of Spaine my father Ferdinand, was reckoned to be one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spaine, many yeares before his daies: and so they were bothe wise men and noble kings. Is it not therefore to be doubted, but that they had gathered together as wise counsellors unto them of every realme, as to their wisdomes they thought meete. And, as me seemeth, there were in those daies as wise and well learned men in both realmes as be now at this day, who thought the marriage between You and Me good and lawfull. Therefore it is a wonder to heare what new inventions are now invented against me, that never intended but honesty. And now to cause me to stand to the order and judgement of this courte, it should, as seemeth me, doe me much wronge: for ye may condemne me for lack of aunswer, having no counsell but such as you have assigned me. Ye must consider that they cannot be indifferent on my parte, when they be your own subjects, and such as ye have taken and chosen out of your owne counsell, whereunto they are privy, and dare not disclose your will and intent. Therefore I humbly desire you, in the way of charity to spare me, untill I may knowe what counsell and advise my friends in Spaine will advise me to take. And if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled." And with that she rose up and made a low courtesy to the King and departed from thence, many supposing that she would have resorted againe to her former place; but she toke her way streight out of the courte, leaning upon the arme of one of her servauntes, who was her General Receiver, called Mr. Griffithe. The King being advertised that she was ready to goe out of the house whereas the courte was kept, commaunded the crier to call her againe, who called her by these wordes, ' Katherine Queene of Englande, come into the courte.' With that quoth Mr. Griffith, ' Madame, ye be called againe.' ' On, on,' quoth she, ' it maketh no matter, it is no indifferent courte for me, therefore I will not tarry. Goe on your waies.' And thus she departed, without any farther aunswer, at that time, or any other, and never would appeare after in any other courte.

" The King perceiving she was departed thus, and considering her wordes which she pronounced before time, saide to the audience these

wordes in effect. 'For as much,' quoth he, 'as the Queene is gone, I will, in her absence, declare unto you all, that she hath bine to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife as I could wishe or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman of her dignity, or in any other of a baser estate. She is also surely a noble woman borne, her conditions will well declare the same.' With that quoth the Lord Cardinall 'Sir, I most humbly require,' "—&c.

The arts which men even in the loftiest stations would in those times condescend to use, in order to pamper the will of the despotic sovereign on the throne, are well exemplified in the Archbishop of Canterbury's forgery of the name of his brother of Rochester. The King, in relating the rise and progress of his scruples, alludes to a license signed by *all* the bishops, which he proceeds to shew. "That is truth if it please your grace," quoth the Archbishop of Canterbury; who, himself alarmed, was anxious to bear down all opposition by a demand for consent, accompanied, perhaps, by looks perfectly well understood—"That is truth, if it please your grace; I *doubt not*, but that my brethren here will acknowledge the same."

"'No sir, not so, under your correction,' quothe the Bishoppe of Rochester, 'for you have not mine, no.' 'Ah,' quothe the King, 'loke here, is not this your hand and your seale?' and shewed him the instrument with seales. 'No forsoothe,' quoth the Bishop. 'How say *You* to that,' quoth the King to my Lord of Caunturbury. 'Sir, it is his hand, and his seale,' said my Lorde of Caunturbury. 'No, my Lorde,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester. 'Indeede You were in hand with me to have bothe my hand and seale, as other of my Lordes have done; but then I saide againe to you, I would never consent to any such acte, for it was much against my conscience; and therefore my hand and seale shall never be set to any such Instrument, God willing, with much more matter touching the same communication betweene us.' 'You say truthe,' quoth the Bishop of Caunterbury, 'such wordes you had unto me; but you were fully resolved at last, that I should subscribe your name, and put to your seale myselfe, and you would allowe the same.' 'All which,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'under your correction, my Lord, is not true.' 'Well, well,' quoth the King, 'it maketh no great matter; we will not stand with you in argument; you are but one man.' And with that the King rose up, and the courte was adjourned untill an other day."

This bishop (Fisher) seems to have given the supporters of the divorce, a great deal of trouble. On another day, when the legitimacy of the marriage was debated, the question seemed so doubtful, "that no man knew the truth."

"'Yes,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'I knowe the truth.' 'How knowe you,' quoth my Lord Cardinall, 'more than any other person?' 'Yes forsoothe my Lord,' quoth he, *Quia ego sum profes-*

sor veritatis, therefore I knowe the truth. I know that God is truth itselfe, and he never sayeth but truth; and God saith, *quos Deus conjunxit, homo non separet.* And forasmuch as this marriage was joined and made by God to a good intent, I say that I knowe the truthe; and that men cannot break, upon any wilfull occaision, that which God hath made and constituted.' 'Soe much doe all faithful men,' quoth my Lord Cardinall, 'know as well as you. Yet this reason is not sufficient in this case; for the King's counsell do alledge diverse presumptions, to prove that it was not lawfull at the beginning, *ergo* it was not ordained by God, for God doeth nothing without a due order. Therefore it is not to be doubted, but if the presumptions be true, which they alleadge to be most true, then the conjunction was not, ne could be, of God. Therefore I say unto you, my Lord of Rochester, ye know not the truthe, unless ye can avoide their presumption by just reasons.' 'Then,' quoth one Doctor Ridley, 'it is a shame and a great dishonour to this honourable presence, that any such presumptions should be alleadged in this open courte, which be too detestable to be rehearsed.' 'What,' quoth my Lord Cardinall, '*Domine Doctor, magis reverenter.*' 'No, no, my Lord,' quoth he, 'there belongeth no reverence to be given to this matter; for an unreverent matter would be unreverently answered.' And there they left, and proceeded forthe with other matter."

The trial not proceeding in that summary way which seemed best to the royal will, the King grew angry, and then, perhaps, conceived his first distaste to the Cardinal, who, he probably began to suspect, was not in earnest in the matter.

"Thus this courte passed from session to session, and day to day, till at a certaine day of their session the King sent for my Lord Cardinall to come to him to Bridewell; who to accomplish his commaundement went to him, and being there with him in communication in his privy chamber from an eleven untill twelve of the clocke at noone, and past, my Lord departed from the King and toke his barge at the Blackfriars, and went to his house at Westminster. The Bishop of Carlile being in his barge at that time, saide unto him, (winding of his face), 'It is a very hot day.' 'Yea, my Lord,' quoth the Cardinall, 'if ye had bine as well chafed as I have bine within this houre, ye would say it were very hot.' And as soon as he came home to his house at Westminster, he went incontinent to his naked bed, where he had not lyen fully two houres, but that my Lord of Wiltshire, Mistress Anne Bulleine's father, came to speake with him of a message from the Kinge. My Lord, understanding of his comming, commaunded he should be brought to his bedde's side; and he being there, shewed him the King's pleasure was, that he should incontinently goe with the other Cardinall to the Queene, whoe was then in Bridewell, in her chamber there, to perswade with her by their wisdomes, and to advise her to surrender the whole matter unto the King's handes by her owne consent and will; which should be muche better to her honor, than to stande to the triall of lawe, and thereby

to be condemned, which would seem much to her dishonour. To fulfill the King's pleasure, my Lord saide he was ready, and would prepare him to goe thither out of hande, but quoth he farther to my Lord of Wiltshire, ' Ye and other my Lordes of the counsell, are not a little mis-advised, to put any such fantasy into the King's head, whereby you doe trouble all the realme; and at length you shall get small thankes for your laboures, both of God and the world,' with many other vehement wordes and reasons, which caused my Lord of Wiltshire to weepe, kneeling by my Lorde's bedde side, and in conclusion departed. And then my Lord arose, and made him ready, taking his barge, and went streight to Bathe Place to Cardinall Campeigne; and so they went together to Bridewell, directly to the Queene's lodging."

Then follows the interesting scene with the queen, which we have in Shakespear.

At length, on the day when judgement was anxiously expected from the Cardinals, and the king himself was stationed at a door of the court in the gallery, where he might hear the judgement given, and the king's counsel were calling loud for the sentence, Cardinal Campeggio, to the surprise of all, suddenly adjourned the court to Rome, in an impressive speech, very remarkable at such a time for its freedom and independence. He thus concludes.

"I come not to speake for favor, mede, or dread of any person alive, be he king or otherwise. I have no such respect to the person that I will offend my conscience. I will not for the favor or displeasure of any highe estate doe that thing that should be against the will of God. I am an ould man, bothe weake and sickly, that loketh daily for deathe. What should it availe me to put my soul in daunger of God's displeasure, to my utter damnation, for the favor of any prince or high estate in this world? My being here is only to see justice ministred according to my conscience, which thing myself doe also most desyer. And forasmuch as I doe understande, having perceivance by the allegations in the matter, the case is very doubtful, and also the party defendaunt will make no aunswer here, but doth rather appeale from us, supposing that we be not indifferent, considering the king's high dignity and authority within his owne realme which he hath over his subjects; and we being his subjects she thinketh that we cannot doe justice for feare of displeasure. Therefore to avoide all these ambiguities and doubts, I will not damne my soule for any prince or potentate alive. Therefore, I intend not to wade any farther in this matter, unles I have the just opinion and assent of the pope, and such other of more auncient experience, or as be sene better in such doubtful laws, than I am. Wherefore I will adjourne this courte, for this time, according to the order of the courte of Rome, from whence semblably our jurisdiction is derived. And if we should goe further than our commission doeth warrant us, it were great folly and much to our blames; and we may be breakers of the order of the high courte from which (as I said) our authorities be derived. And with that the courte was dissolved, and no more done."

The rage of the bluff king may be easily imagined; but he did not think it befitting his royal dignity, to make any observation, but pushed forward his friend and brother-in-law as his spokesman.

"Then stept forthe the duke of Suffolke from the king, by his commaundement, and spake with an hault countenaunce these wordes, '*It was never merry in England,*' quoth he, '*while we had any cardinalls amongst us:*' which wordes were set forthe both with countenaunce and vehemency, that all men marvailed what he intended; to whome no man made aunswer. Then the duke spake againe in great despight. To the which my lord cardinal, perceiving his vehemency, soberly made aunswer, and saide, 'Sir, of all men within this realme, ye have least cause to dispraise cardinalls: for, if I, poor cardinall, had not bine, you should have had at this present no head upon your shoulders, wherewith you might make any such bragge, in despight of us, who intend you no manner of damage; neither have we given you any cause, to be with such despight offended. I would you knew it, my lord, I and my brother here intend the king and this realme, as much honor, wealthe, and quietness, as you or any other, of what degree soever he be, within this realme; and would as gladly accomplish his lawful desire. Sir, I pray you my lord, shew me what you would doe in case you were the king's commissioner in a forraine country, having a very weighty matter to treat on: and upon the doubtful conclusion thereof, would you not advertise the king's majesty or ere ye went through with the same? Yes, I doubt not. Therefore put your hasty malice and despight away, and consider that we be but commissioners for a time, and cannot, ne may not, by virtue of our commission procede to judgement, without the knowledge and consent of the head of our authority, and licence of him obtained; which is the pope. Therefore we doe neither more nor lesse than our warrant will beare us; and if any man will be offended with us therefore, he is an unwise man. Therefore hold your peace, my lord, and pacify yourselfe, and speake like a man of honor and wisdome, and speak not so quickly or reproachfully to your friends; for you know best what friendship I have shewed you, which I never yet revealed to any person alive before nowe, neither to my glory, nor to your dishonour.' And therewith the duke gave over the matter, without any further wordes or aunswer, and went his way."

The enemies of the Cardinal seem now at last to have got the advantage over him. Anne Boleyn was an invulnerable shield. The minister so long, at the same time, the slave and the tyrant of his master, was at length tottering to his fall. Until this juncture, Henry does not appear to have even thought it possible to part with the ready instrument of his will. And it appears to have been not without considerable difficulty, that he withdrew himself from his old habits of reliance and confidence, nor without frequent relapses of tenderness, which struck the enemies of the falling favorite with con-

sternation. The first pointed insult offered to Wolsey, was, when with his brother cardinal they followed the king to Grafton, in Northamptonshire, where the cardinal was told there was no room in the house for him. Nevertheless, the king received him with all his accustomed shew of kindness, and thus decided the numerous wagers which the lords and courtiers had laid on the issue of his reception.

" Then to behold the countenaunce of the noblemen and others, that had made their wagers, it would have made you smile; and specially of those that laid their money, that the king would not speake with him. Thus were they deceived. The king was in earnest and long communication with him, in so much as I might heare the king say, ' How can that be; is not this your owne hand?' and pulled a letter or writing out of his bosome, and shewed the same to my lord; and as I perceived my lord aunswered the same, that the king had no more to say; but said to him, ' My lord goe to dinner, and call my lordes here to keepe you company; and after dinner I will come to you againe, and then we will commune further with you;' and so departed, and dined himselfe that day with Mrs. Anne Bullen in her chamber."

At dinner, further indications of a speedy change are given. Lords begin to speak now, who, a short time before, would have paid the price of their heads for an insinuation.

" Then was there set up in the chamber of presence a table for my lord, and other lordes of the counsell, where they dined together, sitting at dinner and communing of divers matters. ' The king should do well,' quoth my lord cardinall, ' to send his bishops and chapleines home to their cures and benefices.' ' Yea, Mary,' quoth my lord of Norfolke, ' and so it were mete for you to do also.' ' I should be well content therewith,' quoth my lord, ' if it were the king's pleasure to licence me, with his grace's favor, to goe to my benefice at Winchester.' ' Nay,' quoth my lord of Norfolke, ' to your benefice at Yorke, whereas is your greatest honor and charge.' ' Even as it shall please the king,' quoth my lord cardinall, and so fell into other matters. For the lordes were lothe he should be so neare the king as to continue at Winchester. Immediately after dinner they fell to counsell untill the waiters had dined.

Anne Boleyn, during her tête-à-tête with the king, follows up the game.

" And as I heard it reported by them that waited on the king at dinner, Mistress Anne Bullen was much offended, as farre as she durst, that the king did so gently entertaine my lord cardinall, saying as she sat with the king at dinner, in communication of my lord, ' Sir,' quoth she, ' is it not a marvellous thing to see, what debt and danger he hath brought you in with all your subjects?' ' How soe

sweethearte?' quoth the king. 'Forsothe,' quoth she, 'there is not a man within all your realme, worth five pounds, but he hath indebted you to him:' (meaning a loane which the king had of his subjects) 'Well,' quoth the king, 'as for that, there was in him no blame; for I know that matter better than you, or any other.' 'Nay Sir,' quoth she, besides that, what things hath he wrought within this realme to your great slander? There is never a nobleman, but if he had done half so much as *he* hath done, he were well worthy to lose his heade. Yea, if my lorde of Norfolke, my lord of Suffolke, my lord my father, or any other nobleman within your realme, had done much lesse than he hath done, they should have lost their heades ere this.'

"'Then I perceive,' quoth the king, 'you are not the cardinall's friende!' 'Why sir,' saith she, 'I have no cause, nor any that loveth you: no more have your grace, if ye consider well his doings.'

"By that time the waiters toke up the table, and so ended their communication."

After another long consultation, protracted till a late hour of the night, the cardinal left the king, and Cavendish was compelled to go and seek him a lodging, which he found about three miles off. He was appointed to meet the king next morning, and continue their deliberations: but mistress Anne Bullaine, it seems, had been too successful in the interim, and when my lord cardinal arrived at Grafton next morning, he found the king ready to ride, who bid him return again with the other cardinal, "but the king departed amyably with him in the sight of all men."

The King and Mrs. Anne rode out to a place, where Cavendish says, she had provided a dinner for him, "fearing his returne, ere the Cardinalls were gone;" while the Cardinal Campeggio proceeded on his way to Rome, not, however, without having a special messenger sent after him, to search his baggage, "as it was reported to the King by the counsell, that cardinal Campeigne was departed, and carried with him great treasures of my Lord Cardinall's of England, to be conveied in great sommes to Rome, whither they surmised he would secretly repaire."

At length the die was cast—when, in the Michaelmas term following, Wolsey began to discharge his duty of Chancellor, he was visited by the dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, who came to demand the Great Seal, which, after "much debate and many great and heinous words, all which he took in patience," was delivered up in a second interview.

In this decline of his fortunes, Wolsey appears to have acted with consummate policy and thorough knowledge of the King's temper. He was aware that resistance was always fuel to his passion; and also, that a greedy desire of wealth was very frequently a strong secondary cause, which confirmed and

inflamed his previously conceived disgusts. During the whole of the time when Wolsey's disgrace was doubtful, or his recal probable, he submitted with the utmost patience and devotedness to the pleasure of the King; and now, that the first decided step in his dishonour was taken, he instantly proceeded to amass his wealth, and present it to the King, with words the most soothing in the ears of a tyrant, which confessed himself but as the creature of his monarch's pleasure, and incapable of possessions independent of his will.—Thus he contrived for a time to stay the fury of Henry's displeasure, who was never before or after, as now, slow to anger. Never did this bold, bad man, then, indeed, only commencing the most brutal part of his reign, experience so many relapses and relentings—never did he cast back so many lingering looks at a fallen favorite, or remain so long deaf to the suggestions of enmity, whispered in the hour of amorous dalliance, as in his final separation from the counsels of his faithful Wolsey.

The Cardinal had no sooner surrendered the Seal, than he set about taking an inventory of his property, for the purpose already mentioned; and so gorgeous is the description of his wealth, and so illustrative of the interior economy of a nobleman's house of those times, that we cannot omit it.

"Then went my lord cardinall, and called his officers before him, and toke account of them for all suche stuffe and things whereof they had charge. And in his gallery were set divers tables, whereupon lay a great number of goodly riche stuffes; as whole pieces of silke of all coulores, velvet, satten, damask, tufted taffeta, grograine, sarcenet, and other things, now not in remembrance; also there lay on these tables a thousand pieces of fine holland clothe, whereof as he reported after, there was five hundred of the said pieces of clothe stolne, and conveied away from the king and him; yet there was laide upon every table, bokes, made in manner of inventories, reporting the number and contents of the same. And even so there were bokes made in manner of inventories of all things here after rehearsed, wherein he toke great paines to set all things in order against the king's comming. Also he hanged all the walls of the gallery on the one side, with clothe of golde, clothe of tyssewe, clothe of silver, and with riche clothe of bodkin, of divers colours. Also on the other side were hanged the richest suite of copes of his owne provision (made for his colledges of Oxenforde and Ipswiche) that ever I sawe in Englande. Then had he two chambers adjoyning to the gallery, the one called most commonly the *gilt chamber*, and the other the *counsell chamber*, wherein were set up two broade and long tables, upon tressles, whereupon was set suche a number of plate of all sortes, as was almost incredible. In the *gilt chamber* were set out upon the table nothing but gilt plate; and upon a cupboarde and in a windowe was set no plate, but all gold very riche. And in the *counsell chamber* was all white and parcell gilt plate; and under the table in baskets was all

olde broken silver plate, not esteemed worthy to be occupied as plate, but as broken silver; and bokes set bye them, purporting every kinde of plate, and every parcell, with the content of the ounces thereof. Thus was all things furnished and prepared, giving the charge of all the saide stuffe, with all other things remaining in every office, to be delivered to the king, as well unto diverse persons, in whom he put his trust, as to one in especiall of his officers, in every office of his house, to make aunswer to their charge, charged in their indenture of the parcells; for the order was suche, that every officer was charged with the receipt of the stuffe belonging to their office by indenture."

He then determines to retreat to his house at Esher.

"Then all things being ordered as it is before rehearsed, my lord prepared him to departe by water. And before his going, Sir William Gascoigne, being his treasurer, came unto him, to whom he gave, among other, the charge of the delivery of the saide goods, to be delivered unto the king, who saide unto the cardinall, then being his lord and master, 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I am sorry for your grace, for ye shall go straightway to the Tower, as I heard say.' 'Is this the goode counsell and comforte,' quoth my lord cardinall unto him, 'that you can give your master in adversity? It hath alwaies been your naturall inclination to be very lighte of credite; and much more lighter of reporting lies. I would you should knowe, Sir William, and all these reporters, that it is untrue; for I never deserved to come there, although it hath pleased the king to take my house ready furnished for his pleasure at this time. I would all the world knewe that I have nothing, but it is *his* of right; for by him, and of him, I have received all that I have; therefore it is of convenience and reason, that I render unto his majesty the same againe, with all my harte. Therefore goe your waies, and attend well to your charge.' And therewithall he made him ready to ride: and then with his traine of gentlemen and yeomen, whiche was no small number, he toke his barge at his privy staires, and so went by water unto Putney. At the taking whereof, there was walking up and downe on the Thames, boates filled with people of London, expecting the cardinall's departing by water, supposing that he should have gone to the Tower, whereat they joyed very much."

He had not gone far from Putney on his mule, when

"Riding not paste a paire of butt lengths, he espied a gentleman come riding in poste downe the hill, in the towne of Putney, and demanding of his gentlemen aboute him, what *he* was, that came riding downe so faste, 'Forsoothe sir,' quoth they, 'it is Mr. Norris, as it seemeth to us.' And by and by he came to my lord saluting him, and sayd, 'Sir, the king's majesty commendeth him unto you, and commaunded me to shewe you, that you be as muche in his favor as ever you were, and so shall be. Therefore he would that you should be of good cheere, and take no thought, for ye shall not lacke. And

although he hath done thus unkindly towards you, it is more for the satisfying of some, than for any indignation: and yet you knowe well, he is able to recompence you againe, and to restore you twise so much; and thus he bad me, that I should shewe you, and willed me to bid you to take all this matter in patience. And sir, for my parte, I trust to see you in better estate, than ever you were.' But when he had heard Mr. Norris reporte the good and comfortable words of the king, he quickly lighted off his mule, all alone, as thoughe he had bine the youngest amongst us, and incontinent kneeled downe in the dirte upon bothe his knees, holding up his hands for joye of the king's most comfortable message. Mr. Norris alighted also, espying him so sone upon his knees, and kneeled by him, and toke him in his armes, and asked howe he did, calling upon him to credite his message. 'Mr. Norris,' quoth he, 'when I consider the joyfull newes that yee have brought to me, I could doe no lesse than greatly rejoice. Your wordes pierced my harte, that the sodain joye, surmounted my memory, having no regarde or respecte to the place, but I thought it my duty, in the same place where I received this comforte, to laude and praise God upon my knees, and most humbly to render to my soveraigne lorde my harty thanks for the same.'

"And as he was thus talking upon his knees to Mr. Norris, he would have pulled off a velvet night cap, which he wore under his black hat, and scarlet cap; but he could not undoe the knot under his chin: wherefore with violence he rent the laces of his cap, and pulled his said cap from his head, and kneeled bare headed. And this done, he rose up and mounted upon his mule, and so rode forthe up the high waye in the towne, talking with Mr. Norris. And when he came unto Putney Heathe, where Mr. Norris should departe from him, Mr. Norris gave him a ring of gold with a stone, and sayd unto him, that the king sent him the same for token of good will, 'which ringe,' quothe he, 'the king saithe you knowe very well.' It was the privy token between the king and him, when the king would have any especiall thing sped at his hands. Then saide he to Mr. Norris, 'If I were Lorde of a realme, the one halfe were too small a rewarde to give you for your paines, and good newes. But, good Mr. Norris, consider with me, that I have nothinge lefte me but my clothes upon my backe. Therefore I shall desire you to take this small rewarde at my hands;' the which was a little chaine of gold, made like a bottle chaine, with a crosse of gold, wherein was a piece of the *Holy Crosse*, which he continually ware about his necke next his body; and saide furthermore, 'Master Norris, I assure you, when I was in prosperity, although it seme but small in value, yet I would not gladly have departed with the same for a thousand poundes. Therefore I shall require you to take it in good worthe, and to weare it about your necke continually for my sake, and to remember me to the king when ye shall see opportunity, unto whose Highness I shall most instantly require you, to have me most humbly commended; for whose charitable disposition to me, I can but pray for the preservation of his royall estate. I am his obedient subject, his poore chaplaine, and beadman, and so will be during my life, accompting myselfe nothinge, nor to

have any thinge, but only of him and by him, whome I have justly and truely served, to the beste of my grosse wit.' And with that he toke Master Norris by the hand bareheaded, and so departed. And when he was gone but a small distance, he returned againe, and caused Mr. Norris to be called to him. When Master Norris was returned, he said unto him, 'I am sorry,' quothe he, 'that I have no token to send to the king. But if you will at my request present the king, with this poore Foole, I trust he will accept him, for he is, for a nobleman's pleasure, forsoothe, worthe a thousand poundes.'

"So Master Norris toke the Foole; with whom my Lorde was faine to send sixe of his tallest yeomen, to helpe him to convaie the Foole to the courte; for the poore Foole toke on like a tyrant, rather than he would have departed from my Lord. Notwithstanding they convaied him away, and so brought him to the courte, where the king received him very gladly. After departure of Master Norris with his token to the kinge, my Lorde rode straight to Ashur, which is an house belonging to the Bishopricke of Winchester, situate in the county of Surry, nor farre from Hampton Courte, where my Lord and his family continued the space of three or fowre weeks, without either beds, sheets, table clothes, or dishes, to eat their meete in, or wherewith to buy any. Howbeit, there was good provision of all kind of victualls and of drinke, as bere and wine, whereof there was sufficient and plenty enough. My Lord was compelled of necessity to borrowe of Mr. Arundell, and of the Bishop of Carlile, plate and dishes, bothe to drinke in, and to eate his meate in. Thus my Lord with his family continued in this strange estate, untill after All-hallowne tide."

Cromwell, the Cardinal's Secretary, and afterwards Earl of Essex, figures as a principal character in these pages, and, under the descriptive pen of Cavendish, discloses those traits which foretold his future distinction. The first glimpse we have of him is in the following passage, after the fall of his master:

"I chaunced me upon All-hallowne day to come into the *Great Chamber* at Assher, in the morning, to give mine attendance, where I found Mr. Cromwell leaning in the great windowe, with a Primer in his hand, saying our Lady mattens; which had bine a strange sight in him afore. Well what will you have more? He prayed no more earnestly, than he distilled teares as fast from his eyes. Whom I saluted, and bad good morrowe. And with that I perceived his moist chekes, the which he wiped with his napkine. To whom I saide, 'Why, Mr. Cromwell, what meaneth this dole? Is my Lord in any danger, that ye doe lament for him? or is it for any other losse, that ye have sustained by misfortune?'

"'Nay,' quoth he, 'it is for my unhappy adventure. For I am like to lose all that I have laboured for, all the daies of my life, for doing of my master true and diligent service.' 'Why, sir,' quoth I, 'I trust that you be too wise, to do any thing by my Lord's commaundement, otherwise than ye might doe, whereof you ought to be

in doubt or daunger for losse of your goods.' 'Well, well,' quoth he, 'I cannot tell; but this I see before mine eyes, that every thing is as it is taken; and this I knowe well, that I am disdained withal for my master's sake; and yet I am sure there is no cause, why they should doe so. An evill name once gotten will not lightly be put away. I never had promotion by my Lord to the encrease of my living. But this much I will say to you, that I will this afternoone, when my Lord hath dined, ride to London, and so to the Courte, where I will either make or marre, or ever I come againe. I will put myselfe in prease, to see what they be able to lay to my charge.' 'Mary,' quoth I, 'then in so doing you shall doe wisely, beseeching God to send you good lucke, as I would myselfe.' And with that I was called into the closet, to see and prepare all things ready for my Lord, whoe intended to say masse there that day himselfe; and so I did."

Cromwell is soon after found interceding with the Cardinal for some reward, for the numerous servants who still faithfully adhere to his person.

"'Alas! Thomas,' quoth my Lord, 'ye knowe I have nothing to give them, and wordes without deeds be not often well taken. For if I had but as I late had, I would departe with them so frankely, as they should be well contente: but nothing hath no savor; and I am bothe ashamed, and also sorry, that I am not able to requite their faithful service. And although I doe rejoice as I may, to consider the fidelity I see in a number of my servants, who will not forsake me in my miserable estate, but be as diligent and serviceable about me as they were in my great triumphe and glory, yet I doe lament againe, as vehemently, the want of substance, to distribute among them.' 'Why, sir,' quoth Master Cromwell, 'have ye not here a number of chapleines, to whom ye have departed liberally with spirituall promotions, in so much as some may dispend, by your Grace's preferment, a thousand pounds by yeare, and some five hundred marks, and some more and some lesse; you have not a chapleine within all your house, or belonging to you, but he may spend well at the least (by your procurement and promotion) three hundred markes yearely, who have had all the profit and gaines at your handes, and other your servauntes nothing: and yet have your poore servauntes taken much more paines in one day, than all your idle chapleines have done in a yeare. Therefore if they will not frankely and freely consider your liberallity, and departe with you of the same goods gotten in your service, now in your great indigence and necessity, it is pitty that they live; and all the world will have them in indignation and hatred, for their ingratitude to their master.'

"'I think no lesse, Thomas,' quoth my Lord, 'wherefore, I pray you, cause all my servants to assemble without, in my great chamber, after dinner, and see them stand in order, and I will declare my mind unto them.'"

The gentlemen and yeomen are then assembled, to whom

the Cardinal addresses a most impressive speech, full of eloquence and natural dignity.

" And at the laste my Lord came out in his Rochet upon a violet gowne, like a Bishop, who went streight to the upper ende of the saide chamber, where was the great windowe. Standing there a while, his chapleins about him, beholding this goodly number of his servants, he could not speake unto them, untill the teares ran downe his chekes: which fewe teares perceived by his servants, caused the fountaines of water to gusshe out of their faithfull eyes, in such sorte as it would cause a cruell harte to lament. At the last, after he had turned his face to the windowe, and dried his moisted chekes, he spake to them in this sorte in effect: ' Most faithfull gentlemen, and true harted yeomen, I doe not lament to see you about me, but I lament in a manner a certaine ingratitude on my behalfe towards you all, in whome hath bin a great defaulte, that in my prosperity I have not done so much for you as I might have done, either in deede or worde, which lay in my power then to doe: but then I knewe not the juell and speciall treasure I had in my house of you my faithful servants; but now experience hath taught me, and with the eyes of my discretion I doe well perceive the same. There was never thing that repented me more that ever I did, than doeth the remembraunce of my great and most oblivious negligence and unkinde ingratitude, that I have not promoted, preferred or advaunced you all, accordinge to your demerits. Howbeit, it is not unknowne unto you all, that I was not so fully furnished of temporall promotions in my gifte, as I was of spirituall preferments. And if I should have preferred you to any of the king's offices, then should I have runne in the indignation of the king's servants, who would not much let to reporte behinde my backe that there could no office in the king's gifte escape the Cardinal and his servants, and thus should I have runne in open slaunder before all the world. But now it is come to this passe, that it hath pleased the king to take all that ever I have into his hands, so that I have nothing to give you; for I have nothing lefte me but my bare clothes upon my backe, the which are simple in comparison to that I had: howbeit if it might doe you any good, I would not sticke to divide the same among you, yea, and the skinne of my backe too, if it might countervaile any value among you. But my good gentlemen and yeomen, my trusty and faithful servaunts, and of whome no prince hath the like, I shall require you to take some patience with me awhile, for I doubt not but that the kinge, considering my suggested offence by mine enemies, which is put against me, to be of small griefe or hurte, for so great and soddaine an overthrowe, will shortely restore me to my living, so that I shall be more able to divide my substance among you, whereof ye shall not lacke. For whatsoever shall chaunce hereafter to be an overplus and superfluity of my revenewes, at the determination of my yearely accompt, it shall be distributed among you. For I will never during my life esteeme the goods and riches of this world any otherwise than which shall be sufficient to mainetaine the estate that God hath and shall call me unto. And if

the kinge doe not shortly restore me, then will I write for you, either to the king, or to any nobleman within this realme, to retaine your service; for I doubt not but the kinge or any nobleman within this realme, will credite my letter in your commendation. Therefore, in the mean time, I would advise you to repaire home to your wives, such as have wives; and some of you that have no wives, to take a time to visit your parents in the country. There is none of you all, but would once in a yeare require license to see and visit your wife, and other of your friends: take this time therefore in that respect, and in your retourne I will not refuse you, to beg with you. I consider that your service in my house hath been such, that ye be not apt to serve any man under the degree of a King; therefore I would advise you to serve no man but the King, who I am sure will not refuse you. Therefore I shall desire you to take your pleasure for a month, and then ye may come againe, and by that time, I trust the king will extend his mercy upon me.' "

Cromwell again attacks the chaplains in the shape of a subscription.

" ' Sir,' quoth Master Cromewell, ' there be diverse of these your yeomen, that would be glad to see their friends, but they lacke money: therefore here be diverse of your Chapleines that have received at your hands great benefices and livings, let them shew themselves unto you as they be bound to doe. I think their honesty and charity is such, that they will not see you lacke any thing that may doe you good or pleasure. And for my parte, although I have not received of your Grace's gifte one penny towards the increase of my livinge, yet will I give you this towards the dispatch of your servantes,' and therewith delivered unto my Lord five pounds in gold. ' And now let us see what your Chapleines will doe. I think they will departe with you, much more liberally than I, who be more able to give you a pound than I a penny.' ' Goe to, my Masters,' quoth he to the Chapleines: insomuch as they gave to my Lord liberally, some ten pounds, some twenty nobles, some five pounds, and so some more and some lesse, as their powers would extend, at that time; by means whereof my Lord received among them as much as paid the yeomen ten shillings the pece towardes their quarter's wages, and as much money as would pay every of them for a monthe's borde wages; and then they departed downe into the Hall, where some determined to goe to their friends, and some would not departe from my Lorde, untill they might see him in better estate. My Lord retourned into his chamber lamenting the departure from his servants, making his mone to Master Cromewell, who comforted him the best he could, and desired my Lord to give him leave to goe to London, whereas he would *either make or marre* (the which was alwaies his common terme). Then after a little communication with my Lord in secret, he departed and toke his horse, and rode to London, at whose departinge I was by, to whome he saide, ' Farewell, ye shall heare shortly of mee, and if I speede well, I will not faile to be here againe, within these two daies.'

And so I toke my leave of him, and he rode on his journey. Sir Rafe Sadler, now Knight, was then his Clerk, and rode with him."

Cromwell quickly contrives to get into parliament, where he performed the most essential services to his late master—he was ever ready in his place to answer the charges alledged against him; and when a Bill of Articles was brought into the house to condemn Wolsey of treason, Cromwell "inveighed so discreetly, with such witty persuasions and depe reasons, that the same could take no effect." This was only one good office, among numerous instances, of "honest estimation and earnest behaviour in his master's cause, wherein he was greatly of all men commended."

One of the most remarkable things in the fall of Wolsey, is the constant kindness which the king, who was by no means given to duplicity, shewed to him by messages and tokens, and private declarations, which always, except in one instance, appear to have been sent by stealth. In the case of the exception alluded to, Henry requests Anne Boleyn to send a token likewise, which she did. In the following instance, Sir John Russel, afterwards Earl of Bedford, arrives in the dead of night with a private message of consolation.

"I went incontinent to my Lord's chamber dore, and knocked there, so that my Lord spake to me, and asked me what I would have. With that I tould him of the comming of Sir John Russell; and then he called up to him one of his gromes to let me in; and when I was come to him, I tould him againe of the journey that Sir John Russell had taken that troublesome night. 'I pray God all be for the beste,' quoth he. 'Yes, sir,' quoth I, 'he shewed me, and so bade me tell you, that he had brought suche newes, as you would greatly rejoice thereat.' 'Well, then,' quoth he, 'God be praised, and wellcome be his grace! Go ye and fetch him to me, and by that time I will be ready to talke with him.'

"Then I returned into the lodge, and brought Mr. Russell from thence unto my Lord, who had cast about him his night gowne. And when Mr. Russell was come before him, he most humbly reverenced him, upon his knees, whome my Lord stooped unto, and toke him up, and bade him wellcome. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'the King commendeth him unto you;' and delivered him a great ring of gold with a Turkeis for a token; 'and willed me, to bid you be of good cheere; for he loveth you as well as ever he did, and is sorry for your trouble, whose minde runneth muche upon you. Insomuch that before his Grace sat downe to supper, he called me unto him, and desired me to take the paines secretly to visite you, and to comforte you the best of my powre. And sir, I have had the sorest journey for so little a way, that ever I had to my remembraunce.'

"My Lord thanked him for his paines and good newes, and demaunded of him if he had supped; and he saide 'Nay.' 'Well

then,' quoth my Lord, 'cause the cookes to provide some meate for him; and cause a chamber to be provided for him, that he may take his rest awhile upon a bed.' All which commaundement I fulfilled, and in the meane time my Lord and Master Russell were in secret communication; and in the ende, Master Russell went to his chamber, taking his leave of my Lord, and saide he would tarry but a while, for he would be at the courte at Greenwiche againe before day, and would not for any thing that it were knowne, that he had bin with my Lorde that night. And so being in his chamber, having a small repaste, he rested him a while upon a bed, whiles his servauntes supped and dried them; and that done, incontinent he rode away againe with speede to the courte. And after this within a while, my Lord was restored to plate vessells, and householde stuffe, of every thing necessary some parte, so that he was better furnished than before."

The insults and disappointments which he received at the hands of the courtiers, at length brought on a severe illness, during which the King sent his physicians to him, and expressed an anxious solicitude for his safety.

"At Christmas he fell very sore sicke, most likely to die. Whereof the king being advertised, was very sorry, and sent Doctor Buttes, his phisition, unto him, to see in what estate he was. Doctor Buttes came unto him, finding him lying very sicke in his bed; and perceiving the daunger retourned to the king. Of whom the king demaunded, saying, 'Have you seen yonder man?' 'Yea, sir,' quoth he. 'How do you like him?' quoth the king. 'Sir,' quoth he, "if you will have him dead, I warrant him he will be deade within these foure days, if he receive no comforte from you shortly, and Mrs. Anne.' 'Marye,' quoth the king, 'God forbid that he should die. I pray you, Master Buttes goe againe unto him, and doe your care unto him; for I would not lose him for twenty thousande poundes.' 'Then must your grace,' quoth Master Buttes, 'send him first some comfortable message, as shortly as ye can.' 'Even so I will,' quoth the king, 'by you. And therefore make speede to him againe, and ye shall deliver him this ring from me, for a token' (in the which ring was the king's image, engraved within a ruby, as like the king as could be devised). 'This ring he knoweth right well; for he gave me the same; and tell him, that I am not offended with him in my harte nothing at all, and that shall he knowe shortly. Therefore bid him pluck up his harte, and be of good comforte. And I charge you come not from him, untill ye have brought him out of the daunger of death.' Then spake the king to Mistress Anne Bullen, saying, 'Good sweete harte, I pray you, as ye love me, send the cardinall a token at my desire, with comfortable wordes; and in so doing ye shall deserve our thankes.' She not being disposed to offend the king, would not disobey his loving request, whatsoever in her harte she intended towards the cardinall; but toke incontinent her tablet of gold, that hung at her girdle, and delivered it to Master Buttes, with very gentle and

comfortable wordes. And so Master Buttes departed with speede to Asshur; after whom the king sent doctor Cromer the Scot, doctor Clement, and doctor Wotton, to consulte with Master Buttes for my lorde's recovery."

However unaccountable the conduct of the King, Wolsey has fully explained his own, in a conversation which, it appears, he held with his faithful attendant, in the course of his journey to his Archbishopric of York, to which the courtiers had procured his dismissal. These notes of Cavendish have an high historical importance.

"I cannot chose but to declare unto you a notable communication had at Mr. Fitzwilliams house, between my lorde and me, which was this: My lord walking in the garden at Mr. Fitzwilliams his house saying his evensong with his chapleine, and I being there attending upon him, after he had finished his praiers, he commaunded his chapleine that bare up his gowne traine to deliver the same to me, and to goe aside; and after the chapleine was gone, he spake to me in this wise, calling me by my name. 'Ye have bine lately at London,' quoth he; 'Forsoothe my lord,' quoth I, 'not since I was there to buy your liveries for your servants.' 'And what newes was there then,' quoth he; 'heard you no communication of me? I pray you tell me.' Then perceiving that I had a good occasion to speake my mind unto him, I said, 'Sir, if it please your grace, it was my chaunce to be at dinner in a certaine place, where I also supped, and many honest worshipful gentlemen, who were for the most parte of mine old acquaintance, and therefore durst the bolder participate with me in conversation of your grace, knowing that I was still your servant; and they asking of me howe ye did, and how you accepted your adversity and trouble, I answered that you did well, and accepted all things in good parte; and as it seemed to me, they were your indifferent friends, of whome they said none evill, but lamented your decay and fall very sore, doubting much the sequell not to be good for the common wealth. Also they mervailed much that you, being of such excellent witt, and of such high discretion, would so simply confesse yourselfe guilty unto the king, as you did. For, as they understode by reporte of some of the kings counsell, your case being well considered, you have great wronge: to the which I could make no direct answer.' 'Is this,' quoth he, 'the opinion of wise men?' 'Yea forsothe, my lord,' quoth I, 'and commonly of all men else.' 'Well then,' quoth he, 'for all their wisdome, they perceived not so much as I. For I considered, that mine enemies had brought the matter so to passe against me, that they conveied and made it the kings matter and case, and caused the king to take the matter into his owne hands; and after he had once the possession of all my goods, being the kings only case, rather than he would have delivered me my goods againe, and taken a foile or overthrow therein at my hands, without doubte he would not have missed (by the setting forthe and procurement of my

evil-willers) to have imagined my undoing and destruction therein; whereof the best had bine perpetual imprisonment, or the daunger of my life. I had rather confesse the matter, as I did, and to live at large, like a poor vicar, than to live in prison with all the goods and honors I then had. And therefore it was for me the better way to yeild unto the kings mercy and clemency, than to stand stiffe against him in triall of the wronge which I sustained; wherein the king would have bine bothe to have bine noted, and in my submission, the king, I doubt not, had a conscience, wherein he would rather pitty me than maligne me. And also, there was the *night-crowe, that cried ever in his ears against me;* and if she might have perceived any obstinacy in me, she would not have failed to have set it forthe with such vehemence, that I should rather have obtained the kings indignation, than his lawful favor: and his favor once lost (which I then knewe that I then had done) would never have bin by me recovered. Therefore I thought it better to kepe still his favor, with losse of goods and dignity, than to win his indignation with all my wit, truthe, and policy. And this was the cause (which all men know not) that I yealded myselfe so soone guilty to the *premunire;* wherein the king hath since conceived a conscience; for he knoweth, and allwaies did, more the effect thereof than any other person living, and whether I offended him therein or no, to whose conscience I commit the truthe of my cause.' And thus we lefte the substance of our communication in this matter; although we had much more talke: yet this is sufficient to make you understande, as well bothe the cause of his confession in the *premunire,* as also the occasion of the losse of his goods."

As he proceeded to the north, he spent a considerable time at Southwell, near Newark, where was a bishop's palace, belonging to the See of York, and acquired, by his affability and hospitality, great popularity in the neighbourhood. From thence he removed to Scroby, and then to the palace at Cawood, in Yorkshire.

After Wolsey had been some time in residence, he prepared for his installation in the Cathedral Church, according to what he was informed was the invariable practice of his predecessors. Such, however, was the alteration which the change in his fortunes had produced in his mind, that he chose to forego the pomp and splendour with which the ceremony had always been celebrated. When told that it was usual for the Archbishop to walk from a chapel without the city to the minster, upon cloth spread over his path, he said, "although that our predecessors did goe upon cloth, soe we intend to go on foote from thence without any such glory, in the vaumpes of our hosen." During his progress to the north, he had also plainly marked the humiliation of his mind—he had begun to wear sackcloth next his skin—was upon the watch for omens—had confirmed immense numbers of children on the road, with the

earnestness and devotedness of an apostle; and when at Cawood, set himself to appease quarrels and extinguish feuds, with great skill, industry, and success. The installation, however, never took place. Every preparation was made, and though the Cardinal himself took no part in it, yet such was his popularity in the county, that provisions and game of all kinds were sent in as for a splendid festival. On the Friday before the Monday which was fixed for the taking place of the ceremony, the Earl of Northumberland, the very Lord Percy, whose match with Anne Boleyn, Wolsey had been the means of breaking off, arrived with Mr. Walche, of the King's Privy Chamber. The Earl took possession of the gates, and the Cardinal, hearing of his arrival, and deeming it a visit of courtesy, met him on the stairs and regretted that his dinner was nearly over, but offering, at the same time, such cheer as he could make him on so short a notice, and chiding him for not sending word of his intention. This, and many more kind and courteous words being said, he took the Earl by the hand and led him into a chamber.

" And they beinge there all alone, save only I, who kept the dore, according to my duty, being Gentleman-Usher; these two lordes standing at a windowe by the chimney, the Earle, trembling, saide unto my Lorde, with a soft voice (laying his hand upon his arme), 'My Lorde, I arrest you of highe treason.' With which wordes my Lorde was marvailously astonied, standing bothe still without any more wordes a good space. But at the last, quoth my Lord, 'What authority have you to arrest me?' 'Forsothe my Lorde,' quoth the Earle, 'I have a commission so to doe.' 'Where is your commission,' quoth my Lord, 'that I may see it?' 'Nay, sir, that you may not,' saide the Earle. 'Well, then,' quoth my Lord, 'hold you contented; then will I not obey your arrest: for there hath bine between your auncestors and my predicessors great contentions and debate of an auncient grudge, which may succede in you, and growe unto the like inconvenience, as it hath done betwene your auncestors and my predicessors. Therefore, without I see your authority from above, I will not obey you.' Even as they were debating this matter betwene them in the chamber, so busy was Mr. Walche in arresting of Doctor Augustine, at the dore in the pallace, saying unto him, 'Go in traitor, or I shall make thee.' And with that, I opened the portall dore, perceiving them both there. Mr. Walche thrust Doctor Augustine in before him with violence. These matters on bothe sides astonied me very much, musing what all this should meane; untill at the last, Mr. Walche, being entered my Lorde his chamber, began to plucke off his hoode, which he had made him of the same clothe, whereof his coate was, which was of Shrewesbury cotton, to the intent he would not be knowne. And after he had plucked off his hoode, he kneled downe to my Lorde, to whome my Lord sayd, 'Come hether gentleman, and let me speake with you,' commanding him to stand up, saying thus, 'Sir, here my

Lorde of Northumberland hathe arrested me, but by whose authority or commission he sheweth me not; but saith, he hath one. If ye be privy thereto, or be joined with him therein, I pray you shewe me.' 'Indeede, my Lorde, if it please your Grace,' quoth Mr. Walche, 'he sheweth you the truthe.' 'Well, then,' quoth my Lord, 'I pray you let me see it.' 'Sir, I beseeche you,' quoth Mr. Walche, 'hold us excused. There is annexed to our commission certaine instructions which ye may not see, ne yet be privy to the same.' 'Why,' quoth my Lorde, 'be your instructions suche that I may not see them? peradventure, if I mighte be privy to them, I could helpe you the better to perform them. It is not unknowne, but I have been privy and of counsell in as weighty matters as these be: and I doubte not for my parte, but I shall prove myselfe a true man, against the expectation of all my cruell enemies. I see the matter whereupon it groweth. Well, there is no more to doe. I trowe ye are one of the King's Privy Chamber; your name is Walche. I am content to yelde to you, but not to my Lord of Northumberland, without I see his commission. And also you are a sufficient commissioner in that behalfe, in as much as ye be one of the King's Privy Chamber; for the worst there is a sufficient warrant to arrest the greatest pere in this realme, by the King's only commaundement, without any commission. Therefore I am at your will to order and to dispose: put therefore your commission and authority in execution: spare not, and I will obey the King's will. I feare more the malice and cruelty of my mortall enemies, than I doe the untruthe of my allegiance; wherein, I take God to my judge, I never offended the King in worde ne dede; and therein I dare stand face to face with any man alive, having indifferency, without partiality.'

"Then came my Lord of Northumberland unto me, standinge at the portall dore, and commaunded me to avoide the chamber: and being lothe to departe from my master, I stode still, and would not remove; to whome he spake againe, and said unto mee, 'There is no remedy, ye must departe.' With that I loked upon my Lord (as whoe would say, shall I goe?) upon whome my Lorde loked very heavily, and shoke at mee his heade. And perceiving by his countenaunce it boted me not to abide, I departed the chamber, and went into the next chamber, where abode many gentlemen of my fellowes, and other, to learne of me some newes; to whome I made reporte what I sawe and hearde; which was great heaviness unto them all."

It was required of the Cardinal to proceed to London. On the next day, the eve of his departure, Northumberland sent for Cavendish, and told him, it was the King's pleasure that he should still remain about the person of the Cardinal upon certain conditions, which Cavendish promised on oath to observe. He was then desired to go in and attend upon his master.

"And then I resorted unto my lorde, where he was sitting in a chaire, the tables being spred for him to goe to dinner. But as soon

as he perceived me to come in, he fell out into suche a wofull lamentation, with such rutheful teares and watery eies, that it would have caused a flinty harte to mourne with him. And as I could, I with others comforted him; but it would not be. For, quoth he, "Nowe I lament, that I see this gentleman, (meaning me) how faithefull, how dilligent, and how painfull he hath served me, abandonning his owne country, wife, and children; his house and family, his rest and quietnesse, only to serve me, and I have nothinge to rewarde him for his highe merittes. And also the sighte of him causethe me to call to my remembrance the nomber of faithfull servauntes, that I have here with me; whom I did intend to preferre and advaunce, to the best of my powre, from time to time, as occasion should serve. But now, alas! I am prevented, and have nothing here to rewarde them; all is deprived me, and I am left here their miserable and wretched master. Howbeyt,' quoth he to me (calling me by my name), 'I am a true man, and ye shall never have shame of me for your service.' 'Sir,' quoth I unto him (perceiving his heaviness), 'I doe nothing mistruste your truthe: and for the same will I depose bothe before the king, and his honnorable counsell. Wherefore, sir,' (kneeling upon my knee) 'comforte yourselfe, and be of good cheere. The malice of your ungodly enemies can, ne shall not prevaile. I doubt not but comming to your aunswer, my hearte is suche, that ye shall clearely acquit yourselfe, so to your commendation and truthe, as that, I trust, it shall be much to your great honnour, and restitution unto your former estate.' 'Yea,' quoth he, 'if I may come to my aunswer, I feare no man alive; for he liveth not that shall look upon this face (pointing to his owne face), that shall be able to accuse me of any untruthe; and that knowe well mine enemies, which will be an occasion that they will not suffer me to have indifferent justice, but seeke some sinister meanes to dispatch me.' 'Sir,' quoth I, 'ye neede not therein to doubte, the king being so muche your good lorde, as he hath alwaies shewed himselfe to be, in all your troubles.' With that came up my lorde his meate; and so we left our former communication, and I gave my lorde water, and set him downe to dinner; who did eate very little meate, but very many times sodainely he would burste out in teares, with the most sorrowfull words that have bine hearde of any woefull creature. And at the laste he fetched a great sighe, and saide this texte of scripture in this wise, '*O constantia Martirum laudabilis! O charitas inextinguibilis! O pacientia invincibilis, quæ licet inter pressuras persequentium visa sit despicabilis, invenietur in laudem et gloriam ac honorem in tempore tribulationis.*' And thus passed he forthe his dinner in great lamentation and heaviness, who was fed more with weping teares, than with any delicate meates that were set before him. I suppose there was not a drie eie among all the gentlemen that were there attending upon him. And when the table was taken up, we expected continually our removing, untill it drewe to nighte; and then it was shewed my lorde that he could not goe away that nighte, but on the morrow, by God's grace, he should departe. 'Even then,' quoth he, 'when my lord of Northumberland shall be pleased.' Wherefore it was concluded, that he should tarry untill the next day, being Sonday."

On Sunday, the Cardinal was constrained to depart. As he proceeded from his chamber, he demanded where his servants were, and would not stir a step until he had bade farewell to them. It appeared that the commissioners had locked them up in the chapel, in the fear of a tumult, but they somehow hearing that their lord was setting off, began to make such a "ruthful riot," that they were let out as he was demanding to see them. After bidding them a kind farewell, *and shaking every one by the hand,* he mounted his horse amidst the shouts and blessings of an immense concourse of people, who, such was his popularity, had assembled at his gates. From Cawood he passed to Pontefract, and was struck with horror when he heard he was to lie there that night, lest his conductors should be leading him to imprisonment. "Alas!" quoth he, "shall I go to the castle, and lie there, and die like a beast!" From Pontefract he proceeded to Doncaster, and thence to Sheffield Park, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, still accompanied everywhere by the lamentations of the people. At Sheffield Park he was most nobly and courteously received by my Lord of Shrewsbury, who, with his lady, paid him the most respectful and delicate attention, as if he had still been in the height of his prosperity. Nothing, however, could restore the tone of his mind, nor restore him to his customary dignified self-possession. From the moment of the arrest his spirits sunk, he indulged in bitter lamentations, and would take no comfort. At last he was taken suddenly ill one day at dinner. The disorder proved to be a dysentery, which shortly reduced him to such a state of weakness, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could proceed on his journey; during which he became rapidly worse, so that before he reached Leicester he could with difficulty sit on his mule.

"The next day he tooke his journey, with M. Kingstone and them of the guarde. And as sone as they espied him, considering that he was their olde master, and in such estate, they lamented his misfortune, with weping eyes; whome my lord toke by the hand, and many times, as he rode by the way, he would talke, nowe with one, then with an other, until he came to an house of my lord of Shrewesburys, called Hardwicke Hall, where he lay all that nighte very evill at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that nighte, more sicke, and the next day he rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sicke, that he was almost fallen from his mule; so that it was nighte before he came to the abbey of Leicester, where at his comming in at the gate, the Abbot with all his convent met him with divers torches lighte; whom they right honorably received and welcomed with great reverence. To whome my lorde saide, 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you,' riding so still until he came to the staires of his chamber, where he alighted from his mule, and

then master Kingstone tooke him by the arme, and led him up the stairs; who tould me afterwardes, he never felt so heavy a burden in all his life. And as sone as he was in his chamber, he went incontinent to his bed, very sicke. This was upon Satterday at nighte: and then continued he sicker and sicker.

"Upon Monday in the morning, as I stode by his bed side, about eighte of the clocke, the windowes being close shut, and having waxe lightes burning upon the cupborde, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing faste towardes deathe. He perceiving my shadowe upon the wall by the bed side, asked who was there? 'Sir,' quoth I, 'I am here.' 'How doe you?' quoth he to me. 'Very well, sir,' quoth I, 'if it might see your grace well.' 'What is it of the clocke?' saide he to me. 'Sir,' said I, 'it is past eighte in the morning.' 'Eight of the clocke?' quoth he, 'that cannot be,' rehearsing diverse times, 'eight of the clocke, eighte of the clocke; 'nay, nay,' quoth he at last, 'it cannot be eighte of the clocke: for by eighte of the clocke shall you lose your master; for my time draweth neare, that I must departe this world.' With that, one doctor Palmes, a worshipful gentleman, being his chapleine and ghostly father, standing by, bad me secretly demand of him if he would be shriven, and to be in a readiness towardes God, whatsoever should chaunce. At whose desire I asked him the question. 'What have ye to doe to ask me any suche question?' quoth he, and began to be very angry with me for my presumption; untill at the laste master doctor tooke my parte, and talked with him in Latine, and so pacified him."

The tragedy now drew very fast to its close. On the next day Sir William Kingston, whom the king had sent down to conduct him up to London, asked, about six of the clock in the morning, how he did.

"'Sir,' quoth he, 'I tarry but the pleasure of God, to render up my poore soul into his handes.' 'Not so, sir,' quoth Master Kingstone, 'with the grace of God ye shall live, and do very well, if ye will be of good cheere.' 'Nay, in good soothe, Master Kingstone, my disease is suche that I cannot live; for I have had some experience in phisicke. Thus it is: I have a fluxe with a continuall feaver; the nature whereof is, that if there be no alteration of the same within eight daies, either must ensue excorrition of the entrailes, or frensy, or else present death; and the best of these three is deathe. And, as I suppose, this is the eighth daie: and if ye see no alteration in me, there is no remedy save that I may live a day or two after, but deathe, which is the best of these three, must followe.' 'Sir,' said Master Kingstone, 'you be in such pensiveness, doubting that thing that in good faith ye need not.' 'Well, well, Master Kingstone,' quoth my lord, 'I see the matter maketh you much worse than you should be against me; how it is framed I knowe not. But if I had served God, as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey haires. But this is the just rewarde that I must receive, for my diligent pains and study, that I have had, to do him service; not regarding my service to God, but only to satisfye his pleasure. I

pray you have me most humbly commended unto his royal majestie; and beseeche him, in my behalfe, to call to his princely remembrance all matters proceeding betweene him and me from the beginning of the world, and the progress of the same: and most especially in this weighty matter;' (meaning the matter betweene good Queen Katherine and him), 'and then shall his Graces conscience knowe, whether I have offended him or no. He is a prince of royall courage, and hath a princely harte; and rather than he will miss or want any part of his will or pleasure, he will endanger the losse of the one halfe of his realme. For I assure you, I have often kneeled before him, the space sometimes of three houres, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but I could never dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Mr. Kingstone, I warne you, if it chaunce you hereafter to be of his privy counsell, as for your wisdome ye are very mete, be well assured and advised what ye put in his head, for ye shall never put it out againe.' "

He then went on with cautions which he desired to be communicated to the king, against "this new sorte of Lutherans," whom he wished him to depress, and warned him against heresy in general, and its evil consequences. He then concluded his speech, and died.

"'Master Kingstone, farewell. I can no more say, but I wish, ere I dye, all things to have good successe. My time draweth on faste. I may not tarry with you. And forget not what I have saide and charged you withall: for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure remember my woods better.' And even with those wordes he began to draw his speche at lengthe, and his tongue to faile, his eyes being presently set in his head, whose sighte failed him. Then began we to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion, and caused the yeomen of the guard to stand by secretly, to see him die, and to be witnesses of his wordes at his departure, who heard all his saide communication; and incontinent the clock struck eight, and then gave he up the ghost, and thus he departed this present life. And calling to remembrance howe he saide the day before, that at eight of the clocke we should lose our master, as it is before rehearsed, one of us looking upon another, supposing that either he knew or prophesied of his departure, yet before his departure, we sent for the Abbot of the house, to annoyle him, who made all the spede he could, and came to his departure, and so sayd certain praiers, before the breath was fully out of his body."

The body of the Cardinal was interred with all the ceremonials and rites of the Catholic church, with great pomp, by torch-light, in the night of the next day. And in the words of Cavendish, we may say—

"Here is the ende and fall of pride and arrogancy of men, exalted by fortune to dignities; for I assure you, in his time, he was the haughtiest man in all his proceedings alive; having more respect to the honor of his person, than he had to his spirituall profession; wherein should be shewed all meekness, humility, and charity; the discussing whereof any further I leave to divines."

As soon as Cavendish had seen the last rites performed over the remains of his master, he speeded to London, there to receive his despatch from the council. He was sent for by the king, and had a long audience with him. The account which he has left of it enables us to take a very near view of this extraordinary monarch.

" And the next day, being Saint Nicholas day, I was sent for, being in Mr. Kingstone's chamber there in the courte, to come to the king; whom I found shooting at the roundes in the Parcke, on the backside of the garden. And perceiving him occupied in shoting, thought it not good to trouble him: but leaning to a tree, attending there untill he had made an ende of his disporte. And leaning there, being in a great study, what the matter should be that his grace should send for me, at the laste the king came sodenly behind me, and clapped me upon the shoulder; and when I perceived him, I fell upon my knee. And he, calling me by name, sayd unto me, 'I will,' quoth he, 'make an ende of my game, and then I will talk with you:' and so departed to the marke where he had shot his arrowe. And when he came there they were meeting of the shott that lay upon the game, which was ended that shote.

" Then delivered the king his bowe unto the yeoman of his bowes, and went his waies inwarde; whom I followed; howbeit he called for Sir John Gage, then his vice chamberlaine, with whome he talked, untill he came to the posterne gate of his garden; the which being open against his comyng, he entered; and then was the gate shute after him, which caused me to go my waies.

And ere ever I was past halfe a paire of butt-lengths, the gate opened againe, and Mr. Norris called me againe, commanding me to come unto the kinge, who stoode behinde the doore in a night gowne of russet velvet, furred with sables; before whom I kneeled downe, being there with him all alone the space of an houre or more, during which season he examined me of diverse weighty matters, concerning my lord cardinall, wishing rather than twenty thousand pounds that he had lived. He examined me of the fifteen hundred poundes, which Mr. Kingstone moved to my lord before his deathe, as I have before rehersed. 'Sir,' sayd I, 'I thinke that I can tell your grace partly where it is, and who hathe it.' 'Yea, can you?' quoth the king; 'then I pray you tell me, and you shall doe me much pleasure, and it shall not be unrewarded.' 'Sir,' sayd I, 'if it please your highness, after the departure of David Vincent from my lord at Scroby, who had the custody thereof, leaving the same with my lord in diverse baggs, he delivered the same unto a certaine priest safely to kepe to his use.' 'Is this true?' quoth the king. 'Yea, sir,' quoth I, 'without all doubt. The priest shall not be able to deny it in my presence, for I was at the delivery thereof; who hath gotten diverse other rich ornaments into his hands, the which be not rehersed or registered in any of my lord's books of inventory, or other writings, whereby any man is able to charge him therewith, but only I.' 'Well then,' quoth the king, 'let me alone, and kepe this geare secrete betweene yourselfe and me, and let no man knowe thereof; for if I heare any more of it, then I knowe by whom it came out. Howbeit,' quoth he, 'three may

kepe counsell, if two be awaye; and if I knewe that my cap were privy to my counsell, I would cast it in the fire and burne it. And for your truthe and honesty ye shall be our servant, and be in the same rome with us, wherein you were with your old master. Therefore goe your waies unto Sir John Gage our vice chamberlain, to whom have I spoken already to give you your oathe, and to admit you our servaunt in the sayd roome; and then goe to my lord of Norfolke, and he shall pay you your whole yeares wages, which is ten poundes, is it not so?' quoth the king. 'Yea, forsoothe,' quoth I, 'and I am behinde for three quarters of a yeare of the same wages.' 'That is true,' quoth the king, 'therefore ye shall have your whole yeares wages, with our rewarde delivered you by the duke of Norfolke:' promising me furthermore, to be my singular good lord, whensoever occasion should serve. And thus I departed from the kinge."

After this, both Kingston and Cavendish are examined before the counsel, touching the last words of the Cardinal. It seems his enemies were jealous even of his dying speech, some report of which had been made by the messenger who carried the news of his death to the court. Kingston, and Cavendish also, acting under the advice of the former, were both too cautious to disclose any thing which might have given offence, fearing lest the reporters of disagreeable news might come in for some share of the disgust it would create. The king does not appear to have fulfilled his promise, of taking Cavendish into his service; or else Cavendish himself was unwilling to enter it. All he requested was a cart and horse to carry his property into his own country. The king instantly granted him six of the best horses he could pick from his late lord's, and a cart horse, together with a cart, his arrears of ten pounds, and a reward of twenty. With this wealth Cavendish returned to his native country, to reflect and moralize on the fate of the great man whose eyes he had just closed; and, to use his own words—

THUS ENDED THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT TRIUMPHANT CARDINAL OF ENGLAND, ON WHOSE SOULE JESUS HAVE MERCY! AMEN.

ART. II. *Nosce Teipsum. This Oracle, expounded in Two Elegies. 1—Of Human Knowledge. 2—Of the Soul of Man and the Immortalitie thereof—Hymns of Astræa, in Acrosticke Verse. Orchestra; or, a Poem of Dancing, in a Dialogue between Penelope and one of her Woers: not finished.—By* Sir J. Davies. *London,* 1622; 8*vo.*

The poet, lawyer, and statesman, whose poems are the subject of this article, was born about the year 1570. At an early age he became a commoner of Queen's College, Oxford; and

having taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts, he entered himself of the Middle Temple, was sometime afterwards called to the bar, and sat in the last parliament of Queen Elizabeth. He was, in 1603, successively appointed, first, Solicitor, and then Attorney-General, in Ireland, by James the First, whose good opinion he had gained by his poem of *Nosce Teipsum*. He was afterwards made Serjeant at Law, was knighted, and subsequently appointed the King's Serjeant. He was next elected representative of the county of Fermanagh; and after a violent struggle between the Roman Catholic and Protestant parties, was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. In 1616 he returned to England, and continued to practise as a barrister, being frequently associated as one of the judges of assize. He died in the year 1626, after having received a promise of being made Chief Justice of England, if he was not actually appointed, but before he entered upon the duties of the office.

The principal poem of Sir John Davies, both in the dignity and importance of the subject, and also in length, is his "*Nosce Teipsum; or, The Immortality of the Soul;*" one of the earliest philosophical poems in our language. It appears to have been the production of his younger days, the dedication to Queen Elizabeth bearing date in 1592, when he was not much more than twenty-two years of age; although there is no edition now known to exist prior to that of 1599. His biographers, however, generally affirm that it was not written until 1598; but this is an opinion irreconcileable with the date of the dedication, unless we suppose, that part of the poem, with the dedication, was written in 1592, and the remainder completed in 1598.

The poem commences with an introduction on the corruption of human reason, and the insufficiency of human knowledge, from which we quote the following lines on the rarity of self-knowledge, and the use of affliction in teaching it.

"For this, few know themselves: for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain,
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself, the mind can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire.

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's inmost part;
As bees in storms back to their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear:
Reform'd my will and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air:
So working leas settle and purge the wine:
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair:
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine."

He thus describes the manner in which the soul is united to, and exercises her powers in, the body.

"But how shall we this union well express?
Naught ties the soul, her subtlety is such;
She moves the body, which she doth possess;
Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein, as in a tent;
Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit;
Nor as the spider in his web is pent;
Nor as the wax retains the print in it;

Nor as a vessel water doth contain;
Nor as one liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain;
Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread;

But as the fair and cheerful morning light
Doth here and there her silver-beams impart,
And in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent air, in all, and ev'ry part:

Still resting whole, when blows the air divide;
Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted;
Throughout the air, her beams dispersing wide;
And when the air is toss'd, not interrupted;

So doth the piercing soul the body fill,
  Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
Indivisible, incorruptible still;
  Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the sun above the light doth bring,
  Though we behold it in the air below:
So from th' Eternal Light the soul doth spring,
  Though in the body she her pow'rs do show.

But as the world's sun doth effect beget
  Diff'rent, in divers places ev'ry day;
Here Autumn's temperature, there Summer's heat;
  Here flow'ry Spring-tide, and there winter gray.

Here ev'n, there morn; here noon, there day, there night,
  Melts wax, dries clay, makes flow'rs, some quick, some dead;
Makes the Moor black, the European white;
  Th' American tawny, and th' East-Indian red:

So in our little world, this soul of ours
  Being only one, and to one body ty'd,
Doth use, on divers objects, divers powers;
  And so are her effects diversify'd."

He endeavours to establish the immortality of the soul, by various arguments, founded, amongst other things, upon the motions or aspirations of the soul towards eternity; from which we extract a few stanzas, as a specimen of both his poetry and his reasoning.

" And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
  Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
  And runs a lymph along the grassy plains:

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
  From whose soft side she first did issue make:
She tastes all places, turns to ev'ry hand,
  Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake:

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
  As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
  Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views:

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heav'n she cannot light on aught
That with her heav'nly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health?
Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh and gay;
She lights on that and this, and tasteth all;
But pleas'd with none, doth rise, and soar away:

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
And never rests, till it the first attain:
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends;
But never stays, till it the last do gain.

Now God the truth, and first of causes is;
God is the last good end, which lasteth still;
Being Alpha and Omega nam'd for this;
Alpha to Wit, Omega to the Will.

Since then her heav'nly kind she doth display,
In that to God she doth directly move;
And on no mortal thing can make her stay,
She cannot be from hence, but from above."

The peculiar aptness of Sir John Davies's similies induces us to throw a few of them together. Speaking of the Senses, he says,

" This power spreads outward, but the root doth grow
In th' inward soul, which only doth perceive;
For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,
Than glasses know what faces they receive."

And of the capacity of the soul to contain such a mass of things.

" Doubtless this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to Spirits, by sublimation strange;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;
As we our meats into our nature change."

This is his felicitous description of feeling:

" Much like a subtle spider, which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on ev'ry side."

And of the transient nature of human life.

" But since our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth an hungry eagle thro' the wind;
Or as a ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leave no print behind."

In answering an objection against the immortality of the soul, drawn from the apparent decay of its powers, he says,

" But they that know that wit can shew no skill,
But when she things in Sense's glass doth view,
Do know, if accident this glass do spill,
It nothing sees, or sees the false for true."

And to another objection, that if souls continue to exist, " why do they not return, and bring us news of that strange world,"—he replies,

" But as Noah's pigeon, which return'd no more,
Did shew, she footing found, for all the flood;
So when good souls, departed thro' death's door,
Come not again, it shews their dwelling good."

This poem does not develope any new or striking principles of philosophy, but the arguments are acute and forcible,

and the illustrations novel and surprising. In estimating its merits as a poetical composition, however, great allowance must be made for the disadvantages under which an author who writes a philosophical poem labours, if he treat the subject as a philosopher, from the restraint it imposes upon him, and the difficulty of combining poetical illustration with ratiocinative precision: to be subjected to such a restraint is to have the light and airy pinions of imagination tipped with lead, which must either bring it to the ground, or, at least, render its flight tedious and laborious. This allowance must be extended to Sir John Davies, who has, however, with singular skill, combined close and subtle argumentation with illustrations, always apt, frequently elegant, and sometimes eminently poetical; conveyed, too, in versification the most smooth and flowing, and in language the most idiomatic and appropriate. His mastery over his native tongue, indeed, is particularly remarkable, both in this poem and in that *On Dancing*.

The last mentioned poem, which is unfinished, was published in 1596; but this edition has hitherto, we believe, escaped the keen eyes of modern bibliographers. It consists of a dialogue between Penelope and Antinous, one of her suitors, whose invitation to dance she declines, as a novel invention of which she is totally ignorant. Whereupon Antinous undertakes to prove the antiquity and excellency of dancing, which he makes out to be as old as the world, nay, that time himself "had not one moment of his age outrun"—

> "When out leap'd Dancing from the heap of things,
> And lightly rode upon his nimble wings."—

It regulates pomps and solemnities—is found in all learned arts and great affairs—is the civilizer of man—the most persuasive rhetoric—the truest logic and best poetry—the only concord and harmony—

> "The heaven's true figure, and th' earth's ornament."

In short, he demonstrates the falsehood of the maxim, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, and has presented the world with an ingenious mixture of poetry and trifling.

The poet ascribes the origin of dancing to Love, who persuades man to learn this nimble-footed recreation, in stanzas, partaking of the flexibility and grace of his subject.

> "Behold the world, how it is whirl'd around,
> And for it is so whirl'd, is named so;
> In whose large volume many rules are found

Of this new art, which it doth fairly show:
For your quick eyes in wand'ring to and fro,
From East to West, on no one thing can glance,
But, if you mark it well, it seems to dance.

First you see fix'd in this huge mirror blue
Of trembling lights, a number numberless;
Fix'd they are nam'd, but with a name untrue,
For they all move, and in a dance express
That great long year, that doth contain no less
Than threescore hundreds of those years in all,
Which the sun makes with his course natural.

* * * * * *

Under that spangled sky, five wand'ring flames,
Besides the King of Day, and Queen of Night,
Are wheel'd around, all in their sundry frames,
And all in sundry measures do delight,
Yet altogether keep no measure right:
For by itself, each doth itself advance,
And by itself, each doth a galliard dance.

* * * * * *

But see the earth, when he approacheth near,
How she for joy doth spring, and sweetly smile;
But see again her sad and heavy cheer,
When, changing places, he retires a while:
But those black clouds he shortly will exile,
And make them all before his presence fly,
As mists consum'd before his chearful eye.

Who doth not see the measures of the moon,
Which thirteen times she danceth ev'ry year?
And ends her pavin, thirteen times as soon
As doth her brother, of whose golden hair
She borroweth part, and proudly doth it wear:
Then doth she coyly turn her face aside,
That half her cheek is scarce sometimes descry'd.

* * * * * *

And now behold your tender nurse the air,
And common neighbour, that aye runs around,
How many pictures and impressions fair
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses dancing do propound;

For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
But dancings of the air in sundry kinds?

For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure true;
And when you speak, so well she dancing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand forms she doth herself endue:
For all the words that from your lips repair,
Are nought but tricks and turnings of the air.

Hence is her prattling daughter, Echo, born,
That dances to all voices she can hear:
There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
Nor any time wherein she will forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to wear:
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth ev'ry trick.

And thou, sweet Music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones can teach,
That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born the gods' and men's sweet pleasure.

Lastly, where keep the Winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays,
But in the air's translucent gallery?
Where she herself is turn'd a hundred ways,
While with those maskers wantonly she plays;
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encumber not the place.

* * * * * *

For lo, the sea, that fleets about the land,
And, like a girdle, clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand:
For his great chrystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast:
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,
So danceth he about the centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves, in order set,
One after other flow unto the shore,

Which when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before;
And to make known his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-fork'd mace,
And with his arms the tim'rous earth embrace.

Only the earth doth stand for ever still,
Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains meet,
(Although some wits, enrich'd with learning's skill,
Say, heav'n stands firm, and that the earth doth fleet,
And swiftly turneth underneath their feet)
Yet, though the earth is ever stedfast seen,
On her broad breast hath dancing ever been.

* * * * * *

See how those flow'rs that have sweet beauty too,
(The only jewels that the earth doth wear,
When the young sun in bravery her doth woo)
As oft as they the whistling wind do hear,
Do wave their tender bodies here and there;
And tho' their dance no perfect measure is,
Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss."

The queen is by no means convinced by this ingenious eulogium, and contends, that he has done no credit to dancing by deducing its origin from Love. To which Antinous makes a reply in defence of Dan Cupid. "Love," says he,

"Love in the twinkling of your eyelids danceth,
Love danceth in your pulses and your veins;
Love, when you sew, your needle's point advanceth,
And makes it dance a thousand curious strains
Of winding rounds, whereof the form remains:
To shew, that your fair hands can dance the hay,
Which your fine feet would learn as well as they.

And when your ivory fingers touch the strings
Of any silver-sounding instrument,
Love makes them dance to those sweet murmurings,
With busy skill, and cunning excellent:
O that your feet those tunes would represent
With artificial motions to and fro,
That Love this art in ev'ry part might show!"

At the conclusion of his argument, he calls for the assist-

ance of Love, who immediately presents him with a chrystal mirror, whereby he

" All forms, by Love's revealing, knew."

This mirror he humbly presents to Penelope, who sees through the dim perspective of time that wonder of the world, Queen Elizabeth; and here the poem breaks off.

The remaining poems in this volume consist of twenty-six acrostick Hymns to Astræa, on the words *Elizabetha Regina*. The author has bestowed a great deal of pains and poetry on these baubles, which are perfectly free and unconstrained, and have (we should think with justice) been pronounced the best acrosticks ever written. We will extract one as a specimen.

" *To the Rose.*

" E ye of the garden, queen of flow'rs,
L ove's cup wherein lie nectar's pow'rs,
I ngender'd first of nectar;
S weet nurse-child of the spring's young hours,
A nd beauty's fair charácter.

B lest jewel that the earth doth wear,
E 'en when the brave young sun draws near,
T o her hot love pretending;
H imself likewise like form doth bear,
A t rising and descending.

R ose of the Queen of Love belov'd;
E ngland's great kings, divinely mov'd,
G ave roses in their banner;
I t shew'd that beauty's rose indeed,
N ow in this age should them succeed,
A nd reign in more sweet manner."

This edition was published by Sir John Davies himself, only four years before his death, and may, therefore, be considered as containing all his acknowledged productions. A Book of Epigrams, published with Marlowe's *Ovid's Elegies*, burnt at Stationers' Hall, is, however, usually ascribed to him; and there is one short poem (not *certain poems*, as Ritson says,) in " *England's Helicon*," subscribed with the letters J. D. which is also attributed to him. Besides these poems, Philips states that he had seen " a judicious metaphrase of several of *David's Psalms*," by Sir John Davies, in the hands of the Countess of Huntingdon, his daughter. Our author also published in 1612,

"*A Discoverie of the true Causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued, and brought under obedience of the Crown of England, until the beginning of His Majesty's happy reign;*" and in 1615, "*The first Report of Cases in Law, adjudged in the King's Courts in Ireland,*" to which is prefixed an animated "*Preface dedicatorie,*" addressed to his patron, The Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, containing a vindication of the law and its professors from several charges. A specimen of the author's prose composition, from this Preface, which is more quotable than his "*Discoverie,*" may not be unacceptable to our readers.

"The law (says he) is a fortress for the weak to retire unto, a sanctuary for the oppressed to flie unto: it restraineth the boldness of the insolent, it tieth with manacles the hands of the potent, and, like Orpheus' harp, or Noah's ark, it charmeth the fierceness of the lyon and the tiger, so as the poor lamb may lie in safety by them."

He draws the following sketch of the dignity of the office of Lord Chancellor, and of the qualities essential to sustain it, which he applies, in a highly complimentary strain, to his patron.

"Briefly, what can there be more done to the man whom the king will honor? Is he not *ad latus principis*, to attend him? Is he not *auricularius principis*, to advise him? Doth not the king make him a conduit of his wisdom, when he useth his voice and tongue to declare his royal pleasure? And doth he not make him an organ of his goodness, when he trusteth him with his mercy and conscience, in sweetning the bitter waters of *Summum jus*, and in mitigating the rigour of the law unto his people? In a word, doth he not represent *reverentiam principis*, in the power and authority of his office? and do not the people fear and honor the king even in the gravity and dignity of his person? And are not all these honors made more honorable, and exceedingly raised in true estimation and value, when the same are enjoyed in a most famous and flourishing commonwealth, and do proceed as sun-beames from the most religious, learned, wise, the most renowned and excellent king of the world? If then the greatest honors do of right belong to the greatest virtues, (for what is honor but a reflection and reward of virtue?) how virtuous a person must he be, with what gifts and graces, with what abilities and ornaments, both of art and nature, must he be endowed, who can worthily supply that great and honourable office?

"Assuredly, besides the natural faculties and powers of his mind, which he ought to have in great perfection, and besides the outward comeliness and dignity of his person, for *Gratior est pulchro veniens è corpore virtus, & Sapientia hominis lucet in vultu ejus*, saith Solomon, he must be furnished with all learning that hath any relation to the public good; divinity, law, policy, morality, and especial

eloquence to impart and communicate all the rest. He must withall have a long and universal experience in all the affairs of the commonwealth: he must be accomplished and absolute in all points of gravity, constancy, wisdome, temperance, courage, justice, piety, integrity, and all other virtues fit for magistracy and governement; yet so as the same be seasoned and tempered with affability, gentlenesse, humanity, courtesy, howbeit without descending or diminishing himself, but still retaining his dignity, state, and honor. Briefly, he must be a person of such virtue and worthiness, as his life may be a censure, and his example a mirror for all other magistrates. These are the excellencies and perfections wherewith that great officer must be qualified and adorned: and this idea have I conceived of him, not out of mine owne imagination or weak discourse of reason, but out of an humble observation of your lordship, in whom not only those abilities and virtues before expressed, but many other graces and ornaments do shine so brightly, as the weakest judgement may collect out of the same a most excellent pattern of a most excellent chancellor."

This is the first book of Irish Reports printed in the course of the four hundred years during which the laws of England had been administered in Ireland. Sir John Davies also wrote "*The Question concerning Impositions, Tonnage, Poundage, &c. fully stated and argued,*" dedicated to James the First; and "*an Abridgement of Sir Edward Coke's Reports,*" by John Davies, was most probably by our author.

Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum ad Dn. M. Ortuinum Gratium—Nova et accurata editio—Francofurti ad Mænum.—Anno 1643.

The work before us is valuable, not only for its intrinsic merit as a literary composition, but for its historical importance, as exhibiting a lively impression of the state of society and opinions, at a time when Europe was rapidly approaching one of its most important convulsions,—when many great and virtuous spirits were moving in various courses, all leading to the improvement and emancipation of man—and when events pregnant with the most weighty influence on the future state of the world were as yet only in dim and doubtful anticipation.

In protestant countries, the Reformation, as actually effected by Luther and his immediate associates, is justly regarded with so much veneration, for having torn asunder the bonds in which superstitious tyranny had long held the human mind, that unqualified eulogy generally supersedes all doubt or inquiry.

We give all the praise to a few principal actors, very little quarter to those who chose to be neuter, and none at all to their opponents.—We single out one band as the embodied spirits of resistance to tyranny over conscience, and consider all the rest of the world as its supporters.—We forgive all the bloodshed, anarchy, and bigotted cruelty on both sides, into which the Reformation and its consequences plunged Europe for one hundred and fifty years.—We overlook the havoc it occasioned amongst the proudest works of art, its intolerance and petty tyrannies; and we forget all the generous but less ardent spirits in the church, who were building up the cause of reform on the durable basis of intellectual improvement, who wished for reform without dogmatism, and were prepared to bridle the extravagancies of papal power, without bowing their necks to other, perhaps more ignoble, yokes.

We are now, however, far enough removed from these scenes to view the matter coolly, and it certainly will not be inconsistent with a high estimation for the bold leaders of the cause which prospered, sometimes to interest ourselves in the character and fortunes of those whose endeavours miscarried. The flagrant abuses which had crept into the church had long dissolved the spells which bound the minds of mankind in veneration of its authority; poets had made its ignorance and vices their theme; satirists and novelists had held up its most active supporters to ridicule; religion, morality, and devotion, were ideas which had long ceased to be associated with the character of a true son of the church. The question was only, who should head and direct the spirit of the age, and on the solution of it was to depend the religious destiny of Europe for many centuries.

The Reformation, in fact, fell into the hands of persons who imparted little of a liberal or mild, little in fact of a Christian, spirit of charity and forbearance to the new opinions. The good which has resulted has doubtless been incalculable, but much of that good belongs necessarily to the mere change, however or by whomsoever effected. The tyranny of Rome could not be broken by any one without establishing an important precedent, and impressing an indelible lesson on the world. Even if a new despotism were fated to be erected on its ruins, it would bear on its front its own condemnation. Any controversy is in itself good, for it awakens intellect and scatters instruction—but that these great and undeniable blessings were accompanied by as many mischiefs as could well be the fruit of *any* reformation, must also be admitted. While the Protestants built up their system of amendment, they deferred to a far distant period all prospect of it among those who would not, or who were so circumstanced that they could not, separate from

the church. Hosts of enlightened minds, who had long been moving in the silent path of regeneration, and enlightening the world by their lives and writings, were discouraged, or crushed in the collision; mutual charity and forbearance made no progress; the Protestants read in the scriptures, still more strongly than the Catholics, the language of intolerance; they employed licensers for the press, and executioners for heresy; they freed their followers from ceremonial bondage, to make them the slaves of doctrinal tyranny.

By these means, the Reformation assumed too much the character of a war between the violent dogmatists on both sides, and too little of what it ought to have been, a triumph of learning over ignorance, and an assertion of the sacred rights of free inquiry and private judgement on the part of the enlightened of all opinions. Its mildest and most dignified form, undoubtedly is that which it assumed in England, and there, principally, because it was not the work of individuals. The state, for purposes which we do not need or desire to examine here, took the necessary reform into its own hands. It retained much of the dignity and impressive character of the church.—It restrained the Vandalizing spirit of wanton zeal.—It, in short, made a *reform*, not a *destruction*, of the existing church establishment.

There were other persons under whose direction the work of reform might have fallen, who would not have accomplished so speedy and total a separation as the German leaders effected, but who would have founded their reform on, perhaps, a more enduring basis, and would certainly have clothed it with a more comely form.—But these men, one after another, revolted from the violent contest in which it was sought to plunge them, and swelled the ranks and increased the influence of the very church, whose power they had been long silently, but securely, undermining.

This was peculiarly the case in Italy, where the prospect had been for some time most promising, but was now entirely blighted. But for the German storm, the literary spirit which the patronage of the Medici had inspired, the habitual resistance of the Venetians to the arts and power of the Roman see, the commercial freedom and independence of Genoa, the philosophic spirit of the professors of Padua, and various other literary institutions, must have soon established, beyond the control of the church, a free and impartial press. The people would soon have been as habituated to bold controversy and discussion of the most important religious questions, as they had long been to a free canvass of the lives and professions of their priests and monks.

The history of the early efforts made for church reform in

Italy is one almost untried. We know little of the principles of the Savanarolas and other reputed heretics of the fifteenth century. We have indeed some brief accounts of attempts made after the breaking out of the Lutheran reformation; these, however, were almost exclusively produced by German books and missionaries. But there were efforts in the cause of reformation at a much earlier period, and we conceive it not difficult to show, that a very enlarged and liberal spirit of independent inquiry, fostered by political causes and an ardent love for literary enterprise, had taken deep root in Italy. It was in fact from their intercourse with that country that the most distinguished characters beyond the Alps imbibed their spirit of knowledge and independence, till the convulsions of Germany dissolved the intercourse, and disposed the court of Rome to stifle that freedom of speculation which had flourished in her very gates. The same disposition to bold investigation is observable among the Italian reformers, who subsequently received the German missionaries; and it is not a little remarkable, that almost all those who sought an asylum in foreign countries from the persecutions directed against them at home, were men of much more enlarged views, and much more inclined to give to others the indulgence which they claimed for themselves, than the Protestants of Geneva and Germany.

Such reformers, formed in the bosom of Italian taste, and united in ties of friendship with the many illustrious characters whom the age could boast, would not have enlisted among the destroyers of the beautiful—they would rather have associated religion with the sublimest powers of the imagination, and the noblest qualifications of man, than studiously have divested it of such attractions—they would have granted to others what they asked for themselves—and certainly, if they had thrown off the golden fetters of Rome, they would not have suffered themselves to be bound by the ignoble chains of the tabernacle.

Ulrich Von Hutten (the principal, if not the sole, author of the volume before us) is one of the most interesting of the characters who were busy in various ways, promoting the same cause, before the master spirit had appeared, and given one direction to the efforts of those who rallied round the standard of reform. A poet, a scholar, a gentleman, and a soldier, he united the almost expiring virtue of chivalrous honour and generosity, with the acquirements of the first scholars of the age, and that love and successful cultivation of polite literature, which was then almost unknown in Germany. Glowing with honest indignation at the stupidity, ignorance, and knavery, of most of the ministers and supporters of the church, his pen was constantly employed in covering them with ridicule. While, however, he carried on the most destructive warfare against the es-

tablishment, he contemplated no aggrandisement for any sect of his own. He advocated no dogmas, and allied himself to no party. He was, simply, the zealous, but often intemperate friend of learning and liberty, both civil and religious. Unfortunately, his hatred of oppression betrayed him into violence; he saw those whom he despised, leagued against all kinds of improvement, and, as a soldier, his appeal was to the sword. He would have plunged his country into war, but it would have been a war for liberty and independence, for freedom of conscience, not merely for himself, but for all mankind. He would not proselyte like Luther, nor crouch to the dastardly policy of Erasmus; he threw down the gauntlet of defiance to united spiritual and temporal tyranny; but he lived to see his error, and to confess that violence was not a Christian virtue, even in the generous cause to which he would have made it subservient.

Hutten was born in 1488, of a noble Franconian family. He was intended for the monastic profession, till Eitelwolf von Stein saved him from that spiritual bondage. "Tu ne hoc ingenium perderes?" said this his first patron and friend to the abbot, as he offered to take the promising youth under his protection, and thus commenced that friendship which Hutten was doomed to see, like all the other prospects of his short and eventful life, too quickly dissolved. He spent some time in study in Italy, whence he repaired to Cologne, and there became intimately attached to the great and accomplished Reuchlin, (the friend of Lorenzo de Medici,) to Crotus Rubianus, and other distinguished associates, who were, as far as their ability extended, faithful to him to the last. There too is the scene of his greatest work, the publication before us, for there lived the immortal Pfefferkorn and the "Gravissimus Ortuinus," whom he made the chief actors in his drama.

The next scene of his life was one of martial glory. He was introduced to the court of Maximilian, was honoured with knighthood, and followed the army to the siege of Padua, from whence are written several of his letters, remarkable for bold chivalrous feeling and ardent zeal for the independence and honour of his country. Even in the camp, and while probably suffering under the first attacks of a lingering disorder that brought him to the grave, he cultivated his literary pursuits, as he himself observes—

> —— coluit, per mille pericula, musas,
> Et quanti potuit carminis auctor erat.

Once more he resumed his studies in Germany, tired of the roving life he had led, "an Ulysses," as he said, "with a whole Odyssey of adventures." Then appeared his first con-

siderable work, in Latin verse, against the vices and corruptions of the times, entitled "*Nemo.*"

The base murder of his brother John, by the duke of Wirtemberg, roused all his energy, and directed the thunders of his eloquence against the lawless tyranny and injustice of the petty German princes: and now was kindled that fury and untameable spirit of defiance, which has given him the appellation of the German Demosthenes. It burst forth in bold invectives and demands for vengeance, rousing all Germany against princes, emperor, and church, and at length drove him to arms against the murderers of his brother, and those whom he considered the betrayers of the honour and independence of his country. He joined the Suabian league, which expelled the duke of Wirtemberg from his dominions. The friend, who might, at this critical period, have moderated his impetuous temper, his kind adviser and patron, Eitelwolf, was dead. He died in the midst of his project for establishing at Frankfort a new university, free from the scholastic dulness and sophistry which pressed so heavily on the rising spirit of the age. This spot was the first subject for the descriptive powers of the young poet, who had joined the new institution.

His next literary efforts were employed in the defence of his friend Reuchlin, and (with the aid, as is generally supposed, of Crotus Rubianus) he published the work before us, which has survived its temporary object, so as to be even at this day read with delight. The poignancy of its satire did wonders in overthrowing the authority of the monks and university pedants, in the eyes of the people; and the theologians of Cologne felt its force so keenly, as to expend large sums in procuring from Leo X. in 1517, a bull, directed solely to its condemnation.—Our author, doubtless, willingly suffered the pontifical censure, when counterbalanced by the applause of Erasmus, and Sir Thomas More, who are known to have made his work their daily amusement and delight.

By the fame which the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* brought him, Hutten was placed at the height of his popularity, and no honours were considered too great to be lavished upon the powerful protector of Reuchlin.—Luther was now occupying a prominent station in the great war against the church; but Hutten's course was not with him. He, probably, in the first instance, looked upon the controversy as a theological quarrel, which was not to his taste. He was no preacher of new doctrines, no founder of a sect, but he had imbibed an ardent love of learning and the arts, in the schools of Italy, and was always ready to lash those whose trade was ignorance, and to run a-tilt, as a soldier, against those who gave the drones the support of temporal power. Erasmus praised him as the man

whose equal had never been; and Pirkhaimer, the friend of Albert Durer, and all good men, procured him the poet's garland from the hand of Maximilian.

Thus again his prospects became bright, and we now find him enjoying the patronage of the house of Mentz. His chivalrous spirit was once more manifested in an attempt to rally Germany to the long-threatened crusade against the infidel Turks, entitled—"*Ad Principes Germaniæ; ut bellum Turcis invehant, Exhortatoria.*" At the same time he maintained a close literary intimacy with the choicest spirits of his day —with Budæus, Æcolampadius, Pirkhaimer, Bucer, and Erasmus. About this period too, appeared his "*Febris Prima,*" and "*Secunda,*" ingenious and eloquent attacks on the favourite topics, the ignorance and vices of the higher orders of clergy.

But Maximilian died, and Hutten's dreams of prosperity once more vanished, for his protectors disappeared when he most needed them. The cause of Luther had become identified with that of reform, and Hutten, whose pen had long prepared the way for improvement, now appeared openly as his advocate, in his famous "*Trias Romana,*" written at the court of Mentz, whither he retreated. This work excited the mortal animosity of the church, and a furious command was issued to the princes of Germany to send the audacious author of it, and of the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,*" in chains to Rome. The favourite of princes, on a sudden, found himself deserted; Albert of Mentz was too weak to protect him; the Archduke Ferdinand was appealed to, but in vain; the Emperor, Frederic of Saxony, all the German courts, were deaf to his voice. Heart-rending and powerful as were his appeals in the name of national honour, religion, justice, and liberty, no one stood forth to shield him from the danger which menaced him, till Francis Sickingen, one of the bravest of German patriots, sheltered him from the storm, in his castle at Ebernberg.

From this retreat he commenced a new series of attacks; and to show the public, "*qualis pastor sit Leo,*" he sent forth a powerful squib—"*Bulla Decimi Leonis,*" with annotations. "*Pasce nos doctrina,*" said he, "*non bullis.*" Here too he published a German translation of his Latin work; and those who wish to see a picture of his generous, warm-hearted spirit, should read his dedication of the version to Sickingen, his last friend. Misfortune was doomed ever to be his portion: Sickingen fell in the field; and Hutten, in his affliction, saw and confessed his error, in supposing that the emancipation of mankind from error could be accelerated by appeals to arms. In this frame of mind he seems to have written to Luther—"Thy work is of God, and will endure; mine is of man, and will perish." Sickingen and Hutten's work did perish; it was so

ordained by Providence; but perhaps we ought not to read in its fall the total condemnation of exertions, that, if properly directed, might have given Germany a nobler, more united attitude among the nations of Europe.

At this period we must place his beautiful *Dialogue with Truth*, written in a strain of enlightened zeal for the cause of freedom and learning, but in a subdued tone of charity and resignation. The Dialogue opens with a pathetic apostrophe to Truth, as the cause of all his sorrows; "are these," says he, "thy rewards, these thy promises, this thy faith to thy votaries?" His companion suggests topics of alleviation for the melancholy detail of misfortune; when, in the midst of the discourse, he perceives the wounds which disfigure the form of Truth herself; and finds that though she is patient and long suffering, she also has suffered from insults and wanton injuries, which are detailed in Hutten's usual strain of irony. From such an example he learns to bear his own griefs more contentedly, trusting to Providence for the vindication of its own cause, and submits to be instructed in the duty of a real friend to truth. "Thou wilt make me a Philosopher," exclaims he: "not a Philosopher, but a Christian," is the reply of Truth, who dismisses him with the exhortation "*abi, et infracto animo, Christo nitens!*"

But Hutten's brief and chequered course was run: a wasting disease had long preyed upon his constitution, and with a broken heart, he fled to Switzerland for shelter in his dying moments. Erasmus, that Erasmus who had extolled him to the skies in his prosperity, was now ranging himself on the strongest side, and, when his former friend sought his hospitality, he disowned him and spoke with levity of his infirmities. A spirited public remonstrance ensued, and Erasmus turned, courted a reconciliation, and was in his turn repulsed.—Hutten was not long the victim of cruel enemies and false friends; he died in poverty and obscurity, at the early age of thirty-six, and was buried at Afnau, a little island under the magistracy of Zurich, leaving behind him a name which should be dear to the friends of truth and honesty, and an honour to that country which has but lately learned to prize his memory as it deserves.

The length of these preliminary observations has left little space for comments on or extracts from the book immediately under consideration. To those who have any taste for such productions, the *Epistolæ* cannot be a new book. It has therefore been our principal object, to excite an interest for its author. We shall, however, give a short key to its contents; the full relish for it would require considerable attention to the existing state of literature and religious opinion.

About the year 1510 a dispute arose among the Theologians of Cologne, in which Reuchlin took a prominent part.

A Jew named Pfefferkorn had, as was asserted, become a convert to Christianity from interested motives, and was highly patronised by the Inquisitor, Jacob Hochstrat (in the *Epistolæ* called "Alta platea,") Doctor and Professor of Theology, and by other supporters of the Church, more especially the Monks. —The Jew persuaded the Inquisitor to issue an order for seizing all the books of his late brethren, and this order, it was said, was used for the purpose of making a pecuniary advantage from the bribes given for exemption.

Reuchlin attacked this odious combination, and the dispute rose into an important controversy on the value of the Hebrew writings. His opponents were not satisfied with this mode of discussion, and appeals were made to Rome. Rome however was not then, what the breaking out of the Reformation made it. Ignorance and bigotry were not then the only passports to promotion, and it appears that the silly theologians of Cologne were treated as they deserved, and the cause of Reuchlin and of learning was triumphant. The whole affair contributed to place many of the most zealous supporters of the church in Germany, in no very respectable point of view.

At last, Hutten thought the occasion deserving of a general castigation of the confederates: with this view (assisted by Crotus, and: it is said, one or two other friends,) he published the letters before us, which purport to be the correspondence of divers Monks, Priests, and Theologians, of the Pfefferkorn faction. They are principally addressed to Ortuinus Gratius, Dr. of Theology, who after all (though an opponent of Reuchlin) is said to have been a learned and respectable man, and one who hardly deserved to be placed in so ridiculous a character, as the recipient of all the nonsense of these his imaginary correspondents.

We have already mentioned the brilliant success of the work, which covered the monks and universities with everlasting ridicule. Their barbarous Latin is exquisitely imitated, their ignorance delightfully exposed; all the petty details of their schemes against Reuchlin, and the friends of learning, are communicated, in the most solemn style, to their great centre, Ortuinus; and thus almost every subject which occupied the attention of the age is successively brought forward, to the utter exposure and discomfiture of the Anti-Reform Party.

We need hardly observe, that when so much of the wit of these letters consists in their Latinity, translation must destroy their effect, and we shall only attempt it in two or three instances.

The following is one of the many difficult cases of conscience, submitted by his disciples to Ortuinus. Those who have read the learned disquisitions of the Sophists, and Doctors of

the middle ages, on points of not much greater importance, will perceive it to be hardly a caricature :—

" When I first set out for the Court of Rome, you told me I ought to write to you often, and to lay before you theological questions, which you would solve better than the courtiers here. I now therefore beg your decision, regarding the situation of one, who on a Friday, or other fast day, has eaten an egg with a chicken in it. A friend of mine and I were lately sitting at an inn, and eating eggs, I opened one and saw that there was a young chicken in it. So I showed it my companion, and he said ' eat it as fast as you can, lest the landlord should see it: if he does, you will have to pay him for a pullet, for it is the custom here to pay for whatever is set upon the table, and they take nothing back. If he sees there is a young pullet in the egg, he will say, Pay me for a pullet! for he reckons a small one just the same as a large one.' I immediately ate up the egg and the chicken in it, and then all of a sudden I recollected it was Friday, and said to my companion, ' you have made me commit a mortal sin in eating meat on a fast day.' But he said it was not a mortal sin, and that it did not even amount to a venial sin; for that the chicken was not considered as any thing more than an egg, till it was hatched, ' So it is,' said he, ' with cheese, in which there are a great many maggots, and so with cherries, peas, and beans, and many other things which are nevertheless eaten on fast days, and even on the Vigils of the Apostles. And the landlords are great rogues for saying they are meat, which they do to get more money.' Then I went away, and mused upon it, and, by Heaven, Master Ortuinus, I am much troubled thereon, and know not how it becometh me to act. If I go to advise with one of the people about the Court, I know they have no conscience. It seems to me that these chickens in eggs are meat, because the substance is formed and fashioned into an animal body, and has the vital principle; and the case of maggots in cheese, &c. does not apply, for maggots are considered as fish, as I have heard from a Physician who was an excellent naturalist. I beseech you most earnestly to answer and advise me touching the question proposed; for if you hold it to be a mortal sin, I wish to procure absolution before I leave for Germany. You must know too that our master (of arts,) Jacobus de Hochstrat, has got a thousand florins, and it is my opinion that he will win his cause, and that the devil will confound that John Reuchlin, and all other poets and jurists who are against the church of Christ, that is, against the Theologians on whom the church is founded." &c. *

* " Cum priusquam ambularem ad Curiam, dixistis mihi, quod sæpe debeo vobis scribere, & aliquando debeo dirigere aliquas quæstiones Theologicales ad vos, tunc vultis mihi eas solvere, melius, quam Curtisani Romæ: ergo nunc quæro dominationem vestram, quid tenetis de eo, quando unus in die Veneris, id est, feria sexta, vel alias quando est jejunium, comedit ovum, & est pullus intus. quia nuper in Campo Floræ sedimus in uno hospitio, & fecimus collationem, &

The ignorance of the *learned* opposers of the revival of classical literature is thus handled; the reader will observe, that the writer has only made himself the owner of a Latin version of Homer.

" Most excellent sir, as you are disposed to oblige me and do me kindness, I am desirous of doing all I can in return. You said to me when we parted, ' Oh Peter, when you get to Rome, see if there be any new books, and send me some.' Here then I send you one just printed, and as you are a poet, I think you may derive advantage from it; for I lately heard from a Notary, who ought to know all these things, that this book is the fountain of poetry, and that the author, who is called Homer, is the father of all poets, and he said there was another Homer in Greek; then I answered, ' what have I to do with Greek? the Latin one is better, for I want to send it to Germany to M. Ortuinus, who has no idea of these Greek fancies.'

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comedimus ova, & ego aperiens ovum, vidi quod juvenis pullus est in eo. ostendi socio meo. tunc ipse dixit: Comedatis cito antequam hospes videt, quia quando videt, tunc oportet ei dare unum Carlinum vel Julium pro gallina, quia est hic consuetudo, quod quando hospes ponit aliquid ad tabulam, tunc oportet solvere, quia non volunt recipere. Et si videt, quod juvenis gallina est in ovo, ipse dicit: Solvatis mihi etiam gallinam. quia computat parvam sicut magnam. Et ego statim bibi ovum, & simul illum pullum intus, & postea cogitavi, quod fuit dies Veneris, & dixi socio meo, vos fecistis, quod feci peccatum mortale, comedendo carnes in feriis sextis. Et dixit ipse, quod non est peccatum mortale, imo non est peccatum veniale, quia ille pullaster non reputatur aliter quam ovum, donec est natus, & dixit mihi, quod est sicut de caseis, in quibus aliquando sunt vermes, & in cerasis & in pisis & fabis recentibus, sed tamen comedantur in sextis feriis, & etiam in vigiliis Apostolorum. Hospites autem ita sunt pultroni, quod dicunt, quod sunt carnes, ut habeant plus pecuniam. Tunc ego abivi, & cogitavi super: Et per Deum, magister Ortuine, ego sum multum turbatus, & nescio quo debeo me regere. Si vellem libenter consilium quærere ab uno Curtisano, tunc scio, quod non habent bonas conscientias. videtur mihi, quod istæ juvenes gallinæ in ovis sunt carnes, quia materia est jam formata & figurata in membra & corpus animalis, & habet animam vitalem. aliud est de vermibus in caseis & aliis, quia vermes reputantur pro piscibus. sicut ego audivi ab uno medico, qui est valde Physicus. Ego rogo vos multum cordialiter, quatenus velitis mihi respondere ad propositam quæstionem. Quia si tenetis quod est peccatum mortale, tunc volo hic acquirere unam absolutionem, antequam vado ad Almaniam. Etiam debetis scire quod Magister noster Jacobus de Hochstraten acquisivit mille florenos, & Banco, & credo quod lucrabit causam, & diabolus confundet illum Joannem Reuchlin, & alios Poetas & Juristas, quia volunt esse contra Ecclesiam Dei, id est, contra Theologos, in quibus est fundata Ecclesia, ut Christus dixit: Tu es Petrus, & super hanc petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam. Et commendo vos Domino Deo. Valete. Datum in urbe Romana."

Then I asked him what there was in the book, and he said it treats of some men who are called Greeks, who fought with other men who are called Trojans, of whom indeed I had heard before. Now these Trojans had a great city, and the Greeks besieged it full ten years. Then the Trojans sometimes sallied out and fought with them in good earnest, and they killed one another in a wonderful manner, so that the plain swam with blood, and there was a certain water that was stained with it and it was so red that it flowed like a stream of blood: and a shout was heard in the sky, and a certain man threw a stone which twelve men could not lift, and a horse spoke and prophesied: But I don't believe a word of such things, for they seem to me to be impossible, but I don't know how far the book is authentic. Pray write to me about it, and let me know what you think. Farewell: written from Rome." *

The contumelies to which the supporters of the Pfefferhorn cause found themselves exposed on carrying their complaints to the Court of Rome, often supply matter for bitter irony. The following specimen ends with an admirable display of university learning.

"Dilectionem fraternalem loco salutis, honorabilis vir. Secundum quod reliqui vobiscum, quod volo vobis notificare singula, &

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* "Vir eximie, secundum quod estis mihi naturaliter inclinatus & multum favetis mihi, ego etiam volo vobis facere possibilia. Dixistis mihi autem: O Petre, quando venitis Romam, videte an sunt novi libri, & mittatis mihi aliquos. Ecce habetis unum novum librum, qui est hic impressus, et quia estis Poeta, credo, quod potestis vos multum ex illo meliorare. Quia audivi hic in audientia ab uno Notario, qui debet esse perfectus in tali arte, quod iste liber est fons Poetriæ, & auctor eius, qui vocatur Homerus, est pater omnium Poetarum. & dixit, quod est adhuc alius Homerus in Græco. Tunc dixi: quid mihi cum Græco? Ille Latinus est melior; quia volo eum in Almaniam mittere M. Ortuino, qui non curat illas Græcas fantasias. Et interrogavi eum, quid continetur in tali libro? Respondit, quod tractat de quibusdam viris, qui vocantur Græci: qui bellaverunt cum aliis viris, qui vocantur Trojani, quos etiam audivi prius nominari. Et isti Trojani habuerunt unam magnam civitatem, & illi Græci posuerunt se ante civitatem, & jacuerunt ibi bene decem annos. Tunc Trojani aliquando exiverunt ad eos, & percusserunt se realiter cum ipsis, & interfecerunt se mirabiliter ad invicem, ita quod totus campus sanguinavit, & fuit ibi quædam aqua, quæ fuit colorata per sanguinem, & fuit per totum rubicata, ita quod fluxit sicut si esset sanguis: & clamor audiebatur in cœlo, & unus projecit unum lapidem, quem duodecim viri non possent elevare, & unus equus incepit loqui, & prophetizavit. Sed non credo talia, quia videntur mihi impossibilia, & tamen nescio, an talis liber est multum autenticus: Rogo, scribatis mihi de eo, & faciatis me cognoscere, quod tenetis. Et cum hoc valete. Datum Romæ."

scribere quomodo sto, scire debetis, quod nunc fui per duos menses in urbe Roma, & non possum habere Patronum. Unus auditor Romæ voluit me suscipere. tunc fui lætus, & dixi: Bene est, Domine; sed magnificentia vestra velit mihi dicere, quid debeo facere. Respondit quod debeo esse in stabulo, & unum mulum servare in ordine, dando ei comedere & bibere, & strigilando & mundificando. Et quando ipse vult equitare, quod sit paratus, & habeat frenum & sellum & omnia. Et postea debeo currere cum eo ad audientiam, & iterum ad domum. Ego dixi, quod non est pro me, quia sum Magister artium Colon. & non possum talia facere. Respondit ipse: Si non vis facere, tuum damnum. et sic credo, quod volo iterum ad patriam. Deberem strigilare mulum, & purgare stabulum, ego potius vellem, quod diabolus auferret illum mulum cum stabulo. Etiam credo quod esset contra statuta Universitatis nostræ: quia Magister debet se tenere sicut Magister. & esset magnum scandalum Universitatis, quod Magister Coloniensis deberet facere talia. Ego volo redire in patriam propter honorem Universitatis. etiam alias non placet mihi Romæ, quia Copistæ & Curtisani sunt ita superbi, quod non creditis. Unus heri incepit disputare mecum, dicens: Quid est *Magister?* Respondi: est persona qualificata, promota & graduata in septem artibus liberalibus, præcedente examine magistrali, privilegiata, quod potest portare annulum aureum & sericum sub cappa, habens se ad suos discipulos sicut Rex ad suum populum. Et *Magister* dicitur quatuor modis: Uno modo a *magis* & *ter*, quia Magister *ter magis* debet scire, quam simplex persona. Secundo dicitur a *magis & terreo*, quia Magister debet esse terribilis in conspectu suorum discipulorum. Tertio a *magis* & *therom*, id est, status, quia Magister in suo statu debet esse major, quam sui discipuli. Quarto a *magis & sedere*, quia Magister debet esse major in sua sede, quam aliquis suorum discipulorum. Tunc ille interrogavit, quis est author? Respondi, quod legi in *Vade mecum*. Statim ipse voluit reprehendere illum librum, & dixit, quod non est autenticus. Respondi, tu vis reprehendere illos antiquos, & tamen tu non scis melius. Ego neminem vidi Coloniæ reprehendere talem librum. Non habes verecundiam? et cum indignatione magna recessi ab eo. Et ergo notetis, quod volo redire in Almaniam, quia ibi Magistri sunt Domini, & merito. Probo per Evangelium: quia Christus etiam vocavit se Magistrum, & non Doctorem, dicens: Vos vocatis me Magister & Dominus, & bene dicitis, sum etenim. Sed non possum plus scribere, quia pro nunc non habeo amplius papyrum, & est longum ad Campum Floræ. Valete. Datum in Romana Curia."

The trade of Indulgencies does not escape several jokes. The effect which would be produced upon a man's purgatorial state, by the purchase money for an indulgence being stolen, was a *new* point, though it seems hard that the purchaser should not be insured from the time of completing his contract.

"As you are always desirous to hear news, it is time for me to write, though I grieve to say the news is not good: you must know

that the Friars, Preachers here, had a great many indulgencies which they had procured at a great expense from Rome, and they had made a good deal of money by them. Then, one night, there came a thief who broke into the church, and stole more than three hundred florins. These zealous brothers, who are strongly attached to the Christian faith, were much vexed at this, and lodged their complaint against the thief. But the citizens sent every where, and could no where find him, for he was gone off with the money. Now this was a great crime, for such things should not be done with the Papal indulgencies, and in a holy place too. However, he is excommunicated wherever he is. The men who had bought absolution and paid their money think now that they are not absolved, but, mum for that! They are just as well absolved, as if the Friars had the money in the chest still." *

The syllogistic reasoning of these wiseacres is well applied in a letter from "Magister noster Bartolomæus Kuckuk."

"There is a jurist here, called Martin Groningen, a Doctor, who thinks very highly of himself, and is about to translate the *Speculum Oculare* (one of Reuchlin's tracts in the controversy.) Some speak very highly of him, so I asked them what it is he knows more than other people? Then they said he is a good Greek scholar; so that you see he is not worth notice, for Greek is not of the essence of the Holy Scripture. And I don't believe that he knows one point in the Book of *Sentences*, or that he could make a syllogism in *Baroco* or *Celarent*, for he knows nothing of logic. He lately called me an ass; then I said to him, if you are so bold, dispute with me; my proposition is, that you are an ass, first thus, whatever carries burthens is an ass; you carry burdens; ergo, you are an ass. I prove my minor because you carry a book, and it was true, for he was carrying a book against our Master Jacobus de Hochstrat, which J. Questenberg gave him to study. Then he was not cunning enough to deny my major; if he had I could not have proved that: but I am sure he knows nothing of logic. So I said to him, My good doctor, you want to interfere in theological matters, which are quite out of your line; let me per-

* "Sicut semper cupivistis à me habere novitates, jam est tempus, quod debeo & possum vobis nova scribere, quamvis doleo, quia non sunt bona. Sciatis quod fratres de ordine Prædicatorum, habuerunt hic indulgentias, quas impetraverunt in Curia Romana magnis expensis, & collegerunt etiam satis magnam pecuniam: tunc de nocte venit quidam fur in Ecclesiam, & accepit plus quam trecentos florenos, & furatus est eos, & isti fratres zelosi, & in fide Christiana valde bene affectionati, tristes fuerunt, & conqueruntur de illo fure. Sed cives miserunt undique, & non possunt reperire eum, quia aufugit, & habet secum pecuniam. Et est magna nequitia, quod hoc debet fieri in indulgentiis Papalibus, & in loco sacro. ipse est excommunicatus, sit ubi sit. Homines qui sunt absoluti & dederunt pecuniam suam ad illam cistam, nunc putant, quod non sunt absoluti, sed nihil est: ipsi sunt ita bene absoluti, ut si fratres Prædicatores haberent adhuc pecuniam suam."

suade you to give over, for you don't understand such things, and you may get into a scrape; for the Theologians will not allow you Jurists to handle matters of faith. Then he was angry and said, 'I not only know very well what I am about, but I know you are a great fool.' This put me in a great passion, and I got up and went away, and there has been a great quarrel between us ever since."*

We will not bear so hard upon our "Gravissimus" friend Ortuinus and his correspondents, as to draw much attention to their poetry. It will suffice to dismiss them to their slumbers, in the words of their illustrious brother, Joannes Grapp.

"*Ergo vos valete, necnon bonam noctem habete.*"

ART. IV.—*Les Arrets d'Amours, avec l'Amant rendu Cordelier à l'Observance d'Amours. Par* Martial d'Auvergne, *dit de Paris, Procureur au Parlement. Accompagnez des Commentaires Juridiques et Joyeux, de* Benoit de Court, *Jurisconsulte. Dernière Edition, revüe, corregié, & augmentée de plusiers Arrets, de Notes, & d'un Glossaire des anciens termes. Amsterdam,* 1731.

We certainly live in a very degenerate age. The irregular feelings of the days of chivalry are nearly worn down to

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* "Et est hic unus Jurista, qui vocatur Martinus Groningen, Doctor Senensis, ut ipse dicit, satis prætensus & superbus. Ipse debet latinisare *Speculum Oculare* & est valde præsumptuosus, quia cupit videri. Aliqui laudant eum, & quæsivi nuper ex eis, quid plus scit, quam alius? Tunc dixerunt, quod habet bonam notitiam in Græco. Et sic videtis, quod non est curandum de eo, quod Græcum non est de essentia Sacræ Scripturæ. Et credo, quod non scit unum punctum in libris Sententiarum, nec ipse possit mihi formare unum Syllogismum in Baroco aut Celarent, quia non est logicus. Ipse nuper vocavit me asinum. Et dixi ei, si es ita audax, tunc disputa mecnm. & tibisavi eum, & dixi: Ego arguo, quod tu sis asinus. Primo sic: Quicquid portat onera, est asinus: Tu portas onera: ergo es asinus. Minorem probo, quia ut portas istum librum. Et fuit verum: quia ipse portavit unum librum, quem dedit Jacob Questenberg ad studendum intus, contra M. nostrum Jacobum de Hochstrate. Tunc non fuit ita prudens, quod negaret mihi Majorem: quia non potuissem probare. Sed scio, quod nihil scit in logica. Dixi ergo ad eum: Domine Doctor, vos vultis vos intromittere in negotia Theologorum, quod non est in facultate vestra. Ego suaderem vobis, quod dimitteretis, quia vos non intelligitis materiam istam, alias potestis venire ad damnum. Quia Theologi non volunt, quod Juristæ debent tractare causas fidei. Et statim ille iratus dixit: Ego non solum intelligo istam materiam, sed etiam video, quod tu es una maledicta bestia. Tunc fui etiam commotus, & surrexi, & fuit inter nos magna rixa in die illa."

the level of common sense. How different from the times when the spirit was left to its own guidance, and grew and flourished in all the luxuriance of its native wildness. Where shall we now look for the high and honourable sentiments of chivalrous faith and valour which animated the breasts of our forefathers; and, more especially, for that ennobling devotion to lady-love, which conferred equal lustre and dignity on him who paid it, and on her to whom it was paid. Alas! in the nineteenth century, a Lover's cares and fears have "dwindled to the smallest span." How different is the conduct of a modern lover from that of an *inamorato* in the days of chivalry, when it was the most supreme delight, to be allowed

To kneel whole ages at a beauty's feet;

and even, in spite of all her disdain, "to think such sufferings sweet?" But in those ages the fair sex stood on a loftier eminence, and happy was he who was allowed to approach them, even though in the most respectful manner. Even in the coldest nights of winter, the true lover walked till sun-rise before his mistress's door—his sole reward, to be allowed to kiss the latch or the knocker of the door. Sometimes, indeed, through some cranny, or, perchance, through the key-hole, he had the rapture of beholding her form, and as she passed he would sing some tender love-song. Nay, at times he was admitted to the honour of kissing the hem of her garment;—at other times, gallantry required greater exertions from him, and, at the hazard of his neck, he would fearlessly scale the loftiest walls, and even descend the longest chimnies, for one glance of his beloved.* Occasionally he stained his face with certain herbs, that he might appear more pitiable in her eyes; and even death became desirable to him for her sake. The gallant Troubadour, Pierre Vidal, furnishes a fine example of chivalrous enthusiasm. Being passionately enamoured of a lady called Louve de Penautier, he called himself *Loup*, or Wolf, in her honour, and submitted, as such, to be hunted in a wolf's skin. He was pursued by the shepherds and their dogs into the mountains, where, being overtaken, he was, like Actæon, cruelly mangled by the hounds, and carried home to his mistress, as dead. He recovered, however, to felicitate himself on the perils he had endured for his lady's sake.

It was in sentiments and feelings like these, that the institution of the Courts or Parliaments of Love originated. It is

* See the advertisement to the "*Arrets d'Amours.*" It does not appear that Mr. Edgeworth's machine for riding over stone walls was known at this time.

surprising that such a jurisdiction should never before have been exercised, and that it should have passed away with the age of chivalry. Even in our own country, and in the nineteenth century, the necessity for such a tribunal is tacitly confessed, by submitting many of the causes which would properly fall within the jurisdiction of the Court of Love, to the cognizance of the Ecclesiastical and Common Law Courts. Where could an action for a breach of promise of marriage be so properly decided as before lady judges, and according to the law amatory; in which case, it seems to be only common justice to allow a jury to be impannelled *de medietate linguæ*, half ladies and half gentlemen. Were this the case, we might reasonably expect not to have all our most refined and delicate feelings shocked with the degrading exhibition of the judge, the jury, the counsel, and the audience, indulging in the most boisterous and unfeeling mirth, when a correspondence of the most tender and confidential kind is given in evidence. The advantages of these institutions would not stop here; they would take cognizance of a thousand cases, which our heavy laws can never reach, and gradually recal amongst us that exquisite refinement of feeling which now seems lost for ever.

It will, perhaps, be advisable to enter a little more in detail into the nature and spirit of the ancient Courts of Love, that our readers may more readily perceive the truth and justice of the few observations we have just made. The existence of these Courts may be traced almost as far back as the earliest periods of the Troubadour history, and they, probably, had their origin in the contentions of rival poets, who submitted their productions to the judgement of certain fair ladies, who undertook to decide upon their merits. In all probability, the origin of the Courts of Love may be dated about the twelfth century, at the time when the *Gay* science was approaching its meridian.*

These tribunals soon became frequent in many parts of France; but the minute particulars of their composition, their power, and their mode of proceeding, are lost in the lapse of time. It appears, however, that even in the courts which received their appellation from the individual name of some noble patroness, and from which we might suppose that she alone exercised the judicial power, there was yet a bench of lady

* The slight sketch here given of the ancient Courts of Love, is on the authority of an old author called André, who was chaplain to the Royal Court of France. The title of the work is, "*Livre de l'Art d'Aimer, et de la reprobation de l'Amour.*" We have availed ourselves of the extracts from this book, (which we believe is very scarce), contained in that elegant and interesting work, *Choix des Poesies Originales des Troubadours, par M. Raynouard.* Paris, 3 vols. 1817, &c.

justices, which varied in number, sometimes, as in the Court of the Countess of Champagne, amounting to sixteen. Whether these ladies possessed an authority co-equal with the Countess, or whether they were only called in to assist her with their advice, does not seem very clear.* It is still more difficult to discover by what sanctions these illustrious tribunals enforced obedience to their decrees. M. Raynouard conjectures that no judicial process issued on the judgement; but that public opinion was so strongly in favour of these institutions, that even the most obstinate knight would not have the hardihood to disobey their injunctions. Indeed, when we consider that the judgement of the Court frequently included a command either to love, or to abstain from loving, it is not surprising that they did not attempt to enforce their decrees upon the heart, where, in the language of our English lawyers, the process of the Courts does not *run*.† With regard to the extent of their jurisdiction, it should seem that they took cognizance of all affairs of love and gallantry without any exception, and that, occasionally, they even condescended to decide hypothetical questions. With the decline of the spirit of chivalry, the Courts of Love also began to disappear; it is probable that few remained longer than the middle of the fourteenth century.

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* In the first case, the Court might be assimilated to the meeting of our Justices of the Peace, at "*les General Quarter Sessions*, où sont appelés tous les juges de paix du comté, et où ils se reunissent quelquefois au nombre de douze ou quinze, et quelquefois au nombre de trente ou quarante."—*(See Cottu de l'Administration de la Justice en Angleterre*, p. 25.) In the latter case, it would closely resemble our Court of Chancery, when the Chancellor calls to his assistance a certain number of the Common Law Judges as *Assessors*. It is not, however, in the Courts of Love alone, that ladies have presided. In France, where women succeeded to the peerage, there are instances on record of their personally presiding in their own Courts, even over judicial combats. Mahaut, the Countess of Artois, assisted at the trial of Robert of Flanders, and at the ceremony of the coronation of Philip the Long, and, with other peers, supported the Crown. Even in our own country, women have filled judicial situations, and sat upon juries. The celebrated Ann, Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, had the office of hereditary Sheriff of Westmoreland. At the assizes at Appleby, she sat with the judges on the bench.—*Vide Butl. notes to Co. Litl.*—A woman may be of the homage in a customary Court; and even in a Court Baron, to present, &c. But she shall not sit as a judge to try issues, &c.—2 *Inst.* 119. *Gilbert's Ten. by Walk.* 475.

† This last position, however, seems doubtful.—Quære, however, whether *an attachment* might not issue?

Of the proceedings of these Courts we have but few memorials transmitted to us, if we except the work of André, the chaplain. Some scattered passages in the verses of the Troubadours, which sometimes contain allusions to them, serve but to cast a very uncertain light on the subject. In André, the chaplain, however, we have many of the judgements given at length, some of which we shall shortly have occasion to extract. The curious little volumes at the head of the present article, do not, unfortunately, contain authentic reports of the decisions, though we must say, that were we to judge from the internal evidence, we should have some difficulty in distinguishing them from the real reports.

The author of *Les Arrets d'Amours* was Martial de Paris, or d'Auvergne, a French lawyer, poet, and wit, who flourished about the middle of the fifteenth century. Very little is known of his history. In addition to *Les Arrets d'Amours*, he was the author of a poem of some length, entitled, *Les Vigiles de la mort du Roy Charles VII. à neuf pseaumes & neuf Leçons: contenant la Chronique & les faits advenus durant la vie du dit Roy;* first published in the year 1493. Two other poems are also ascribed to him, namely, *Les devotes louanges à la Vierge Marie. Paris,* 1492; and *L'Amant rendu Cordelier à l'Observance d'Amour. Lyons,* 1545. The latter of these poems is printed in our edition of the *Arrets*. In most of the later editions of this work, the text is accompanied with the commentaries of Benoit de Court, or Benedictus Curtius, a celebrated jurisconsult of the sixteenth century. These notes, which are written in the same spirit as the text, contain a vast fund of curious and amusing illustration, chiefly drawn from the classical authors of Rome, and from the books of the civil and canon law. In the few extracts we shall make, we shall endeavour to render these reports more interesting to the English reader, by adding such annotations and remarks, drawn from our own law, as may serve to shew its similitude or discrepancy with the ancient laws and usages of the Courts of Love.

The reports commence with a prologue in verse, which, although rather long, is exceedingly curious, and which, but for its length, we should have been induced to give.* It de-

* It may at first sight seem derogatory to the seriousness of a Reporter of law-cases, to prefix a copy of verses to his work. We certainly do not recollect any instance of this in our own law. It must not, however, on that account be supposed, that the Sages of our Courts have been insensible to the charms of the Muses. In proof of this, it may, perhaps, be sufficient to mention, that the substance of Lord Coke's Reports has been turned into verse by a learned hand. That revered Nestor of our law has, indeed, himself expressly recom-

scribes the supposed Courts of Love, at which the author heard the judgements given which he has reported. A very particular account is given of the various personages who composed the Court, and even their dresses are minutely described; thus we are told, that the lady judges were clothed in green, with collars of gold, and so richly perfumed that it was impossible to sit near them without sneezing.

We shall now proceed with our extracts; premising, that we have, in our translations, occasionally taken the liberty of omitting a sentence or two, which did not seem suited to our object, and that we have endeavoured to preserve something of the technical form in which they appear in the original.

"This was an action brought in the Court of the Chief Justice of Love, in the province of Beauty, by the plaintiff, a Lover, against his Lady, defendant, in order to obtain the rescinding of a contract.

"The contract appeared to be as follows.—The plaintiff agreed to walk once or twice a-week at midnight, for a certain time before the door of the defendant, who promised, in return, to throw him a nosegay or a bunch of violets. After stating the contract in his declaration, the plaintiff made the following averments:

"The said plaintiff, in fact, says, that he did, on divers nights, attend at the place so agreed upon as aforesaid; but that the said defendant then and there wholly neglected to attend; and that he, the said plaintiff, on those said several occasions, was obliged to, and actually did, perambulate the street without either fire or light:

"And the said plaintiff further, in fact, says, that frequently on the said several occasions, when he, the said plaintiff, was on the point of departing, he saw a light in the window of the said defendant, with which the soul of him, the said plaintiff, was so ravished and transported, that he knew not what to do. That, on the said several occasions, he hath waited divers long spaces of time, sometimes the whole night, walking up and down, in very great dread lest he the said plaintiff should catch and be afflicted with cold or rheumatism, for that in winter the frost and snow were so severe, that the flesh of him, the said plaintiff, lost its feeling, and the teeth of him, the said plaintiff, then and there chattered in his head.

"And the said plaintiff further, in fact, says, that the said bad weather frequently compelled him to return to his hotel, he, the said plaintiff, being then and there wet to the skin, without having or receiving any other reward or recompense, than being allowed to kiss the bell of the said defendant's door; and that, on reaching his hotel, he hath frequently been compelled to change his clothes, which said

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mended the study of poetry to the diligent student. "Verses, at first," says he, "were invented for the help of memorie, and it standeth well with the gravity of our lawyers to cite them."—*Vide* 1*st Inst.* 237*a*. So, again, "authoritates philosophorum, medicorum et *poetarum*, sunt in *causis* allegandæ et tenendæ."—*Id.* 264*a*.

clothes were then and there damaged and destroyed by the wet; and he hath also been compelled to purchase, and actually hath purchased, divers new suits of clothes, on the occasions last aforesaid, which hath been, and still is, a very great charge to, and grievance upon him, the said plaintiff; in the statement of all which grievances, the said plaintiff hath not taken into account the hazard to which he, the said plaintiff, was exposed, of being recognized by Danger*, or the Watch.

"And the said plaintiff further, in fact, says, that, on many of the said several occasions, he, the said plaintiff, by reason of the darkness, walked into and amongst certain heaps of mud, and into certain kennels and sewers, whereby he was much discomposed and dirtied, and did also break the shins of him, the said plaintiff, against certain large stones, and run against certain coaches, then and there driving and passing. Wherefore, he concluded, that the contract was unreasonable, and that he had been grossly deceived; and he required the said contract to be declared null and void, and prayed judgement of his damages and costs.

"The defendant, after making defence, pleaded that the said plaintiff had no cause of complaint. Because, she said, that she, the said defendant, had suffered many greater hardships in the premises than the said plaintiff; and that she was then, and at all times thereafter, when it should please Love, ready and willing to depart from and renounce the said contract; but the said defendant submitted, that the same could not by law be annulled. And she further said, that such annulling as aforesaid, would be a grievous stain on the character of her, the said defendant, who had never theretofore been supposed capable of deceiving any man. And she further said, that, as to the walking of him, the said plaintiff, before the door of her, the said defendant, at the several times aforesaid, shame it was for him, the said plaintiff, thereof to make complaint. And she further said, that she, the said defendant, had suffered and endured, at the said several times aforesaid, much greater and more grievous hardship than he, the said plaintiff: in this, to wit, that when and as often as she, the said defendant, expected the said plaintiff to arrive, she, the said defendant, was, for the space of three hours before the period last aforesaid, in a certain ecstacy, and knew not what to do. And she further said, that though true it was, that she, the said defendant, did occasionally eat and drink, yet protesting that her heart was solely the property of the said plaintiff, she said, that the said waiting of the said plaintiff did grievously discompose her, the said defendant. And she further said, that she frequently could not appear, at the said several times aforesaid, through dread of Danger, from whom it was necessary for her, the said defendant, to make her escape, which, she averred, was, by the moiety, a much

* By this expressive term, the husband of the Lady is, in general, designated in the *Arrets d'Amours*. It is so used by Alain Chartier, and the other early French poets, on account, according to the learned commentator, Benoit de Court, of the perils which a Lover incurred in case the intrigue was detected.

greater hardship and pain, than the said supposed suffering of him, the said plaintiff. For that, upon the occasions last aforesaid, it frequently became, and was necessary for her, the said defendant, to feign and pretend that she, the said defendant, was asleep, whereas, in truth and in fact, she was at that time awake; and also, to feign and pretend that she was weeping, whereas, in truth and in fact, she was at that time very strongly inclined to laugh. And she further said, that as to the cold, shame indeed it was for him, the said plaintiff, thereof to make complaint; for that it had been, from time immemorial, the duty of a Lover never to be cold, even though the frost should split rocks. And she further said, that if he, the said plaintiff, suffered pain and trouble at the said several times aforesaid, on his part and behalf, so likewise did she, the said defendant, on her part and behalf, to wit, in finding some means of escape to the said window whereat she, the said defendant, wearing and being clothed with certain very light garments, did wait for the space of two long hours, watching on which side he, the said plaintiff, should make his approach. And she further said, that the said plaintiff had, at the said several times aforesaid, much pleasanter means of passing his time than she, the said defendant. For that, in waiting as aforesaid, he, the said plaintiff, might and could walk up and down and repeat his 'hours' and orisons; and that there was not on those occasions any one to hinder him, the said plaintiff, from so doing. And she further said, as to the said rain and snow, that the same had no terrors for a true Lover; and as to the said large stones, and the said accidents which he, the said plaintiff, was above supposed to have met with, she said, that such evils never happened to those who have a perfect trust in Love, and who are never guilty of treason, falsehood, or other misprision against him. And she further said, that all the said supposed grievances of the said plaintiff, whereof he had made complaint as aforesaid, were not to be compared with the grievances of her, the said defendant: for that she, the said defendant, bestowed more care and diligence, in one day, in gathering the said violets, than he, the said plaintiff, expended in the course of one whole year; and that, in truth and in fact, there could be no comparison between the benefit and pleasure received by him, the said plaintiff, and by her, the said defendant, respectively. And she further said, that the thread wherewith she, the said defendant, bound, tied, and fastened the said nosegays and violets, so to him, the said plaintiff, in that behalf given and presented as aforesaid, was of much greater value than all that she, the said defendant, had ever received from him, the said plaintiff. Wherefore, she said, that there was no deceit in the said contract, and that it ought not to be rescinded without the consent of her, the said defendant, to obtain which, she prayed that the said defendant might be directed to attend her. And she prayed judgement and her costs.

"The cause having come on to be tried, the Court gave judgement that the plaintiff had shewn no cause for rescinding the said contract, and a specific performance thereof was decreed at the pleasure of the defendant, and costs were given."

It will probably strike our legal readers, that the proceedings of this court were of a very anomalous kind. It seems to have comprised within itself both a common law and equitable jurisdiction. Nor do the forms of pleading (those bulwarks of the law) appear to have been accurately attended to. In some instances the defendant pleads double, which is certainly vicious, and there are other aberrations from strict legal form. The case we have given is certainly rather long, but we trust that its interest may be pleaded as an excuse for its insertion. We shall now present to our readers the report of a love case, actually decided in the court of the Countess of Champagne, which we extract from 2 *Raynouard* c. xv. who quotes *André*, the Chaplain. It will be immediately perceived, that the real cases are rather in the nature of short notes, than detailed reports. In fact, these cases seem more nearly to resemble those sent by our chancellors for the opinion of the courts of common law.

"The defendant, whose lover had remained for a certain long space of time in parts beyond the seas*, on an expedition, being doubtful respecting his return, whereof many people had well nigh despaired, sought for another lover. The secretary† of him the said first mentioned lover hereupon impleaded the said defendant, who appeared and pleaded the 7th. Statute of the *Code of Love*‡.—And thereupon she said, that if it were lawful for a widow to take a husband two years after the decease of her former husband, *a fortiori* it was lawful for her, the said defendant, who was a *quasi* widow, living her said first-mentioned lover, so to do, when he, her said first mentioned lover, had sent to her, the said defendant, neither messenger nor message during the said long period of time, although she averred he had, during all that time, frequent opportunities of so doing."

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* In our law, those who were on expedition *ouster le mere* were much favoured. It prevented a descent from Tolling an Entry, and superseded the necessity of continual claim. *Vid. Litt. sec.* 439. See also, as to remitter, id. *sec.* 677. There was also an *Essoyn* of *ouster le mere, Termes de la Ley. Vox Essoigne.*

† The Secretary of the absent Knight probably acted under a general power of attorney.

‡ The seventh statute was as follows: "*Biennalis viduitas pro amante defuncto superstiti præscribitur amanti.*" Our English law prescribes no certain time within which a widow may not marry. If indeed a man has left the realm, and never been heard of since his departure, the law will presume his death after the expiration of seven years. On the first view, therefore, it might be supposed, that a lady would be guilty of bigamy in case she married again within that period. But as there is another presumption of law, namely, that no one shall

" The pleadings run out to great length, but on the cause coming on for trial before the Countess of Champagne, the following judgement was pronounced.

" The judgement in this case must be for the plaintiff. The defendant should not have renounced her lover, even after so long an absence, but upon the clearest proof of want of affection or fidelity. The Court, however, must be understood as speaking of absence only when caused by unavoidable necessity, or from some honourable motive. Certainly nothing ought to cause more joy in the breast of one in the defendant's situation, than the information that her lover is acquiring fame in foreign realms, and attaching to himself the confidence of the valiant and the wise. With regard to his neglect in writing, or despatching messengers, it may have arisen from the most prudential reasons, in order that the secret of his attachment might remain hidden. For though he had despatched letters to her, the tenor of which might be unknown to the messenger, yet *non constat* that by the malfeazance of that messenger, or by his death on the journey, the secret of his passion might have been divulged."

We shall revert again to the learned *Martial de Paris*, whose reports are on the whole, though less authentic, more interesting than those of André, the Chaplain. In the multiplicity of very singular suits which he has recorded, we have found some difficulty in making a selection. Perhaps, however, the following presents as striking an illustration, as any, of the very peculiar jurisdiction of these courts.

" This was an action, in the nature of trover, for a kiss*. The

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be considered guilty until proved so, in this case of conflicting presumptions it has been held that the latter shall prevail; and if, at the end of one year, the lady chooses to take husband again, the courts will not suppose her first husband to be alive, when that supposition will subject her to the penalties of bigamy. Vide *the King against the Inhabitants of Twyning*. 2 *Barn.* and *Ald.* 386.

* In our courts the *form* of action would be different. For an injury of this kind undoubtedly an action of assault and battery would lie. It seems extremely doubtful whether, according to our law, there could be any property in a kiss. It might perhaps be argued, that it comes within the definition of an incorporeal hereditament, which is defined to be " a right issuing out of a thing corporate (whether real or personal), or concerning, or annexed to, or exercisable within the same." 2 *Bl. Com.* 20. And again, the existence of incorporeal hereditaments is said to consist merely in idea, and abstracted contemplation. *Idem.* If this were considered to be law, such property would require a grant by deed to pass it, or perhaps it might be considered to pass by actual delivery, according to the case of *Smallpiece and Ironside.* 2 *Barn. and Ald.* 551. However, we find no mention of this question in the books.

defendant pleaded that he had long loved the said plaintiff, whereof she had notice; but that not regarding him, she had wholly neglected and refused to entertain his said suit. And he farther said, that he had at length so much prevailed upon her the said plaintiff, that she undertook and faithfully promised the said defendant to give him the said kiss; yet that, not regarding her said promise and undertaking, she the said plaintiff had always, up to the time of the said supposed grievance, excused herself from so doing, sometimes alledging to the said defendant that she had been prevented therefrom, and at other times asserting that it was not a proper opportunity in that behalf.—And the said defendant affirmed that he had been for the space of three months in pursuit of the said kiss, which was a great pity. And he further said, that on a certain day, when Danger was absent, he prayed the said plaintiff to perform and fulfil her said promise and undertaking; but perceiving that the said plaintiff was not willing so to do, he then and there took the said kiss, as it was lawful for him so to do. —And he prayed his costs.

" And the said plaintiff for replication said, that she did not undertake or promise in manner and form as the said defendant had above alledged, for that the said promise was a conditional promise only, to wit, at the will and pleasure of the said plaintiff, when and where it should please her the said plaintiff to fulfil the same.

" And the said defendant for rejoinder said, that the said plaintiff did undertake and promise, in manner and form aforesaid, without this, that* the said promise was conditional. And he further said, that though there had been neither gift nor promise, that he reasonably deserved to have for his care, diligence, and attendance given and bestowed by him the said defendant in the service of the said plaintiff, at least the reward of the said kiss, and that it was therefore lawful for him the said defendant to take out execution for the same, and to possess himself thereof as of his own proper goods and chattels, which had come to his possession by finding. And he concluded as before.

" And now the parties having been heard, and mature deliberation being thereupon had, the Court gave judgement for the defendant, and decreed the plaintiff to pay costs. And the Court further directed the said plaintiff specifically to perform her said promise, at the instance and request of the said defendant, no account being taken of the said former salute."

The great utility of these institutions is very conspicuous in the following case. From that it appears, that the jurisdiction of the Courts of Love extended even to the regulating the minutest points of decorum in the intercourse of polished society.

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* It may be necessary to inform our lay readers, that this is the form of a denial or traverse. The strict technical words are, without this, that, &c. *absque hoc, quod; sans cei que.* 1 *Saund.* 22. But equivalent words are sufficient, and therefore a traverse, by the words *et non,* will have the same effect. 1 *Lev.* 192.

The grievance complained of in the case we are about to cite, is one of considerable magnitude (we speak from experience) even at the present day. Nor is there, as we apprehend, any mode of redress upon such occasions. To expostulate with the lady is impossible. The only method of relief now acknowledged, (and a most pregnant proof it is of the barbarity and degeneracy of the age), is to call out the brother of the offending lady. But how much more preferable is a civil proceeding before such a tribunal as the Court of Love.

" This was an action brought by the plaintiff, a lover, against the defendant, to whom he was attached, for refusing to dance with him*. The declaration stated, that on, &c. at, &c. the plaintiff had requested the said defendant to dance, which she, without any reasonable cause in that behalf, refused to do, alleging a certain frivolous excuse. That afterwards the said plaintiff did again, with great earnestness, humbly request the said defendant to dance a few steps with him, to save him, the said plaintiff, from being laughed at, by certain persons then and there present, which she also refused to do. And he averred that he had on divers occasions moved to the said defendant, and taken off his hat whenever he, the said plaintiff, met her. Yet, although the said defendant well knew that he was stricken with, and loved her, she nevertheless wholly disdained and refused to speak to him the said plaintiff; or if at any time the said defendant said ' How d'ye do' to the said plaintiff, it was with a toss of the head of her the said defendant. The declaration concluded in the usual manner."

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* The art of dancing has seldom come *judicially* before our courts of law. The only case in the books, which we remember, connected with this subject, is reported in *Littleton's Rep.* 268. It is thus cited by Chief Baron Gilbert, in his *Treatise on Tenures*, 228. " There is the case of *Caslon* and *Uthert*, where a widow had copyhold lands, and divers persons came for the rent, whom she put off with delays; at last comes a young gentleman, and demands it; she answered that she did not know him, *but if he would dance before her, if she liked his dancing*, she would pay him. This denial was adjudged no forfeiture, not being wilful.

Out of Court, however, it is well known that dancing was one of the favourite amusements, and, indeed, stated exercises of our old lawyers. Upon certain solemn occasions the ceremony of dancing round the coal fire was performed by the greatest dignitaries of the law. But that lapse of time which encrusted the shield of Scriblerus with its invaluable rust, has deprived us of many of our most ancient and excellent customs. The last time this ceremony took place was in the year 1733, when M. Talbot took leave of the Inner Temple, on having the Great Seal delivered to him. We shall take the liberty of giving the account of these judicial gambols, as we believe it is not to be found in any other place than the notes to *Wynn's Eunomus*. After

" The defendant suffered judgement to go by default, and now on this day the Court pronounced sentence.

" The Court decrees the defendant to dance with the plaintiff, whether she wishes it or not; or, at all events, to dance a few steps with him. The Court permits the plaintiff, when the defendant and another are seeking for a third to form a *pas de trois*, to step in, without asking permission, and to form the third; and the Court being informed that the defendant has spoken contemptuous words of its process, and said that the plaintiff would lose his labour in suing her, permits the plaintiff to pass her without moving to her, or saying 'how d'ye do,' and declares him exempt from courtesying to her during the dance, as others are used to do. And the plaintiff is to have his costs."

We have given the preceding cases at length, in order to afford some idea of the proceedings in these courts; we shall now abridge a few of the most curious reports.

An action was brought by the heirs of a lover to compel a lady to shew them the same politeness which their ancestor had always experienced from her. They alleged that they had discovered, amongst the papers of the defunct, an agreement, by which the defendant had bound herself to wish the deceased good-day whenever she met him, and to make him a courtesy, and they said that, as heirs at law, they were entitled to the benefit of this agreement.

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describing the dinner, and the play which was afterwards acted in the Inner Temple Hall, the narrative thus proceeds.

" After the play, the Lord Chancellor, Master of the Temple, Judges and Benchers, retired into their Parliament Chamber, and in about half an hour afterwards came into the hall again, and a large ring was formed round the fire-place (but no fire nor embers were in it). Then the Master of the Revells, who went first, took the Lord Chancellor by the right hand, and he, with his left, took Mr. Justice Page, who, joined to the other judges, serjeants and benchers present, *danced*, or rather walked, round about the coal-fire, according to the old ceremony, three times, during which time they were aided in the figure of the dance by Mr. George Cooke, the Prothonotary then of sixty; and all the time of the dance the ancient song, accompanied by music, was sung by one Toby Aston, dressed in a bar gown, whose father had formerly been master of the Plea Office in the King's Bench."

How amiable and how engaging must this spectacle have been! No doubt the custom was founded in the wisest purposes. Thus to mingle in all the festive amenities of life was well calculated to soften that ruggedness of character, and that harshness of feeling, which the pursuits of a lawyer are but too apt to superinduce. However, if tradition speaks true, these effects were not perceived in the case of Mr. Justice Page.

The defendant insisted that the contract was merely personal, and that it could not descend to the representatives of her lover, after his death.

The plaintiffs contended that if any thing had been due from their ancestor to the defendant, they would have been answerable to her.

To this the defendant replied, that there was a great distinction between debts or goods and chattels, and the personal property of Love; and she insisted that if judgement were given for the plaintiffs, she should be burthened with making two courtesies instead of one.

Judgement was given for the defendant*.

An action was brought by a young married lady against her husband, for not allowing her to wear a gown and a bonnet made in the newest fashion. The pleadings ran to a considerable length, and the Court declared that the matter should be referred to two milliners, who should report thereon, and if any thing objectionable were found in the fashion of the gown and bonnet, the Court directed that the referees should call in the assistance of two ladies, on the part of the plaintiff, and two on the part of the defendant, to assist them in their judgement†.

An action was brought by the plaintiff against the defendant, for having pricked him with a pin whilst she was giving him a kiss. The defendant denied ever having given the plaintiff a kiss, but, on the contrary, said that the plaintiff had taken it; and she said that the wound, if any, had happened only by mischance and accident.

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* This decision is exactly conformable to our law, the rule of which is, that *actio personalis moritur cum persona.* Thus, if A. commits an assault and battery on B., and B. dies, his representatives will have no right of action against A. Or, to put a stronger case, if A. by negligence drives his gig against the wife of B., whereby both her arms are broken, B. may maintain an action against A. for that damage; but if A. runs over the wife of B. and kills her on the spot, B. has then no remedy against A.

It is not without cause that our law is said to be the perfection of human reason.

† The Benchers of our inns of court formerly exercised a jurisdiction similar to that of the Court of Love, in the principal case. Thus, we find they made an order, prohibiting the students at law in the Temple from employing too great an extravagance and splendour in their dress, and commanding them to array themselves in garments of a sad colour. The reader will immediately perceive the resemblance between the case cited, and the petticoat case reported by the *Tatler*, we believe No. 416.

Certificates from several surgeons were produced of the nature and extent of the wound, and the Court sentenced the defendant to kiss the wound at all reasonable times, until it was healed, and to find linen for plaisters.

We shall conclude our extracts with two cases; the one, from André the Chaplain, the other from a Tenson, or poetical report given by Mr. Raynouard.

A lady imposed on her lover an express condition never to praise her in public. The knight in a large company heard some observations made in disparagement of his lady. Unable to contain himself, he repelled the accusations, and launched forth in her praise. The lady contended that he had broken the condition, and therefore forfeited all claims to her favour. The Countess of Champagne, however, before whom the cause was tried, decreed that the condition was illegal*, and that the knight was justified in defending the character of his lady.

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* Nor will the English law lend its aid to enforce a condition, which is either impossible or illegal. An instance of the first is given in *Co. Litt.* 206: "If a man be bound in an obligation, &c. with condition that if the obligor do go from the church of St. Peter, in Westminster, to the church of St. Peter in Rome, *within three hours*, that then the obligation shall be voyde—the condition is voyde and impossible, and the obligation standeth good." With regard to conditions, &c. which are illegal, the law will never suffer them to be carried into effect by any contrivance. The following case is a strong proof of this doctrine. It was a bill in the Exchequer, brought by an highwayman of the name of Everett, against his companion Williams, to compel him to account for a moiety of the partnership effects. It did not state the unlawful employment in direct terms, but notwithstanding that, the court would not entertain the application. The bill stated that the plaintiff was skilled in dealing in several commodities, such as plate, rings, watches, &c.—that the defendant applied to him to become a partner; that they entered into partnership, and it was agreed that they should equally provide all sorts of necessaries, such as horses, saddles, bridles, and equally bear all expenses on the roads, and at inns, taverns, or ale-houses, or at markets or fairs. "And your orator and the said Joseph Williams, proceeded jointly with good success in the said business, on Hounslow Heath, where they dealt with a gentleman for a gold watch, and afterwards the said Joseph Williams told your orator, that Finchley, in the county of Middlesex, was a good and convenient place to deal in, and that commodities were very plenty at Finchley aforesaid, and it would be almost all clear gain to them; that they went accordingly and dealt with several gentlemen for divers watches, rings, swords, canes, hats, cloaks, horses, bridles, saddles, and other things; that about a month afterwards the said Joseph Williams informed your orator, that there was a gentle-

We have already said that it is probable the Courts of Love had their origin in the Tensons, or poetical disputes of rival Troubadours. These were frequently referred to the judgement of some of their most celebrated companions, or of some neighbouring beauty, to whose decision the candidates for fame were gallantly willing to submit. In process of time, these references became more frequent, till they were at length matured into that perfect system of Erotic jurisprudence which is so well calculated to attract the admiration and respect of all who value the grace and polish of highly cultivated society. Of these Tensons, we have several specimens remaining, in the works of those Troubadours who have survived to the present day. Amongst these compositions there is, perhaps, no one which excels in lively beauty the Tenson of Savari de Mauleon. We do not, however, in this place, quote the composition for its poetical excellencies, but merely as a sort of judicial document, illustrating the subject of which we are treating*.

Savari de Mauleon and two other lords were attached to a

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man at Blackheath who had a good horse, saddle, bridle, watch, sword, cane, and other things, to dispose of, which he believed might be had for little or no money; that they accordingly went, and met with the said gentleman, and after some small discourse, they dealt for the said horse, &c. That your orator, and the said Joseph Williams, continued their joint dealings together in several places; viz. at Bagshot, in Surrey; Salisbury, in Wiltshire; Hampstead, in Middlesex; and elsewhere, to the amount of £2000 and upwards." The rest of the bill was in the ordinary form for a partnership account. The parties concerned did not however gain much by this proceeding. The bill was referred for scandal and impertinence. The solicitors were attached and fined, and the counsel who signed the bill was directed to pay the costs. The plaintiff was afterwards executed, and one of the solicitors convicted of a robbery and transported.—This case is referred to by Lord Kenyon, in *Ridley and Morse. Append. Cliff. Rep.* of *Southw. Elec.* See *European Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 360, 1787; and *Roy's Maxims*, 9th edit. 205.

There is another instance mentioned by the very learned annotator of *Saunders's Reports*, in which the courts refused to countenance a defence, which strongly resembled the above case in its illegal nature. It was a prescription for a right of robbery on Gads-hill.

* The original provençal is given by *Raynouard* II. 199, accompanied by a literal French translation. A paraphrase of it in prose may be found in *Millot's Histoire Litteraire des Troubadours II.* 107, of which Mrs. Dobson has given an English translation in her *History of the Troubadours*, 122. Strictly speaking, this poem is a *Torneyamen*, a Tenson admitting only two interlocutors.

lady who was called Guillemette de Baraques. During an interview when all the three were present, each received a mark of her regard; on one she bestowed a kind glance, she pressed the hand of another, and touched the foot of the third, at the same time looking benignantly on him.

To settle the precedency of these favours, Savari requested his friends Gaucelin de Faidit and Huges de Bacalaria to pronounce their judgement upon the question, and at the same time he delivered his own opinion. From the report in Raynouard it seems, however, that the ultimate decision was referred to the Lady Guillemette herself.

Martial de Paris is not the only author who has availed himself of these ancient and interesting institutions, to afford at once amusement and instruction to his readers. Many years before his work was written, Chaucer had composed his *Court of Love*, which is an imitation of *The Romaunt of the Rose*, and is merely an allegorical poem, displaying the empire of love, the machinery of which the poet has borrowed from the real Courts of Love. Mars and Venus are the presiding deities. The Statutes of Love contained in this poem are simply imaginary, and scarcely bear the slightest resemblance to the genuine ordinances as given by André the Chaplain. Fontaine also has, in more than one of his poems, taken his idea from the proceedings of these tribunals. Such is his *Different de Beaux Yeux et de Belle Bouche*, who argue their respective pretensions with great ingenuity and cleverness. Amongst our own authors, the Court of Judicature in which the famous Isaac Bickerstaff presided evidently owes its origin to the *Cours d'Amour*, of which the resemblance we have noticed above seems a pretty strong proof.

We very much regret that our limits do not permit us to give a few specimens of the fine old French in which the *Arrets d'Amours* are written.

The Discoverie of Witchcraft, wherein the lewde dealings of Witches and Witchmongers is notablie detected; the knaverie of Conjurors, the impietie of Inchanters, the follie of Soothsayers, the impudent falshood of Couseners, the infidelitie of Atheists, the pestilent practices of Pythinists, the curiositie of Figurecasters, the vanitie of Dreamers, the beggarlie art of Alcumystrie, &c. are deciphered: by Reginald Scott, *Esq.* 1584.

A discovery of the fraudulent practices of John Darrel, Bachelor of Artes, in his proceedings concerning the pretended possession

and dispossession of William Somers, at Nottingham, &c.; by Dr. Harsnett. 1599.

Demonologie; in form of a Dialogue, divided into Three Books; written by the High and Mighty Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of England, &c. Works. 1616.

Select Cases of Conscience, touching Witches and Witchcraft; by John Gaule, *Preacher of the Word at Great Staughten, in the county of Huntington.* 1646.

The Discovery of Witches, in Answer to severall Queries lately delivered to the Judges of Assize for the county of Norfolk; and now published by Matthew Hopkins, *witch-finder, for the benefit of the whole kingdom.* 1647.

An Advertisement to the Jurymen of England, touching Witches; together with a difference between an English and Hebrew Witch; by Sir R. Filmer. 1653.

A Candle in the Dark: shewing the Divine Cause of the Distractions of the whole nation of England and of the Christian World; by Thomas Ady, M.A. 1655.

The Question of Witchcraft debated; 2d. ed. By John Wagstaffe. 1671.

The Doctrine of Devils proved to be the grand Apostacy of these later Times. 1676.

The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft, &c; by John Webster, *Practitioner in Physick.* 1677.

Melampronvea; or, a Discourse of the Polity and Kingdom of Darkness; together with a Solution of the chiefest Objections brought against the being of Witches; by Henry Hallywell, M.A. 1681.

A Tryal of Witches at the Assizes held at Bury St. Edmond's, for the County of Suffolk, on the 10th of March, 1664, *before* Sir M. Hale, Knt. 1682.

The Certainty of the World of Spirits, &c., fully evinced, by the unquestionable Histories of Apparitions, Operations, Witchcrafts, Voices, &c.; by Richard Baxter. 1691.

An Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft; by Francis Hutchinson, D.D. 1720.

Sadducismus Triumphatus; or, a full and plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions; by Joseph Glanvil, *Chaplain in Ordinary to King Charles II. and F.R.S.* 1726.

The titles placed at the head of this article may seem to the curious reader a promise of much amusement from the books themselves; but if our own experience may be relied

upon, however they may "keep that word of promise to the ear," they will "break it to the hope," like the beings of whom they treat, and leave him with fatigued attention and depressed imagination, and a loathing, grieved, and humbled heart. This is not all indeed that the perusal of them is likely to accomplish; if it were so, our notice of them would be so like a malicious attempt upon the time and patience of the reader, in revenge for having lost our own, that the compact between us must be firm as that of witch and devil, to hold us together afterwards. Had we so much of the very "lob of spirits" in us, as to beckon him to follow

> "Over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough briar,
> Over park, over pale, thorough flood, thorough fire,"

only to be tired, scratched, drenched, and burnt for his pains, our pages would well deserve to be exorcised, and consigned to that rapacious gulf, that red sea of literature, the trunk-maker's warehouse. The tale of wise men's weaknesses, and good men's undesigned but cruel injustice, and of the abject superstitions of the vulgar, and the guilt of impostors, and the sufferings of the innocent, is melancholy enough; but there it is that we may successfully seek for sound instruction on the nature of man, and thence may we derive cheering hopes of the progress of mind; and while the polished periods of history are but a gilding over the surface of society, there may we inspect its materials, and learn more about the great mass of the people, their opinions, habits, apprehensions, miseries, than from all that ever has, or can be told of illustrious characters and great events. But the witches of our dramatists, and of Shakspeare especially, being as buoyant on the fancy, and floating on the top of men's minds, as, fatally for truth as for themselves, their prototypes might have done on the waters by which all real witch-finders would have tried them, it becomes needful to premise the kind of entertainment to which we are inviting our readers, and to tell them that "'tis no poetic feast," where the divine cookery of genius, with an art beyond that of Dr. Kitchener himself, or of his renowned predecessor, (who conjured a bit of old leather into the most delicious viand that was ever tasted,) transforms garbage into celestial food, but that we only present the raw material unwarmed by that Promethean fire. Ours is the mere prose version of the story; it is Plato's man, as defined practically in the plucked bird of Diogenes; but like that too, we trust, making some amends by a wholesome moral for a cruel operation and disgusting exhibition.

The cave of the Weird Sisters was no paradise, nor was it angel's food that they stirred in their boiling cauldron; yet with

all the historical world of witchcraft before us, where to chuse, we have cast back many a lingering look to the scene of their incantations; and that cauldron, with its hell-broth, has bubbled in our memories like one of the flesh-pots of Egypt. *They* are no vulgar witches. *Their* rags are picturesque as Roman drapery. They are "so withered, and so wild in their attire," that they "look not like the inhabitants o' the earth." They are not of the earth, though they may be of hell. They call the fiends their masters, but rather like those who yield a voluntary deference to superior rank, than those who tremble at the rod. They are no base menials to do the devil's drudgery. They meddle in high matters, and promise crowns, though they wear none. The means they use, is "a deed without a name," an expression more awful than even their own incantations; and the feats they achieve are magnificently told by their tool and victim, by him whose soul was their sacrifice, his own ambition the infernal fire they kindled to consume the offering, and his ill-gotten diadem the garland for the fatal ceremony:

> —"Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
> Against the churches; though the yesty waves
> Confound and swallow navigation up;
> Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
> Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
> Though palaces and pyramids do slope
> Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
> Of nature's germins tumble all together,
> Even till destruction sicken"——

How miserable to descend from such creations as these to the common parish witch, an old woman "with a wrinkled face, a furred brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, or a scolding tongue, having a rugged coat on her back, a skull-cap on her head, a spindle in her hand, and a dog or cat by her side," pelted and persecuted by all the neighbourhood, because the farmer's cart had stuck in the gateway, or some idle boy had pretended to spit pins and needles for the sake of a holiday from school or work;—harried by the witch-finders, till, what with shaving all over to search for imp-marks, and half drowning by the trial of water, and walking her incessantly, and fasting for four-and-twenty or eight-and-forty hours, to produce confession, they bewilder her into nonsensical talk;—and then, should she survive it all, preached to, sworn against, convicted, and hung at the next assizes. Such was the witch of real life, at the time when, unhappily, witchcraft was most rife in England.

That time was from the commencement of the reign of

James the First, till near the conclusion of that of James the Second. It was only during that interval that witchcraft, properly so called, (for it must not be confounded with magic, conjuration, apparitions, possessions, &c. which, though *ejusdem generis*, are yet very different species) was so abundant in this country as to make it a national superstition. Then was the art most common in practice amongst the ignorant, and its theory was brought to highest perfection by the learned. Then were the devil's sabbaths held most merrily, as if his *infernal* majesty had taken a lesson from his *sacred* majesty, and issued a book of sports for his loyal subjects. Then were deeds and bonds of awful obligation so multiplied, as if the reprobate souls of all the lawyers of Christendom had been industriously labouring in their vocation in their new country, and meriting, if not attaining, the highest honours of its government. Then was fought the great controversial battle on this subject, in which Scott gallantly led on the van of the rationalists to the attack; and Glanvil as gallantly fought in the rear guard of the routed demonists. Witchcraft and kingcraft both came in with the Stuarts, and went out with them. The Revolution put to rights the faith of the country, as well as its constitution; aided by the Whigs for the one purpose, and by the Royal Society for the other. The information diffused by that band of philosophers, touched though many of them might be by the current prejudices and superstitions of the times, had a happy influence, and combined well with the efforts of those who more directly applied themselves to the matter in question. Several other causes co-operated for the healing of this mischief. The laws were more liberally interpreted and rationally administered. The trade of witch-finding ceased to be reputable or profitable. The demon of fanaticism was exorcised, and the separatists were dispossessed of their original enthusiasm. The wand of the popish conjuror was also broken. Yet, after all, the decline of this diabolical empire was scarcely so rapid as had been its rise, which is not quite so easily accounted for. The publication of that silly compilation of exotic tales and fancies, the *Demonology* of James,* together with the severe law enacted in his reign (for

* There seems to have been some doubt whether James Montacute, Bishop of Exeter, who edited the works of King James, both in Latin and English, in 1616, did not *Gaudenize* a little. Ady speaks of "James, Bishop of Winton, setting forth three books called *Demonology*, in the name and title of the works of King James;" and Webster says, "There is a little Treatise in Latine titled *Demonologia*, fathered upon King James, how truly we shall not dispute, for some ascribe it to others." No reason is assigned for this doubt, nor is it probable that there was any foundation for it. Two editions of

laws have often made and multiplied crimes), no doubt materially aided; though something had been done before by the statutes of Henry VIII and Elizabeth.

James assigns, as reasons for the publication of his *Demonology*, both the increase of witches, and the denial of their existence.

"The fearful abounding, at this time, in this country, of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me (beloved reader) to dispatch, in post, this following Treatise of mine, not in any wise (as I protest) to serve for a shew of my learning and ingine, but only (moved of conscience) to preasse thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many, both that such assaults of Satan are most certainly practised, and that the instruments thereof merit most severely to be punished: against the damnable opinions of two principally, in our age, whereof the one called Scott, an Englishman, is not ashamed, in publicke print, to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft, &c."—

In Cap. 7 he again adverts to the comparative novelty of this kind of superstition:

"For as we know, moe ghosts and spirits were seen, nor tongue can tell, in the time of blind Papistrie in these countries, where now by the contrarie, a man shall scarcely all his time hear once of such things; and yet were these unlawful arts farre rarer at that time, and never were so much heard of, nor so rife, as they are now."

His vigorous opposition however made them much more rife. It seemed as if the devil avenged on the episcopally christened Solomon of the west, the insults he had sustained from Solomon of the east. The latter sent out of his country all the demons that could be found, safe packed in a vessel of brass, to be buried at Babylon; and the former imported, by his book, all that were flying about Europe to plague the country which was sufficiently plagued already in such a sovereign. But tradition makes the one the greatest of magicians, and authentic history declares the other to have been no conjuror.

The evil arrived at its greatest height during the civil war, and under the domination of the Sectaries. Hutchinson says,

"In 103 years, from the statute against witchcraft in the 33d of Henry 8th, till 1644, when we were in the midst of our civil wars, I find but about fifteen executed. But in the sixteen years following, while the government was in other hands, there were an hundred and

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the *Demonology* were printed in Edinburgh (in 1597 and 1600) before James's accession to the crown of England; and a third in London in the year of his accession.

nine, if not more, condemned and hanged. In the five years following, before the late notions were well considered, I find five witches condemned, and three of them, if not all five, executed; and three after at Exeter, 1682. Since then, that is, in thirty-six years last past, I have not yet met with one witch hanged in England. In Scotland, indeed, and New England, several have suffered; but in England not one, that I know of."

Witchcraft had flourished and declined in several countries of Europe before it came over to England by royal invitation, to run here a similar career of frenzy, imposture, and bloodshed. The phænomena of its rise and subsidence were very similar. Laws were enacted against it, commissioners or inquisitors were appointed, volumes of horrid and extravagant tales were published, confessions were elicited by torture, or volunteered by insanity; the gibbet groaned, the stake blazed, and every body was either witch or bewitched. But presently the laws relaxed, the executioner grew tired, the commissions were dissolved, the books ceased to be read, and the world went on as it had done before—rather better, perhaps. Some little treasonable intercourse with "the enemy," or suspicion of it, or hankering after it, there undoubtedly was, previous to this bustle; but still it is most evident, that the degree of it which produced such laws and executions, was trifling indeed, in comparison with that which they, in turn, produced. They inflamed the public imagination, and tempted superstitious wickedness to embark on the ocean of crime of which they published the chart, and superstitious weakness to fancy itself an unwilling (yet guilty) agent, or a devoted victim; and gave imposture an opportunity for safely gratifying the most malignant propensities. But little was heard of witchcraft, properly so called, till about the middle or latter end of the fifteenth century, when Pope Innocent VIII. directed a bull to the Inquisitors of Almain, empowering them to discover and burn witches. From this time the frenzy floated from country to country, raging a short time in each, and then the persecution and the imagined crime ceased together. A few articles from Hutchinson's chronological table will illustrate its transitions, and the havoc which it made.

1485. Cumanus burnt forty-one poor women for witches in the country of Burlia in one year. He caused them to be shaven first, that they might be searched for marks. He continued the prosecutions in the years following, and many fled out of the country.

About this time, Alciat, a famous lawyer, in his Parerga, says, one inquisitor burnt a hundred in Piedmont, and proceeded daily to burn more, till the *people rose* against the inquisitor, and chased him out of the country.

1515. Forty-eight were burnt about this time in Ravensburg in five years. Five hundred at Geneva in three months.

1524. About this time, a thousand burnt in one year in the diocese of Como; and a hundred *per ann.* for several years together.

1580. In fifteen years, from 1580 to 1595, Remigius burnt nine hundred in Lorrain. As many more fled out of the country to save their lives; and fifteen laid violent hands on themselves, rather than endure the tortures that they put them to; and whole towns were ready to leave their habitations for fear of witches. Great numbers also were tortured and destroyed in Spain and Germany.

1590. Most of this winter spent in examination of witches and sorcerers in Scotland.

1594. In the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, "the crime of witchcraft was grown so common at that miserable time, that the parliament jails would not hold the prisoners, nor had they judges enough to hear their causes. Their seats of justice were daily stained with their blood, and they hardly ever went home to their houses otherwise than astonished at the hideous and frightful things which the witches confessed."

1619. The author of *Cautio Criminalis,* saith, that about that time the German princes finding no cure, but increase, by executions of witches, began to stay their hands, and feared they had been wrong.

1634. The celebrated possession of the nuns of Loudun.

1649. Great numbers burnt in Scotland in those unsettled times; estimated at about four thousand.

1670. Seventy condemned, and most of them executed, at Mohra in Sweden, besides many children whipped.

1672. A "very great number of shepherds and other people," accused of witchcraft at Rouen; the proceedings were stopped by royal authority.

1678. Six executed in Scotland, for bewitching Sir George Maxwell.

1682. Several punished by the Portuguese Inquisition.

1692. Nineteen hanged at Salem in New England. Many more imprisoned.

We pass over now the executions in England, as we shall have occasion to advert to them, together with other facts connected with the history of witchcraft, after attempting a picture of the theory of that art as exhibited by the writers whom we have consulted.

Magic is the genus, witchcraft the species; and the specific distinction is, that the wonders of the latter are effected by virtue of a compact, express or implied, between the devil, or rather a devil and the witch. Glanvil says, "a witch is one who can

do, or seems to do, strange things, beyond the known power of art and ordinary nature, by virtue of a confederacy with evil spirits." In this confederacy, this covenant of death, which the devil makes in imitation of God's covenant of grace, lay the essence of the crime, of which the havoc made, in consequence, on man, beasts, or nature, constituted the overt acts.

A subject of much discussion was, whether any results out of the ordinary course of nature could be produced, saving miracles by divine agency, or that of angels or saints, except by such a contract: in other words, whether all magic ought not to be resolved into witchcraft. The witch-believers generally, as the controversy advanced, inclined towards this opinion, though some still clung to the more ancient notion, that charms, consisting of certain words, or figures, or herbs, properly disposed, had an inherent virtue, or might elicit the aid of good spirits, or even enable the bold operator to command the ministry of evil spirits, without subjecting himself to their dominion. This last practice was justly deemed, even if innocent, to be dangerous; and as one of the interlocutors, in the *Demonology*, observes, "They that sup keile with the devil have need of long spoons." It was also debated, whether, supposing charms to operate merely by demoniacal agency, that agency was voluntary, or compelled: some maintaining, that the devil spontaneously took the opportunity of displaying his power, that he might entrap the conjuror; and others, suspecting that there were certain clauses in the constitution of the kingdom of darkness, compelling its members to render services to man, when properly invoked.

The magic of heathen antiquity was, to all appearance at least, entirely free from the infernal compact. The hags of Thessaly sold not their souls, but wrought at a much cheaper rate. The divination of Greece and Rome derived its infallibility from certain secret but widely diffused sympathies in nature, by which the cackling of geese, or the appetite of chickens, or the croaking of ravens, or the flight of various kinds of birds, or the entrails of sacrificed animals, became indicative of mightier movements in the great machine, which were by these means suggested to the wise; as to the practised physiognomist, some slight convulsion of feature may predict the brewing up of a storm of passion, which bursts most unexpectedly on the unobserving; or else they were a species of oracle, the gods explaining themselves by signs, instead of words. They had faith, too, in the inherent efficacy of magic verse; and of rare stones and herbs, with or without the conjoined power of sidereal influences. If the aid of gods or demons was needful, it was not basely purchased, or sold a hard bargain, like the devil's wares, but accorded to the potency of

command, to the intensity of supplication, or in grateful acknowledgement of the pleasant fumes of sacrifice or incense. So far as mere divination was concerned, Cicero gives us its theory: "Primum a deo, deinde a fato, deinde a natura, vis omnis divinandi, ratioque repetenda." And nature, fate, and the gods, generously acceded to these cravings for knowledge, by dreams, omens, and portents, by sortilege, the ravings of insanity, by temporary meteors, and the eternal stars. But human nature craves for power as well as knowledge. Yet here the means, which have been already mentioned, sufficed for the grandest operations. Scott thus quotes Virgil, as translated by Tho. Phaiers:

> "These herbs did Meris give to me,
> And poisons pluckt at Pontus,
> For there they grow and multiplie,
> And doe not so amongst us.
> With these she made hir selfe become
> A wolfe, and hid hir in the wood;
> She fetcht up souls out of their toome,
> Removing corne from where it stood."
>
> *Eclog.* 8.

And Tibullus (lib. 1. eleg. 2.)

> "She plucks each star out of his throne,
> And turneth back the raging waves,
> With charmes she makes the earth to cone,
> And raiseth soules out of their graves:
> She burnes men's bones as with a fire,
> And pulleth downe the lights from heaven,
> And makes it snowe at hir desire,
> E'en in the midst of summer season."

Scott has a multitude of similar quotations from the Roman classics, nor were they foreign to his subject, for not only did St. Augustin believe in the metamorphosis of Ulysses and his companions into swine, but Pope Leo the Seventh held for canonical the transformations of Apuleius and Lucian. Several Catholic writers seriously appealed to such passages, in proof of the reality of witchcraft. They neglected one morceau of Horace, which Scott did not fail to apply:

> "Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
> Nocturnos lemures, portentaque; Thessala rides."
>
> "These dreams and terrors magicall,
> These miracles and witches,

Night walking sprites, or Thessal bugs,
Esteeme them not two rushes."

Omens and portents, ghosts, and divination in its various forms, astrology, chiromancy, sortilegy, catoptromancy, &c. passed by wholesale from ancient into modern, from Pagan into Christian superstition. These are beside our present subject. Their witchcraft was copied, with greater modifications as to the means, the charms being Christianized, or rather devilized, and the compact was added, which, when invented, became the very head and front of the offence, and was, indeed, that which constituted the art, a crime; but many of the feats were pretty much the same, especially Lycanthropia, or the witch's own transformation into a wolf, which often occurred in the sixteenth century; and her propensity to transform others into brutal shapes. Two Italian "alewives" drove an excellent trade by this art, for they made horses of all the travellers who refreshed themselves at their house, and sold them at neighbouring fairs or markets.

One of the most ancient tricks of witchcraft appears to have been conjuring corn from one field into another, which was made a capital offence by the law of the twelve tables: "Qui fruges incantasset, pœnis dato, neve alienam segetem pellexeris excantando, neque incantando, ne agrum defruganto." Pliny reports a notable trial under this law, of one C. Furius Cresinus, who was accused on the presumptive evidence of his grounds bearing particularly good crops. He produced in court his "ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels, and other instruments of husbandry; his oxen, horses, and working bullocks; his servants, and also his daughter, which was a sturdy wench, and a good huswife," exclaiming, as Othello did, "These only are the witchcraft I have used."

Witchcraft by compact was not of Jewish origin. The Jews were addicted to divination, and sometimes ventured upon calling up spirits by conjuration; but they chiefly wrought by words and numbers, and stood very much on the defensive, endeavouring to protect themselves, their families, and houses, against Sammael, the devil, and Lilis, his wife or mother, who was very troublesome and murtherous amongst the children. They had good receipts for laying amatory demons, as we read in Tobit. Their opinions and practices in that part of their history, which belongs to canonical scripture, were the subjects of warm discussion; but the pleaders for the antiquity of witchcraft were sorely distressed by the challenge of their opponents, to produce a single text declaratory of the reality and power of this infernal compact.

Before the superstition of paganism was wholly worn out,

there arose a pseudo-Christian demonology, which blended with it to produce the embryo of that monstrous and miserable being, the witch of the dark ages. Air, earth, and sea, were peopled with devils, and these devils identified with the objects of heathen adoration; and all the tricks of priests, cheats of jugglers, tales of poets, and traditionary wonders of the vulgar, were soon received as facts, acknowledged to be supernatural, and traced to the agency of these infernal beings, the extent of whose power was continually magnified, their numbers multiplied, the policy of their proceedings more accurately developed, and their union with human co-operators drawn into a closer bond. According to Hallywell, who follows "Marcus the Eremite, a skilful dæmonist," there are six kinds:

"The first fiery, called Lelurion, i. e. nocturnal fire, and these wander in the top of the aiery region, yet far beneath the moon: the second are aiery, whose mansions are these lower regions nearer to us: the third are terrestrial, dwelling upon the earth, and perilous foes to mankind: the fourth are aquatic, or watry, keeping their haunts about rivers, lakes, and springs, drowning men often, raising storms at sea, and sinking ships: the fifth sort are subterranean, living in caverns and hollows of the earth, often hurting and killing well-diggers and miners for metals, causing earthquakes and eruptions of flames and pestilent winds: the last and worst sort are these light-hating ghosts, or night-walkers, the darkest and most inscrutable kind, and striking all things they meet with cold passions. And all these demons, saith he, hate both gods and men, but some worse than others."

Here then every one addicted to magic might find a devil to his taste, and every devil a witch according to his.

"And these demons take care to suit themselves to the tempers of those they have familiarity withal; and the devils with whom Apollonius conversed might be far different from those fouler and grosser fiends that attend a wicked sorceress, daily sucking her blood, and nestling in her loathsome rags."

Towards their chieftain, this author is disposed to use and recommend respectful language: "That mighty angel of darkness is not foolishly and idly to be scoffed at or blasphemed;" and he pleads the Scriptural precept, not to speak evil of dignities, for

"The devil may properly be looked upon as a dignity, though his glory be pale and wan, and those once bright and orient colours faded and darkened in his robes: and the Scriptures represent him as a prince, though it be of devils."

But while the leader appears not "less than Archangel

ruined," many of his followers are supposed to be not over wise, and all to contract grossness, by being compelled to live in this lower atmosphere. These were the merry devils, the Robin Goodfellows, that played practical jokes, and made fun for the recreation of the witches and their own amusement. Glanvil thinks, there are as many fools out of the body as in the body. A considerable number of these demons, or, according to some, a distinct class in alliance with them, was the produce of those unlawful lives, which (according to a current misinterpretation of an expression in Genesis) inflamed the bosoms and united the persons of the fairest daughters of men, and some of the brightest angels of heaven. The fairies, and similar sprites, are, as Baxter conjectures, another class, denizens of the air, and formed to swim in it, as fishes in the sea. And there is yet another class, to do the dirtiest work of this great empire, and preserve the dignity of its nobility from contamination, consisting of their earthly recruits, the damned souls of departed conjurors.

" It is not necessary to suppose the grandees of the airy principality to trade with witches, but that the souls of extremely wicked persons, after their release from the body, may do these feats. For whether we suppose, that such as in this life have incorporated themselves into the dark society, by all manner of vitious and flagitious actions, are, when loosened by death from their terrestrial bodies, the vassals and slaves of those crafty demons, whose cursed inspirations and counsels they so eagerly followed, and so by them are employed in these abominable offices; or whether the proclivity of their own natures to all enormous wickedness may not induce them to attempt familiarity and society with sorcerers and witches, especially since those radicated and confirmed habits of vice, contracted in this life, are rather heightened and increased, than any way diminished or abated by the releasement from the flesh, and consequently it may be accounted by them a pleasant sport and pastime, to tempt and inveigle such desolate and forlorn mortals: either of these ways are sufficient to beget a probability that those *Familiars* of witches, to whom they have linked themselves, may be no other than human souls, deeply sunk and drowned in wickedness." *Melampronvea, p.* 80.

The best account of the power of devils is that given by the celebrated (and persecuted) Dr. Bekker, from Schottus, in his *World Bewitched.* We quote from a translation of *Le Monde Enchanté,* dated 1695.

" The devils operate some things by motion, others by the active virtue of natural causes, and others by illusion.

" They alledge fifteen sorts of their operations by their motion from one place to another, of which the five first consist in real operations, and the nine last in meer representations. Those of the first

class are, *First.* They cause fire to descend from heaven, as 'tis related in the first Chapter of *Job*. *Second.* According to the same history, they may raise storms and tempests. *Third.* They may likewise cause rain, bring fair weather, make winds blow upon the sea, stop the course of vessels, and overturn them. *Fourth.* They may produce earthquakes. *Fifth.* They may transport through the air, or in some other manner, the bodies of men, and all other sorts of bodies."

Our author afterwards relates what they operate by motions of mere representation to the internal and external senses:

"1. They render visible things invisible, suddenly snatching them from the sight of men. 2. They make statues and other inanimate objects move and walk. 3. They make them speak. 4. They make appear man and beast in their dead bodies, as though they were alive. 5. They take upon them aereal bodies, and by that means produce several effects. 6. They represent the figure of all sorts of matter, either gold, silver, precious stones, or others. 7. They direct in such a manner the *animal spirits* of men, that they make appear to them, past, present, and future things, in their own shape, and perswade them that they see, hear, and do things, that are not real. 8. They cause pineings and violent diseases in human bodies. 9. By dreams they present to people such objects as are absent and remote, and forewarn them of future things. 10. They produce in men the passions of love, hatred, anger, and fury.

"The second sort of diabolical operations is no less credited; it consisting in the active virtue of natural things; and therefore 'tis believed, that by the power of the devil, whether he acts immediately and by himself, or by wizards and witches, herbs, fruits, waters, and most other matters, may be mixed in some sort and degree, and with the proportions requisite for it, whereby food, drink, physick, or some other potion, may be made up, that shall cause a great deal of hurt to man and beast. 'Tis also believed, that all these things may be done by natural ways, but that they are more easily, readily, and efficaciously performed by the power and craft of the devil, without being perceived by the most skilful men, who can never do the like.

"As to the illusions, they must be understood in this sense, that the devils, indeed, do some thing, but not whatever they seem to operate. For 'tis not doubted but the devil can do whatever is possible to be done by natural means, and which may happen in process of time by the ordinary course of nature, without the co-operation of that wicked spirit, as we shall say anon, but he has this power by God's permission, to imploy all the forces of nature for the producing of what effect he desires; whence often proceeds, that men either by ignorance, or because some extraordinary objects and events come before them, believe things that are not in being, or perswade themselves that the devil performs some certain effects that are not natural. In the meanwhile it remains constant and undoubted, that the devil has power to do whatever has been already mentioned, as also whatever I am going to say.

"I mean to speak of illusions, which *Schottus*, together with *Delrio* and *Molina*, declares to be of three sorts; those that are made by the change of the objects, those that are made by the change of the air, and those that happen by the change of the organs of the senses.

"*First.* Illusions are made by the change of the object, when one thing is substituted instead of another, that has been suddenly and imperceptibly snatched away; or when an object is presented to the eyes, in such a state and manner, as that it produces a false vision; or when any object made up of air, or of some other element, offers itself to the sight; or lastly, when there appears any thing composed of different matters mingled together, so skilfully prepared, that what existed before receives thereby another form and figure.

"*Second.* The change of the air is made by these ways, when the devil hinders, lest the object should pass through the air, and hit our eyes; when he disposes the air that is betwixt the object and the eye in such a manner, that the object appears in another figure than really it is; when he thickens the air to make the object appear greater than it is, and to hinder it from being seen in other places, but the place he designs; when he moves the air in the place through which the object is to hit the eye, that the object, going through that part of the air, may also be moved, and that its figure may be presented to the eye, otherwise than it is; and lastly, when he mingles and confounds together several different figures, in order that in one only object there may appear many together.

"*Third.* The organs of the senses are changed, when they are either transferred from their places and altered; when their humours and active particles are corrupted or thickned, or when such a shining brightness passes before the eyes, that they are dazled, so that it seems that a man raves waking."

From the classes and powers of devils, we naturally come, in our portraiture of the belief of our ancestors on this subject, to those of their confederates and victims. Gaule's second case of conscience is, "How many kindes of witches may there be conceived?" In reply, he specifies eight classes, though his enumeration is confessedly imperfect, distinguished by their operations; they are, 1, the diviner, gypsey, or fortune-telling witch; 2, the astrologian, star-gazing, planetary, prognosticating witch; 3, the chaunting, canting, or calculating witch, who works by signs or numbers; 4, the venefick, or poisonous witch; 5, the exorcist, or conjuring witch; 6, the gastromantick witch; 7, the magical, speculative, sciential, or arted witch; 8, the necromancer. He censures the common distinction of white and black witch, declaring the former to be the worst, and resolves the whole into *arted* and *pacted* witches, the former relying upon science and the occult quali-

ties of nature, which are the devil's trap for finer minds, and the latter

"Only operative about some prodigious or præstigious things, and that only by vertue of a superstitious compact made with the divell, without or against all rules and orders of nature, art, or grace."

Another general distinction is of the active and the passive witch;

"One, as it were, tempting the divell; the other rather tempted by him. One, as it were, the author, and the divell the instrument; the other but the bare instrument, and the divell the sole author. One maliciously rejoicing and glorying in prodigious pranks and exploits; the other somewhat irking and ashamed. One not infesting onely, but infecting also, by seeking to make others witches; the other willing, or wishing rather to be unmade itself."

There are also "mixtly passive," who are both obsessed and operative. He marks certain degrees of criminality:

"1. From the time, as the inveterate witch is to bee thought worse than the novice. 2. Place, as a witch at court is worse than a witch in the country, and a witch in the church worse than a witch in her own cell. 3. Sexe, as the male witch is worse than the female. For though she may be more envious and malicious, yet he has abused the abler and nobler sexe. 4. Degree or quality, as Jezabel was worse than the witch of Endor. 5. Profession, as the Christian witch is worse than the Pagan. 6. Office, as the clericall is worse than the layicke witch. 7, Object, as to practice witch-craft on men is worse than if on beasts only. 8. Malicious intent, as to have made one witch is worse than to have bewitched many."

Gaule, who was a moderate man, and whose book, by its exposure of some of the nefarious arts of witch-finders, was really of service to the cause of humanity, gives us the following abstract of the witches' feats, according to their own confessions or boasts, and the popular tradition, and of the means by which, under Satan, they were accustomed to work. His doubts, as to the first, relate chiefly to the reality of the facts, not to the sincerity of the witches or the bewitched, for he imagined their senses to be effectually imposed upon by the devil.

"They tell us (and the vulgar second them with numberless traditions) of their reading, in the moon, all things that shall come to passe for a thousand generations. Of their reading, by star-light, what another has written in his closet a thousand miles off. Of causing the voyces of two in conference to be mutually heard, although as distant one from another as the east is from the west. Of their being metamorphosed, or turned into beasts, bears, dogs, wolves,

goats, catts, hares, &c. Of their cutting one another's heads off, and setting them on again; suffering their limbs to be pluckt asunder, and knitting them to again immediately. Of their riding long and tedious journeys upon broomes and distaffes; and their sayling over seas in eggshells. Of their eating up whole fields of corn or hay, and drinking up whole rivers in seives. Of presenting a curious banquet upon the table, and inviting thereto their guests out of fairy land. Of making a garden of delicate flowers to spring up in your parlour in the dead of winter. Of raising stormes and showers out of tubs; turning streams backward, haling ships laden against wind and water, with haires or twined threads. Of making a cock or flye to draw the hugest beame. Of giving potions to make people love or hate as they please, making the strength of youth impotent, and dead bodies viripotent. Of making bodies impenetrable or shot free; annoynting the weapon, and curing the wound, without the least virtuall contiguity; and turning all metals into gold. Drinking off a glasse of clarret, and make it to spout out of the forehead presently. Shewing you such and such faces in glasses, &c. What should I tell of their feates wrought by figures, characters, spells, ligatures, circles, numbers, barbarismes, images of wax or clay, crystalls, looking-glasses, basons of waters, herbs, powders, unguents, sawes, knives, pins, needles, candles, rings, garters, gloves, &c.

"1. Some worke their bewitchings only by way of invocation, or imprecation. They wish it, or will it; and so it falls out. 2. Some by way of emissary, sending out their imps, or familiars, to crosse the way, justle, affront, flash in the face, barke, howle, bite, scratch, or otherwise infest. 3. Some by inspecting, or looking on, but to glare, squint, or peep at with an envious and evill eye, is sufficient to effascinate (especially infants and women with child.) 4. Some by a demisse hollow muttering or mumbling. 5. Some by breathing and blowing on; the usuall way of the venefick. 6. Some by cursing and banning. 7. Some by blessing and praising. 8. Some revengefully, by occasion of ill turnes. 9. Some ingratefully, and by occasion of good turnes. 10. Some by leaving something of theirs in your house. 11. Some by getting something of yours into their house. 12. Some have a more speciall way of working by severall elements; earth, water, ayre, or fire. But who can tell all the manner of wayes of a witch's working; that works not only darkly and closely, but variously and versatilly, as God will permit, the devil can suggest, or the malicious hag devise to put in practise?"

Gaule fell short both of the faith and charity of his predecessors. The Romish church appointed penances for converted witches; but, according to him, "the solemnly pacted, malitiously active, and utterly apostate witch, neither can, nor will, nor shall" repent and be saved. He says, "God hath universally declared himself for their damnation. And it is safest always to judge after his sentence." This is taking the safe side with a vengeance. At the same time, he was a little tainted with

the scepticism of that Irish prelate who qualified his admiration of *Gulliver's Travels* by hinting, that there were some things in them of which he had his doubts. He demurs to some of the ceremonies in the current account of the celebration of the Solemn League and Covenant. He has, however, very well condensed the circumstances supposed to accompany it:

"The convention for such a solemne initiation being proclaimed (by some herald imp) to some others of the confederation, on the Lord's day, or some great holy-day, or chief festivall, they meete in some church, neer the font or high altar, and that very early, before the consecrated bel hath toll'd, or the least sprinkling of holy water; or else very late, after all services are past and over. Where the party in some vesture for that purpose, is presented, by some confederate or familiar, to the prince of devills sitting now in a throne of infernall majesty, appearing in the form of a man (only labouring to hide his cloven foot.) To whom, after bowing, and homage done in kissing his backe parts, a petition is presented to be received unto his association and protection; and first, if the witch bee outwardly Christian, baptisme must bee renounced; and the party must be re-baptized in the devill's name, and a new name is also imposed by him: and here must be god-fathers too, for the devill takes them not to be so adult as to promise and vow for themselves. But above all he is very busie with his long nayles, in scraping and scratching those places of the forehead where the signe of the crosse was made, or where the chrisme was laid. In stead of both which, he himselfe impresses or inures the marke of the beast, the devill's flesh brand, upon one or other part of the body: and teaches them to make an oyle or oyntment of live infants, stoln out of the cradle (before they be signed with the sign of the crosse), or dead ones stolne out of their graves, the which they are to boyle to a jelly; and then drinking one part and besmearing themselves with another, they forthwith feel themselves imprest and endowed with the faculties of this mysticall art. Further, the witch (for his or her part) vowes, (either by word of mouth, or peradventure by writing, and that in their own blood) to give both body and soull to the devill; to deny and defie God the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghost. But especially the blessed Virgin, convitiating her with one infamous nick-name or other: to abhor the word and sacraments, but especially to spit at the saying of masse; to spurne at the crosse, and tread saints' images under feet; and as much as possibly they may, to profane all saints' reliques, holy water, consecrated salt, wax, &c. To bee sure to fast on Sundayes, and eate flesh on Fridays, not to confesse their sinnes however they do; especially to a priest. To separate from the Catholicke church, and despise his vicar's primacy. To attend his nocturnall conventicles, sabbaths, sacrifices. To take him for their God, worship, invoke, obey him, &c. To devote their children to him, and to labour all that they may to bring others into the same confederacy. Then the devill for his part promises to be always present with them, to serve them at their beck. That they shall have their wills upon any body, that they shall have what riches, honours,

pleasures, they can imagine. And if any be so wary as to think of their future being, he tells them they shall be principalities ruling in the aire; or shall but be turned into impes at worst. Then he preach-es to them to be mindfull of their covenant, and not to faile to revenge themselves upon their enemies. Then he commends to them (for these purposes) an impe or familiar, in the shape of dogge, cat, mouse, rat, weasle, &c. After this they shake hands, embrace in armes, dance, feast, and banquet, according as the devill hath provided in imitation of the supper. Nay, oft times he marries them ere they part, either to himselfe, or their familiar, or to one another, and that by the Book of Common Prayer (as a pretender to witch-finding told me, in the audience of many.) After this they part, till the next great conventicle or sabbath of theirs, which is to meet thrice in a year, conveyed as swift as the winds from remotest parts of the earth, where the most notorious of them meet to redintegrate their covenant, and give account of their improvement. Where they that have done the most execrable mischiefe, and can brag of it, make most merry with the devill, and they that have been indiligent, and have done but petty services in comparison, are jeered and derided by the devill and all the rest of the company. And such as are absent, and have no care to be assoygned, are amerced to this penalty, so to be beaten on the palms of their feete, to be whipt with iron rods, to be pincht and suckt by their familiars till their heart blood come, till they repent them of their sloath, and promise more attendance and diligence for the future."

King James refers, in proof of the odd sort of homage here described, to a practice which is not now, we apprehend, quite so common in Hindostan.

"Though it seeme ridiculous, yet may it likewise be true, seeing we read that in *Calicute*, he (the devil) appearing in forme of a goat-bucke, hath publikely that un-honest homage done unto him, by every one of the people."

Notwithstanding Gaule's doubts, there was more ample testimony to these solemnities than to any thing else in the whole history of witchcraft. The confessions of the culprits themselves are remarkably ample on this point, both in number and explicitness. Glanvil has preserved a very decisive one, made by Agnes Sympson, when examined before James, then king of Scots, in 1590, which is supposed, with some probability, to have corrected the youthful scepticism of that monarch, and prepared him for becoming the author of the *Demonology*. It corresponds exactly with the description, with the exception of the abjuration of Roman Catholic peculiarities, and of some few particulars, which are supplied from other depositions.

The vulgar belief was, that the witches were corporeally present on these occasions; but the philosophers of superstition

maintained that, frequently at least, they were only there in spirit. Hallywell alleges, that "it is possible the soul may be rapt from this terrestrial body, and carried to remote and distant places, from whence she may make a postliminar return, by either of these two ways: 1—From a vehement affection, or deep imagination piercing into the very lowest of her powers. 2—By the assistance and activity of a more potent spirit.—Those officious demons loosening the continuity or vinculum between soul and body, by which means they pass freely and securely to the general rendezvous." King James, however, holds that in many cases they were not present, either in body or soul, but that the devil practised a similar and contemporaneous delusion upon the senses of all of them.

The vanity of the arch-fiend seems to have induced him to institute so many ceremonies for the initiation of these wretched agents of his polity:

"The devil hath all along endeavoured to ape and imitate the actions of God Almighty, and to deprave the institutions he appointed in his worship to perverse and wicked ends. Thus, because sacrifices were offered to the true God, the arch-fiend commands likewise the same to be done to him: and as God sometimes by fire from heaven declared his acceptation of the sacrifices performed to him; so this likewise hath been counterfeited by the devil, as in the sacrifice offered up to *Jupiter* by the *Rhodians*; and at *Hierocæsarea* and *Hypapæ*, (saith *Pausanias*) wood laid upon the altar is commonly set on fire, without putting fire to it, only at the mumbling of some few words by a priest. Moreover *Solinus* reports the same of the *Vulcanian* Hill in *Sicily*, where, when the sacrifice is prepared, *ab ipso Numine fit accendium*, the green wood fires of itself, and the Deity, by consuming the sacrifice by fire, gives testimony of his acceptance of the oblation. And upon some mountain in *Africa* (if I mis-remember not) the *Cacodæmon* offers himself to those who for certain days have duly prepared themselves, *splendida circumfusum nube*, environed with a bright cloud; an imitation, doubtless, of the Divine Presence, manifested by a cloud upon the tabernacle of the *Jews*, or that which overshadowed the disciples at the transfiguration of our Saviour.

"Now as the sacrifices offered up to the true God of *Israel* were federal rites, and those that did partake of them did thereby enter into a covenant with God to become his servants, and obey his laws; so the aiery principality hath mimically observed the same thing, and those that offered sacrifices to *dæmons*, were supposed, by partaking of those sacrifices, to enter into a stricter league and familiarity with those evil spirits."

Melampronvea, p. 56.

From the same authority, we learn that a much more gross and selfish motive operated with the blood-sucking imps them-

selves, who attended as familiar spirits on the covenanted witches. The operation was both pleasant and nourishing.

"Marcus, the monk, tells, that these demons enter into brute animals, not out of any spleen or hatred they bear to them, *but because they are wonderfully desirous of animal warmth.* For the confederate spirit, whether of a nature humane or diabolical, must necessarily have a body proportionable to the grossness and coarseness of its powers and faculties, which being so mightily debauched through the excessive prevalency and exorbitancy of the sensual life, cannot act in any other vehicle but what is drawn from the clammy and caliginous parts of the air; which bodies, in this, agree with ours in that they have their *effluvia,* and exhale and wear away by a continual deflux of particles, and therefore require some nutriment to supply the place of the fugacious atoms, which is done by sucking the bloud and spirits of these forlorn wretches. And that this was the opinion of the wisest and best philosophers among the *Greeks,* that evil *dæmons* were extremely delighted with the bloud and odours of sacrifices, as being a refreshment and nourishment to their vaporous bodies, appears from what *Celsus* writes. *We ought to give credit to wise men who affirm, that most of these lower and circumterraneous dæmons are delighted with geniture, bloud, and odour, and such like things, and much gratified therewith.* And *Origen* ageees with him fully in this point, and tells us, that the devils were not only delighted with the idolatry of the *Pagans* in their sacrifices, but also *that their very bodies were nourished by the vapours and fumes arising from them, and that these evil dæmons therefore did as it were deliciate and epicurize in them.* To this purpose the same father makes mention of a certain *Pythagorean,* who wrote of the mysterious and recondite sense of *Homer,* that *Chryses'* words to *Apollo,* and his immission of a pestilence upon the *Grecians,* teach us, *that* Homer *did believe there were certain evil dæmons, who took pleasure in fumes and odours of sacrifices, and that they were ready, as a reward, to gratifie the sacrificants with the destruction of any person, if they so desired it.* Which by the way may give some satisfaction to those importunate inquirers, why the possessions and vexations of men by evil *dæmons* should be wrought by the desire of a witch? *viz.*—to gratifie her revenge as a reward for the pleasure the wicked fiend reaped from such vile and damnable commerce with her body.

"Nor was this a singular fancy of *Origen,* for *Athenagoras,* a Christian philosopher, writes the very same. *The dæmons assist at the sacrifices, being allured and brought down by the bloud, which they greedily take in.* And again—*the material dæmons do strangely gluttonize upon the odours and bloud of sacrifices,* which they suck in, not with their mouths, but as *Marcus,* in *Psellus,* who had formerly been initiated in the diabolical mysteries, affirms, *as spunges and testaceous fishes.* And no doubt but those impure devils may take as much pleasure in sucking the warm bloud of men or beasts, as a chearful and healthy constitution in drawing in the refreshing gales of pure and sincere air."

Ib. p. 100.

When such fearful mischiefs were believed to be dealt about so freely in society, it became, of course, a very interesting inquiry, whether any, and who, were secured against the enemy, and, by privilege of character or station, exempted from his worse than bailiff touch. To this, various replies were made. According to the Romish writers, they were, first, the Inquisitors and such as execute public justice upon witches; secondly, such as observe duly the rites and ceremonies of Holy Church, and worship them with reverence, through the sprinkling of holy water and receiving consecrated salt; by the lawful use of candles hallowed on Candlemas day, and green leaves consecrated on Palm Sunday; and thirdly, some are preserved by their good angels which attend upon them. King James seems doubtful whether any be absolutely secure, except the magistrate in the zealous enforcement of the law against them. Their power over him is

"Less or greater, according as he deals with them: for if he be slothful towards them, God is very able to make them instruments to waken and punish his sloth; but if he be the contrary, he, according to the just law of God, and allowable law of all nations, will be diligent in examining and punishing of them; God will not permit their master to trouble or hinder so good a work. If they be but apprehended and detained by any private person, upon other private respects, their power no doubt, either in escaping or doing hurt, is no less than ever it was before: but if, on the other part, their apprehending and detention be by the lawful magistrate, upon the just respects of their guiltiness in that craft, their power is then no greater than before that ever they meddled with their master: for where God begins justly to strike by his lawful lieutenants, it is not in the Devil's power to defraud or bereave him of the office or effect of his powerful and revenging sceptre."

Gaule maintains that witches can have no power against the whole Church, but may against even the most pious individuals. While the platonic Hallywell thus contends, that

"It is possible for the soul to arise to such a height, and become so divine, that no witchcraft or evil demons can have any power upon the body. When the bodily life is too far invigorated and awakened, and draws the intellect, the flower and summity of the soul, into a conspiration with it, then are we subject and obnoxious to magical assaults. For magic, or sorcery, being founded only in this lower or mundane spirit, he that makes it his business to be freed and released from all its blandishments and flattering devocations, and endeavours wholly to withdraw himself from the love of corporeity, and too near a sympathy with the frail flesh, he, by it, enkindles such a divine principle as lifts him above the fate of this inferior world, and adorns his mind

with such an awful majesty that beats back all enchantments, and makes the infernal fiends tremble at his presence, hating those vigorous beams of light, which are so contrary and repugnant to their dark natures."

Besides the potency of this divine ray, there is a general security in the hosts of spiritual beings banded against the powers of darkness.

"For there is a chain of government that runs down from God, the Supreme Monarch, whose bright and piercing eyes look through all that he has made, to the lowest degree of the creation; and there are *presidential* Angels of Empires and Kingdoms, and such as under them have the tutelage of private families; and lastly, every man's particular Guardian *Genius*. Nor is the inanimate or material world left to blind Chance or Fortune, but there are likewise mighty and potent Spirits to whom is committed the guidance and care of the fluctuating and uncertain motions of it, and by their ministry, fire and vapour, storms and tempests, snow and hail, heat and cold, are all kept within such bounds and limits, as are most serviceable to the ends of Providence. They take care of the variety of Seasons, and superintend the tillage and fruits of the earth; upon which account, *Origen* calls them *invisible husbandmen*. So that all affairs and things being under the inspection and government of these Incorporeal Beings, the power of the Dark Kingdom and its Agents is under a strict confinement and restraint, and they cannot bring a general mischief upon the world without a special permission of a superior Providence."—*Melampronvea*, p. 91.

There was a strong disposition in many to combat the witch with her own weapons, and repel charm by counter-charm. Protestants generally denounced this practice as unlawful, impious, and dangerous. The witch-finders deemed it allowable, to a certain extent, for the discovery of offenders; but they did not escape scandal. Among the Catholics it was generally tolerated. Indeed, some classes of charms were sanctified by their religion, and very many of their ceremonies seem to belong to that description. A guardian angel or saint might slumber over his charge, and need to be refreshed by the flap of such a conjuration. Something, too, was needful for their protection, who could not soar to the sublimities of that divine philosophy which was invulnerable armour for the soul; and who had not the luck to have "Mars happilie placed in the ninth house of the heavens," a circumstance which gave power "to drive awaie divels with his onelie presence." Catholics had high authority for resorting to these means. It was sanctioned by all the old canonists; and Pope Nicholas the Fifth gave a certain bishop named Miraties, who suffered in a way

which need not have much troubled a Romish prelate if faithful to his vows, a dispensation for applying to a witch to unbewitch him, which was accomplished. We must introduce a few specimens of these counter-charms. For them, too, antiquity was cited:

" Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.
Virgil.

Thus Englished by Abraham Fleming:

" Of berrie-bearing baccar bowze
A wreath or garland knit,
And round about his head and browze
See decentlie it sit;
That of an evill-talking tung,
Our future poet be not stung."

To the potent Moly, which preserved Ulysses from the charms of Circe, many additions were made in the demonological botany of the middle ages. The native virtue of the plants was increased by that of the planet under which they were gathered, or by charms recited at the moment of plucking them. The following is one that witches (white witches, we presume) use at the gathering of their medicinable herbs:

" Haile be thou, holie hearbe,
Growing on the ground,
All in the Mount Calvarie
First wert thou found;
Thou art good for manie a sore,
And healest manie a wound;
In the name of sweet Jesus,
I take thee from the ground."

Besides several general defences against witches, of which the most popular was the horse-shoe, still to be seen nailed to many a threshold in the country, there are many ways of detecting and averting their machinations, of which we select a specimen from Scott:

" To find out a witch:—In die dominico sotularia juvenem axungia seu pinguedine porci, ut moris est, pro restauratione fieri perungunt: and when she is once come into the church, the witch can never get out, untill the searchers for hir give hir expresse leave to depart.

"To be utterlie rid of the witch, and to hang hir up by the haire, you must prepare an image of the earth of a dead man, to be baptized in another man's name, whereon the name, with a character, must be written; then must it be perfumed with a rotten bone, and then these psalmes read backward: Domine, Dominus noster, Dominus illuminatio mea, Domine exaudi orationem meam, Deus laudem meam ne tacueris: and then burie it, first in one place, and afterwards in another.

"A charme to find hir that bewitched your kine. Put a pair of breeches upon the cowe's head, and beate hir out of the pasture with a good cudgell upon a Fridaie, and she will runne right to the witche's dore, and strike thereat with hir hornes.

"Another, for all that have bewitched anie kind of cattell. When anie of your cattell are killed with witchcraft, haste you to the place where the carcase lieth, and traile the bowels of the beast unto your house, and drawe them not in at the doore, but under the threshhold of the house into the kitchen, and there make a fier, and set over the same a grediron, and thereupon laie the inwards or bowels; and as they wax hot, so shall the witche's entrailes be molested with extreame heat and paine. But then you must make fast your doores, least the witch come, and fetch awaie a cole of your fier: for then ceaseth hir torment. And we have knowne, saith M. Mal. when the witch could not come in, that the whole house hath been so darkened, and the aire round about the same so troubled, with such horrible noise and earthquakes, that except the doore had beene opened, we had thought the house would have fallen on our heads."

Witches were detected by their inability to shed tears; by their not sinking when placed upon water with their hands and feet tied across, the right hand to the left foot, and the left hand to the right foot; by their mistaking, or omitting, when they attempted to repeat the Lord's prayer; by insensible excrescencies upon their body, supposed to be the Devil's marks; by an extra teat; by being watched till their familiar (in the shape of some animal, but distinguished from a real animal by the impossibility of catching or killing it) came for its daily meal of the witche's blood; by the testimony of the bewitched party; by the accusation of other witches; and by being made to walk incessantly till they were fatigued and bewildered into confession. King James assigns an ingenious reason for the trial by water:

"For, as in a secret murther, if the dead carkasse bee at any time thereafter handled by the murtherer, it will gush out of bloud, as if the bloud were crying to the heaven for revenge of the murtherer, God having appointed that secret supernaturall signe, for triall of that secret unnaturall crime, so it appeares that God hath appointed (for a supernaturall signe of the monstrous impietie of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosome that have shaken

off them the sacred water of baptisme, and wilfully refused the benefite thereof: no, not so much as their eyes are able to shed teares (threaten and torture them as ye please,) while first they repent (God not permitting them to dissemble their obstinacie in so horrible a crime,) albeit the women-kind especially be able otherways to shed teares at every light occasion when they will—yea, although it were dissemblingly, like the crocodiles."

For the trial of tears the Romish Inquisitors had a set form of adjuration, which we cannot separate from the expression of manly reprobation with which Scott introduces it:

"But, alas, that teares should be thought sufficient to excuse or condemne in so great a cause, and so weightie a triall! I am sure that the worst sort of the children of Israel wept bitterlie; yea, if there were any witches at all in Israel, they wept. For it is written, that all the children of Israel wept. Finallie, if there be any witches in hell, I am sure they weepe; for there is weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. But God knoweth, many an honest matrone cannot sometimes in the heaviness of hir heart shed teares; the which oftentimes are more readie and common with craftie queanes and strumpets, than with sober women. For we read of two kinds of teares in a woman's eie, the one of true greefe, the other of deceipt. And it is written, that Dediscere flere fœminam est mendacium: which argueth that they lie which saie that wicked women cannot weepe. But let these tormenters take heed, that the teares in this case which runne down the widowe's cheeks, with their crie, spoken of by Jesus Sirach, be not heard above. But, lo, what learned, godlie, and lawfull meanes these Popish Inquisitors have invented for the triall of true or false teares.

"I conjure thee, by the amorous teares which Jesus Christ, our Saviour, shed upon the crosse for the salvation of the world; and by the most earnest and burning teares of his mother, the most glorious Virgine Marie, sprinkled upon his wounds late in the evening; and by all the teares which everie saint and elect vessell of God hath poured out heere in the world, and from whose eies he hath wiped awaie all teares, that if thou be without fault thou maist poure downe teares aboundantlie; and if thou be guiltie, that thou weepe in no wise: In the name of the Father, of the Sonne, and of the Holie Ghost,—Amen. And note, saith he, that the more you conjure, the lesse she weepeth."

Inquisitors and controversialists were made of sterner stuff than to feel any difficulty in the question, why there were so many more witches than wizzards? and very harshly did the inquiry lead them to treat the fair sex. They scandalized our Mother Eve, and Gaule whispers that she was a little guilty in this way. James declares their greater frailty, and intimates that the Serpent's success with Eve had "made him the home-

lier with that sex sensine." Vairus (*Lib. de fascinatione*) ascribes it to their stronger passions, and marvellous fickleness of nature; while Hen. Institor fetches an argument from the derivation of the word *fœmina*. For, he saith, it comes from fe and minus; "*fe* is the same as *fi*, and *fi* stands for *fides*; and thence comes the word fœmina, quia minorem fidem habent." The same author derives Diabolus from *duo* and *bolus*, because he makes but two morsels of body and soul.

The witch was always deserted by the Devil, when she was detected. He was supposed to prefer the immediate possession in his own dominions of another soul, to the contingency of what evil might be effected in the world by her instrumentality. His right to such possession seems very disputable, as the abandonment must often have been a direct breach of the compact; and the compact itself an illegal instrument, not pleadable in the courts of heaven. Public opinion however decided, very unmercifully, that his known character for falsehood exonerated him from any obligation to faithfulness in his engagements, and established the validity of the witch's deed of gift. Perhaps it was owing to some lurking doubt on this subject, that, when he did interpose, it was to make all sure, and by various contrivances to prevent any symptoms of penitence. Sometimes he appeared at the trial, to the witches only, in horrid shapes, and used the most appalling threatenings to prevent their confessing. Sometimes he kept up false hopes of deliverance till the very moment of execution. One instance occurs in which he carried the witch through the roof, or wall, of the prison, only to let her fall in the street, where he left her, a ruptured and crippled victim for the ministers of the law. Their earthly career ended, they became, as we have already seen, the very Helots and Gibeonites of the Infernal Kingdom, the imps of future witches, vampire spirits, doing the dirty work of the wretchedest mortals for their daily meal of blood, to the annoyance of villagers, the perplexity of lawyers, the weariness of hangmen, the scandal of religion, the joy of exorcists, the irritation of controversialists, and the trouble of Retrospective Reviewers.

There are very faint traces, if any, of witchcraft in this country prior to the Reformation. Magic, sorcery, astrology, and apparitions, were not uncommon. Hubert, Earl of Kent, was accused (A. D. 1232) of drawing royal favour to himself by sorcery, and stealing from the King's jewel-house a stone that would make a man invisible. About thirty years after, Roger Bacon was twice summoned to Rome to give an account of his conjurations. The story of King Duffus of Scotland, and his sweating sickness, caused by the roasting of a waxen image, in the tenth century, is probably apocryphal, and if not,

might yet be merely magic. The minions of the Duchess of Gloucester in the reign of Henry VI. seem to have only pretended to astrological prediction: as was also the case with Friar Hopkins, who is said to have died of grief at having brought his patron, the unfortunate Duke of Buckingham, to the scaffold, and with those whose tricks had a like lamentable result to Lord Hungerford. Sorcery was imputed to Jane Shore, by Richard III. and afterwards to several Lancasterians, including the Countess of Richmond, and Dr. Morton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Inspiration and prophetic visions were claimed by Elizabeth Barton, the Maid of Kent. Still, the compact with the Devil was unknown here, though it had become very frequent on the Continent. In 1541, an act was passed, the first in our laws, against conjuration, witchcraft, sorcery, and pulling down crosses. It is supposed to have been designed against the Reformers, and was repealed in the first of Edward VI. though there was a direction, in *Cranmer's Articles of Visitation*, two years after, to inquire after "any that used charms, sorcery, enchantments, witchcraft, soothsaying, or any like craft, invented by the Devil;" which was renewed in Elizabeth's reign, with the addition, "especially in the time of women's travail."—There were several trials for conjuration and astrology in the early part of this reign, and the Countess of Lennox, with four others, was condemned for treason, for inquiring how long the Queen would live. But, in 1562, a new statute against witchcraft was enacted, more lenient than that of James, which followed, as it only visited the first conviction with pillory; and from this time the offence was on the increase, till that sapient ruler, who taught divinity like a king, and made laws like a priest, signalized the first year of his reign by making it felony to suckle imps, &c. and then the mischief rapidly mounted to its height, which it attained by the aid of that "vigour beyond the law," which the triumphant fanatics afterwards put forth, in the abundance of their zeal and wisdom.

In this statute (which was repealed March 24, 1736) the description of the offence, or offences, which were made felonious, runs thus:

"One that shall use, practice, or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult, covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose; or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place, where the dead body resteth; or the skin, bone, or other part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; or shall use, practice, or exercise any witchcraft, &c. whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed,

pined, or lamed in his or her body, or any part thereof: such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death."

Another clause enacts, for professing to find hidden treasure, and lost or stolen goods; or to procure unlawful love, or to injure cattle or goods; or to hurt or destroy human beings, though the purpose be not effected; for the first offence, a year's imprisonment and pillory, and for the second, death.

In the same year (1603) the convocation made the following canon:

"That no minister or ministers, without license and direction of the bishop, under his hand and seal obtained, attempt, upon any pretence whatsoever, either of possession or obsession, by fasting and prayer, to cast out any devil or devils, under pain of the imputation of imposture or cozenage, and deposition from the ministry."

A license was almost immediately granted by the Bishop of Chester to seven persons, to have private fasting and prayer for a boy, who pretended to be a demoniac, but whose tricks were detected by the bishop himself. Whatever was the design of this canon, it had a very wholesome operation for a time, and checked the mischievous tendency of the statute. As pretenders to exorcism multiplied, so did demoniacs, who were in demand for the exhibition of their power; and witches abounded in proportion to demoniacs, who generally accused some poor old creature or other of having sent the devil into them, and frequently arraigned considerable numbers. But the sectaries cared not for canons, or bishop's licenses, and as they prevailed, exorcism was greedily caught at by their ministers, along with the other prerogatives and good things of the established church, and produced its natural results of imposture, suffering, and condemnation to the people, as well as great glory to themselves.

In the course of the fifty years following the passing of this act, besides a great number of single indictments and executions, we meet with much of such wholesale dealing as the following: In 1612, fifteen indicted at Lancaster, and twelve condemned; 1622, six tried at York; 1634, seventeen condemned in Lancashire; 1644, sixteen executed at Yarmouth; 1645, fifteen condemned at Chelmsford and hanged; in the same and following year, about forty at Bury in Suffolk, twenty more in the county, and many at Huntingdon; and, according to the estimate of Ady, some thousands were burnt in Scotland.

Our country little deserved the title of "merry England" in those days. One may almost believe, that plague or pesti-

lence would have been mercy, compared with the miseries which this infatuation must have diffused. Even he who happily lived remote from the seat of this spiritual warfare, though few such there could be, so rapidly was it transferred from county to county to the remotest districts, and frequently so widely was it extended; he, in whose vicinity no one was suspected of dealing with the foul fiend, whose children, cattle, or neighbours, shewed no symptoms of being marks for those fiery darts which often struck from a distance, and wounded to death or madness, would yet not escape a sort of epidemic gloom, a sympathy with the suffering, which was a vague apprehension of the mischief which might be; the atmosphere he breathed would come to him thick with foul fancies; he would be ever hearing or telling some wild and melancholy tale of crime and punishment; the best feelings, and best enjoyments of himself and his, would be dashed with something of bitterness, suspicion, and terror, as he reflected that, though uninvaded yet, these were at the mercy of malignant fellow mortals leagued with more malignant spirits, the laws and limits of whose operations were wholly undefineable.

What must have been his feelings on whom the evil eye had glared, against whom the potent spell had been pronounced, on whom misfortunes came thick and fast, by flood and field, at home and abroad, in business and in pleasure, whose cattle died, whose crops were blighted, and about whose bed and board, invisible, unwelcome, and mischievous guests held their revels? Who saw not in his calamities the results of ignorance or error to be averted by caution, nor the inflictions of heaven to be borne with pious resignation; but was the victim of a compact, in which his disasters were part of the price paid by the powers of hell for an immortal soul. In sickness, mental agony was superinduced on bodily. He who pined in consumption shuddered, as he supposed that his own waxen effigy was revolving and melting at the charmed fire; the changes of his sensations told him, when wanton cruelty damped the flame, to waste it lingeringly, or roused it in the impatience of revenge; and when came those sharp and shooting pains, the hags were thrusting in their bodkins, and their laugh rung in his ears. They sat upon his breast in that perturbed sleep, from which he awoke gasping, and, as he started up, he saw them melting into air. Yet more miserable was the melancholy wretch whom the fiends were commissioned bodily to possess. With whose breathing frame an infernal substance was incorporate and almost identified; whose thoughts were sufferings, and his words involuntary blasphemies: or the father, who saw the work of hell doing upon his offspring, and resolved their ailments, or their death, into a mystery and a curse. Can we

wonder, that all this was not borne passively; that its authors were hunted out, even if needful, by the aid of their own damning charms; that suspicion grew into conviction, and conviction demanded vengeance; that it was deemed a duty to hold them up to public hatred, and drag them to the bar of public justice; that the blood was eagerly thirsted after, whose shedding was often believed to be not merely a righteous retribution, but the only efficient relief to the sufferers; that, in short, superstition should add to the evils of apprehension and suffering those which must be experienced by both the actors and objects in a vigorous and relentless persecution?

The latter were, indeed, the class most to be pitied. In some few cases, perhaps, (but the records of the trials especially indicate that they must have been comparatively very few), the accused were actuated by a malice as venomous, though not so powerful as was laid to their charge, and would readily have done their part, if the devil would have done his. Nor is it strange, that some, even of a naturally inoffensive disposition, should have been driven to such desperation by the treatment to which they were exposed. They were generally the most aged, feeble and helpless creatures, the most dependent on the sympathy of others, who were the objects of this ferocious hatred. There was no humanity for them; for they were thought to have abjured humanity, to have deserted to the standard of the immortal enemy of man. Almost unimaginable crimes, deeds the most foul and loathsome, were supposed to be their regular, daily, or rather nightly occupation. They held unnatural commerce with infernal beings in monstrous forms. Every evil that befell the neighbourhood was laid at their door, and taken in evidence of the more hateful transactions in which they were believed secretly to participate. Frequently they were cruelly treated, from the notion, that wounding them would disenchant their supposed victims. The children fled from their presence, or followed them with hootings, execrations, and peltings. Many would not deal with them, nor sell them even the necessaries of life. Pretenders to possession, whether denouncing them in malice or in wantonness, were sure to gain implicit credence. In the trial by swimming, and other barbarous experiments, numbers were murdered. Others were bewildered, by being kept without food and in perpetual motion, or in a most painful position, and their incoherent expressions were gravely repeated in courts of justice, believed by judges and juries, and the hangman did his office. If they had children, they became the inheritors of a tainted name. Their descent was ground for suspicion, and sometimes admitted as legal evidence against them. Again was the tragical farce re-acted, with such variations as superstition is ever liable to.

Popular hatred rendered the existence of a reputed witch so miserable, that they even courted death in despair. A striking case of this sort is mentioned in *Satan's Invisible World discovered,* by Sinclair. Several witches were arraigned at Lander in 1649, and all condemned to the stake, except one. Before the time of execution, this woman sent for the minister and other witnesses, and made the usual confession of a covenant with the devil. Its sincerity was suspected, and she was strenuously urged to revoke it, but she persisted, and was sentenced to suffer with the rest. Being carried forth to the place of execution, she remained silent during the first, second, and third prayer, and then perceiving that there remained no more, but to rise and go to the stake, she lifted up her body, and, with a loud voice, cried out:

"Now all you that see me this day, know, that I am now to die a witch by my own confession, and I free all men, especially the ministers and magistrates, of the guilt of my blood. I take it wholly upon myself, my blood be upon my own head. And as I must make answer to the God of heaven presently, I declare I am as free of witchcraft as any child: but being delated by a malicious woman, and put in prison under the name of a witch, disowned by my husband and friends, and seeing no ground of hope of my coming out of prison, or ever coming in credit again, through the temptation of the devil, I made up that confession, on purpose to destroy my own life, being weary of it, and chusing rather to die than live."

She was then executed, amid the tears of the spectators.

A variety of circumstances deserve notice, from either serving as symptoms, or having operated as causes, of the peculiar abundance of these notions in England, during the seventeenth century. Alchymy, astrology, &c. have always had their believers and votaries; but, besides that they never excited the horror, nor occasioned the misery, which flowed from the supposed prevalence of witchcraft, they have not been affected by causes similar to those which made the latter for a time so formidable, and which were also of such a nature as to render it formidable only for a time. They have all their foundation in human nature; they appeal to the love of power, of pleasure, of knowledge, of wealth, of vengeance; they all give way, if not to the moral philosophy which teaches to regulate these passions, at least to the progress of natural philosophy, which shews them to be ineffective means for the proposed end. Their appearances are, therefore, more uniform, their course more steady, their grasp of the human mind more firm, their reception and advance, and their exposure and abandonment more gradual, than in the case before us.

The statute of the first James has been already indicated as

one cause of the offences which it denounced. At first, this tendency was increased by the manner in which it was administered. The different clauses were taken disjunctively, and it was held sufficient, if any one of the offences specified were made out to the satisfaction of the jury. Afterwards, the judges adopted a much more humane interpretation, and usually decided, that they should be taken collectively, and consequently that there could be no conviction for witchcraft, but in cases of alleged murder. They listened to the voice of humanity, pleading in the language of Bassanio:

> " It must appear
> That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
> Wrest once the law to your authority;
> To do a great right, do a little wrong,
> And curb this cruel devil of his will."

Many causes were sent out, or kept out of court by the mercy of this legal discovery, which was probably owing to the extent to which they had multiplied, and the facility with which jurymen convicted. One of the latest convictions was that of Amy Duny and Rose Cullender before Sir Matthew Hale, at Bury, in 1664. They were executed, and died maintaining their innocence. Their execution is a foul blot upon his name, and fully justifies the remark, that " his piety and theological reading seemed only to have the effect of rendering him credulous and unrelenting." There can be little doubt of their having been the victims of imposture. Such was the opinion, publicly declared in court during the trial, of Serjeant Keeling, Lord Cornwallis, and Sir Edmund Bacon, who made some experiments, at the judge's request, on the children who pretended to be bewitched, and found that, when their eyes were covered, they played off their fits, &c. at the touch of some other person, whom they mistook for one of the accused. He charged the jury without summing the evidence, dwelling only upon the certainty of the fact, that there were witches, for which he appealed to the Scriptures, and, as he said, to " the wisdom of all nations," and the jury having convicted, he, next morning, left them for execution.

Perhaps this trial is the only place in which we ever met with the name of Sir Thomas Brown, without pleasurable associations; yet we cannot leave it without extracting his evidence:

" There was also Dr. Brown, of Norwich, a person of great knowledge; who, after this evidence given, and upon view of the three persons in court, was desired to give his opinion, what he did conceive of them; and he was clearly of opinion, that the persons

were bewitched; and said, That in *Denmark* there had been lately a great discovery of witches, who used the very same way of afflicting persons, by conveying pins into them, and crooked, as these pins were, with needles and nails. And his opinion was, That the devil, in such cases, did work upon the bodies of men and women, upon a natural foundation, (that is) to stir up and excite such humours superabounding in their bodies to a great excess, whereby he did, in an extraordinary manner, afflict them with such distempers as their bodies were most subject to, as particularly appeared in these children; for he conceived, that these swouning fits were natural, and nothing else but that they call the mother, but only heightened to a great excess by the subtilty of the devil co-operating with the malice of these which we term witches, at whose instance he doth these villanies."

For Sir Thomas Brown's speculations on the subject of witchcraft and diabolical delusions, we must content ourselves with referring our readers to *Vulgar Errors*, Book i. c. x. xi.; B. v. c. xxii. § 19. and B. vii. c. xii.

Very different was the conduct of Chief Justice Holt, nor are the obligations of humanity less than those of freedom to his firm, enlightened, and upright mind. Whatever truth there may be in the well-known story of his having, in a juvenile frolic, given a charm for the ague, in payment for a tavern bill which he had not the regular means of discharging, and which was afterwards produced before him in evidence against his landlady, who had been practising with it; certain it is, that his elevation was the signal for a more humane and rational procedure; eleven were tried before him, and all acquitted, notwithstanding the customary depositions were made about vomiting pins, needles, &c. devils' marks, and sucking imps. So changed were the times, that even confession failed to produce conviction, and the absurdities of a disordered imagination sunk to their real worth. His successor, Parker, put a stop to the trial by water, by his declaration, at the Essex summer assizes in 1712, that, if it occasioned the death of the suspected witch, on whom the experiment was made, all the parties concerned were guilty of wilful murder.

It seems as if the rack were occasionally employed, though we gather this from the language of the disputants, and not from any clear record of the fact, at least during the period more particularly in view, which has fallen in our way. Master Perkins, that "chosen instrument of preaching God's word," contended, that the magistrate might lawfully use it upon strong and great presumptions, and when the party was obstinate; to which Sir Robert Filmer, who was much more learned in the law, in his excellent *Advertisement to Jurymen*, replies, somewhat doubtfully, thus:

"Here it may be noted, that it is not lawful for any person, but

the judge only, to allow torture: suspicious neighbours may not, of their own heads, use either threats, terrors, or tortures. I know not any one of those presumptions before-cited, to be sufficient to warrant a magistrate to use torture; or whether, when the party constantly denies the fact, it must be counted obstinacy. In case of treason, sometimes, when the main fact hath been either confessed, or by some infallible proofs manifested, the magistrate, for a farther discovery of some circumstance of the time, the place, and the persons, or the like, have made use of the rack: and yet that kind of torture had not been of antient use in this kingdom; for if my memory fail not, I have read, that the rack hath been called *the Duke of Exeter's daughter, and was first used about Henry the Sixth's days.*"

King James couples the necessity of using the rack with other symptoms of guilt, in his reply to the objection, that witchcraft was only the fancy of a melancholy mind. He denies the fact, that witches were generally melancholick:

"Whereas by the contrary, a great number of them that ever have been convict or confessours of witchcraft, as may be presently seene by many that have at this time confessed, are some of them rich and worldly wise, some of them fat and corpulent in their bodies, and most part of them altogether given over to the pleasures of the flesh, continual haunting of companie, and all kinde of merrinesse, both lawful and unlawful, which are things directly contrary to the symptomes of melancholly, whereof I spake; and further experience *daily proves how loth they are to confesse without torture, which witnesseth their guiltinesse.*"

It is probably Scotch experience, and not English, to which he here appeals.

The rules of evidence commonly acted upon must have rendered torture, one would suppose, very unnecessary, and conviction sufficiently easy without confession. It is laid down in *Dalton's Country Justice,* that

"Spectral evidence, i. e. the afflicted parties thinking they see the persons that torment them, may be given in evidence—that insensible parts and teats are signs of witchcraft—that the devil's mark may be like a flea-bite—that imps may be kept in pots, or other vessels; and that the pots and places where they are kept stink detestably; and that therefore such stinking places in their houses are signs that they have imps."

One of the most infamous perversions of evidence occurred in the trial of the witches of Warbois, before Mr. Justice Fenner, at Huntington, in 1593. An old man, his wife, and daughter, were accused of bewitching the five children of a Mr. Throgmorton, several servants, the lady of Sir Samuel

Cromwell, and other persons. A confession was obtained indirectly, from the old woman, who was about fourscore years old, by persuading her to repeat a charm, in a form prescribed to her, on which the children, who were the principal witnesses, immediately came out of the fits, which, as they pretended, were occasioned by her arts. To obtain similar proof, such as it was, against the old man, the judge told him on his trial, "that if he would not speak the words of the charm, the court would hold him guilty of the crimes he was accused of." After some browbeating, he did repeat it, when the child's fit ceased, and the judge exclaimed: "You see all, she is now well, but not by the music of David's harp;" and the poor fellow was condemned, as was his daughter upon similar evidence. Some bystanders urged the latter to plead pregnancy as a means of saving her life, or, at least, of deferring her fate. She indignantly replied, "that she never would; for it should never be said, that she was both a witch and a whore." They were all executed, and their goods, which were of the value of forty pounds, being escheated to Sir S. Cromwell, as lord of the manor, he gave the amount to the mayor and aldermen of Huntingdon, for a rent-charge of forty shillings yearly, to be paid out of their town lands for an annual lecture upon the subject of witchcraft, to be preached at their town every Lady-day by a Doctor or Bachelor of Divinity, of Queen's College, Cambridge.

These perversions of evidence wrought their own cure, and thus assisted to disabuse the public mind. As their absurdity and injustice were displayed, it followed either that, if they were retained, the decisions of courts of justice would cease to be respected; or, if they were abandoned, that convictions would no longer be obtained; and, either way, one most impressive testimony to the fact of witchery was withdrawn. Even the statute of James was, at length, made to afford some protection for the poor creatures who were accused under it; for their accusers could seldom detect them without some means, which were a kind of charm, and for which they were themselves threatened with the penalties of the act.

A very large proportion of those who were condemned made ample confessions, either before or after sentence, and there is in these confessions a very striking similarity, particularly as to the ceremonies observed in making the fatal compact, which we have already given from Gaule. Their model seems to have been that of Agnes Sympson, the wise wife of Keith, made before James, in 1597, (see *Glanvil*, p. 399,) and from which we borrowed both the terms employed in the statute, and the description in his *Demonology*. Devoutly believing in all this nonsense, and talking, hearing, and dreaming of it all

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their lives, they would naturally adopt it in the imbecility of age, overpowered by the confident asseverations of others, terrified by the paraphernalia of justice, or tormented even to insanity by examiners and witch-finders. This consent was very imposing and staggered many, and convinced more, till the means by which it was obtained were exposed. The impression was also much weakened by the fact, that many who had confessed in a moment of terror or exhaustion, afterwards recanted, and died asserting their innocence; and that many confessed too much, accusing themselves of killing persons who were yet living and in good health.

Of course the profession of witch-finding made abundance of witches, as that of a spy multiplies traitors. One Matthew Hopkins is famous for his exploits in this capacity. In 1644 and the two following years he brought many scores to the gallows, and was highly valued and recompensed for his services. He took the style and title of witch-finder-general, and has recorded, in his pamphlet, the origin of his great skill in this department. He thus answers the inquiry—where his experience was gained, and why gained by him, and not by others?

"The discoverer never travelled far for it, but in *March*, 1644, he had some seven or eight of that horrible sect of witches, living in the town where he lived, a town in *Essex*, called *Maningtree*, with divers other adjacent witches of other towns, who every six weeks, in the night, (being always on the Friday night) had their meeting close by his house, and had their severall solemn sacrifices there offered to the *Devill*, one of which this discoverer heard speaking to her *Imps* one night, and bid them goe to another witch, who was thereupon apprehended, and searched by women, who had for many years known the devill's marks, and found to have three teats about her, which honest women have not; so upon command from the *Justice* they were to *keep from sleep two or three nights*, expecting in that time to see her *familiars*, which, the *fourth* night, she called in by their severall names, and told them what shapes, a quarter of an houre before they came in, there being ten of us in the roome. The first she called was 1. *Holt*, who came in like a white kitling. 2. *Jarmara*, who came in like a fat spaniel, without any legs at all; she said she kept him fat, for she clapped her hand on her belly, and said he suckt good blood from her body. 3. *Vinegar Tom*, who was like a long-legged greyhound, with an head like an oxe, with a long tail and broad eyes, who, when this discoverer spoke to, and bade him goe to the place provided for him and his angells, immediately transformed himself into the shape of a child of foure yeares old, without a head, and gave half a dozen turnes about the house, and vanished at the doore. 4. *Sack and Sugar*, like a black rabbet. 5. *Newes*, like a polcat. All these vanished away in a little time. Immediately after, this witch confessed severall other witches, from whom she had her *Imps*, and named to divers women where their marks were, the number of their *Marks* and *Imps*, and *Imps'*

names, as *Elemauzer, Pyewacket, Peckin the Crown, Grizzel, Greedigut, &c.* which no mortal could invent; and upon their searches, the same marks were found, the same number, and in the same place, and the like confessions from them from the same Imps, (though they knew not that we were told before), and so peached one another thereabouts that joyned together in the like damnable practice, that in our Hundred in *Essex*, twenty-nine were condemned at once, four brought twenty-five miles to be hanged, where this discoverer lives, for sending the devill, like a beare, to kill him in his garden; so by seeing diverse of the men's papps, and trying ways with hundreds of them, he gained this experience, and, for aught he knowes, any man else may find them, as well as he and his company, if they had the same skill and experience.

" The Divell's policy is great, in persuading many to come of their own accord to be tryed, perswading them their marks are so close they shall not be found out, so as diverse have come ten or twelve miles to be searched, of their own accord, and hanged for their labour."

This delectable book is ornamented with a curious frontispiece, in which, under the effigies of Hopkins himself, are portraits of the several imps described in the above extract. He spoiled the trade at last, and not only by his cruelties brought a scandal upon it which it never recovered, but got himself into some peril. Hutchinson says, that he " went on searching and swimming the poor creatures, till some gentlemen, out of indignation at the barbarity, took him and tied his own thumbs and toes, as he used to tie others, and when he was put into the water, he himself swam as they did. This cleared the country of him." Butler has alluded to this catastrophe:

Hath not this present parliament
A ledger to the devil sent,
Fully empowered to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hanged three-score of them in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd:
And some for sitting above ground
Whole nights and days upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hanged for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey chicks,
Or pigs that suddenly deceased
Of griefs unnatural, as he guessed,
Who after proved himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.

HUDIBRAS, *p.* ii. *canto* 3.

Although witchcraft was scarcely, if at all, known here, till after the Church of England had renounced its spiritual allegiance to the see of Rome, popery must still occupy a prominent place among the predisposing causes of its prevalence. However complete the change in the opinions, feelings, and habits of the people, and ultimately they have certainly been made sufficiently protestant, it was of very gradual accomplishment. The Reformation was not their work, nor their wish. They suffered the change. There were ample remains of the ancient superstition, in the time of James, to influence the public opinion on a subject on which it was very practicable to be in accordance with, yet not profess, but even hate or persecute, popery itself. It was a religion of spells and charms. Their virtue was ascribed to holy influences, but they impressed the notion of magical power on men's minds, and inclined them readily to believe in diabolical charms. Sometimes, indeed, before the outcry was raised against witchcraft, there was a strange union of the celestial and the infernal, as in the waistcoat of proof, which true children of the church did not scruple to wear, and which was thus fabricated:

"On Christmas daie at night, a threed must be sponne of flax, by a little virgine girl, in the name of the divell; and it must be by her woven, and also wrought with the needle. In the brest or forepart thereof must be made with needle-work two heads; on the head of the right side must be a hat, and a long beard; the left head must have on a crowne, and it must be so horrible, that it maie resemble Belzebub, and on each side of the wastcote must be made a crosse."

This valuable defence was superseded by the Agnus Dei, a little cake, with a lamb carrying a flag on one side, and Christ's head on the other, and hollow so as to enclose a small manuscript of the Gospel of St. John. Pope Urban V. thus describes its composition and virtues:

> Balsamus et munda cera cum chrismalis unda
> Conficiunt agnum, quod munus do tibi magnum,
> Fonte velut natum, per mystica sanctificatum;
> Fulgura desursum depellit et omne malignum,
> Peccatum frangit, ut Christi sanguis et angit,
> Prægnans servatur, simul et partus liberatur,
> Dona refert dignis, virtutem distruit ignis,
> Portatus munde, de fluctibus eripit undæ.

The name of St. Martin was a charm against heretics: "Adque nomen Martini omnis hæriticus fugiat pallidus." But, says Scott, the Papists have a harder charm than that; to wit,

fire and faggot. The great charm of charms was that of the holy cross:

Nulla salus est in domo,
Nisi cruce munit homo
Super liminaria.
Neque sentit gladium,
Nec amisit filium,
Quisquis egit talia.

Ista suos fortiores
Semper facit et victores,
Morbos sanat et languores,
Reprimit dæmonia;
Dat captivis libertatem,
Vitæ confert novitatem,
Ad antiquam dignitatem,
Crux reducit omnia.

O Crux, lignum triumphale,
Mundi vera salus, vale,
Inter ligna, nullum tale,
Fronde, flore, germine.
Medicina Christiana,
Salva sanos, ægros sana,
Quod non valet vis humana,
Fit in tuo nomine.

Both witch and priest occasionally made themselves a little merry in their incantations. Scott tells of an old woman famous for healing all diseases of cattle, for which her regular fee was a penny and a loaf, whose formula, to be muttered over the sick beast, was—

My loaf in my lap, my penny in my purse,
Thou art never the better, and I am never the worse.

And he gives the following anecdote as a good story:

"So it was, that a certaine Sir John, with some of his companie, once went abroad a jetting, and in a moone light evening robbed a miller's weire, and stole all his eeles. The poore miller made his mone to Sir John himselfe, who willed him to be quiet; for he would so cursse the theefe, and all his confederates, with belle, booke, and candell, that they should have small joy of their fish. And therefore the next Sundaie Sir John got him to the pulpit, with his surplisse on his

backe, and his stole about his necke, and pronounced these words following in the audience of the people.—

All you that have stolne the miller's eeles,
Laudate Dominum de cœlis,
And all they that have consented thereto,
Benedicamus Domino.

"'Lo,' saith he, 'there is sauce for your eeles, my maisters.'"

St. Adelbert's curse against thieves, however, is no joke. It is much too awful to quote in our pages, and strong must have been the robber's nerves whom it did not terrify. Forms of prayer were in common use for exorcising possessed persons and haunted houses. That for the latter is in *Bourne's Popular Antiquities*. The Catholic part of the population, or those whose opinions, though nominally Protestant, were tainted with its conjurations, would meet the absurdest tales of witchery half way. And many of the former class would gain the reputation of witches themselves, amongst those who had been differently educated, merely by practising the gesticulations and mumbling the invocations of the religion of their infancy. "The churchmen of Queen Mary's days," said an old woman who remembered them, "had more cunning, and could teach people many a trick that our ministers now-a-days know not."

A belief in witchery had affinity with the new light, as well as with the old leaven. It was easily grafted on the fanaticism of the sectaries of the seventeenth century. The devil was very prominent in their theology, and they were exceedingly familiar with him in their experiences. He frequently appeared, and still more frequently spoke to them. Their own senses certified the practicability of becoming intimately acquainted with him, and they could not doubt that many were wicked enough to seize such opportunities. They dealt largely in supernaturals. Baxter certifies many extraordinary cures by the prayers of his Kidderminster friends. Possessions and apparitions were very common amongst them. They were a congenial soil for this Upas tree, and it flourished amongst them mightily.

The Odium Theologicum had its share in keeping up this species of superstition. The infamy of witchcraft was a proper thing to fasten on an adversary. There were various ways too, in which, directly or incidentally, the operations connected with it might serve the cause of a party. The Catholics identified witchcraft and heresy. They affirmed that it was owing to the rise of Calvinism and Lutheranism that this nefarious intercourse with the enemy of souls was become so much more frequent than it ever had been. Witchcraft was made evidence of heresy,

and heresy of witchcraft. Luther was reported to have signed the infernal compact with his blood. The devil enabled the Waldenses to walk on the water, till a priest, grieved that such a counterfeit miracle should pass, brought the consecrated wafer to dissolve the enchantment, but in vain; till, enraged at the failure, he threw it into the river, and as soon as that swam, the Waldenses sunk. In More's supplement to *Glanvil's Relations*, is a tale of a man at Balsham, near Cambridge, who was bewitched away from his parish church by the Quakers, or, when he attended it, rendered unable either to sing or say as he ought. A female Quaker appears to have been the agent; she promised signs for his conversion, and he became possessed with a spirit, which used his organs of speech, against his will, in praise of Quakerism, and compelled him to go, and take his family, all naked, and search after the New Jerusalem. He was dispossessed by the clergyman who himself drew up the account. The nonconformists were not behind. Cotton Mather tried one of the New England possessed, with "the Bible, the Assembly's Catechism, his Grandfather's Milk for Babes, his Father's remarkable Providence, and a book to prove that there were witches;" and when any of these were offered for her to read in, she would be struck dead and fall into hideous convulsions. These good books, he says, were mortal to her. To make the case more manifest both ways, he tried her with other books, as Quakers' books, Popish books, the Cambridge and Oxford Jests, a Prayer-book, a book written to prove that there were no witches; and the devil would let her read these as long as she would, and particularly she treated the Prayer-book with great respect. One of Baxter's tales is of "an old *reading* Parson, named Lewis, not far from Framlingham, that was hanged; who confessed that he had two imps, and that one of them was always putting him on doing mischief; and he being near the sea, as he saw a ship under sail, it moved him to send him to sink the ship, and he consented, and saw the ship sink before him." That this clergyman was four-score years old; that his confession was obtained after being swam, and made to walk almost incessantly for several days and nights, by Hopkins and his gang; and that when out of their clutches, and on his trial, he steadily denied the charges against him; are circumstances which the impartial historian would have recorded, while only the partizan would have thought his not preaching extempore, but being 'an old *reading* Parson,' worth marking by the 'archness of italics!'"

The clergy and the witches were like hostile armies, and the possessed were the prize for which they fought; the former ejecting the devils from their human abodes, as fast as the latter sent them in. The witches had much the worst of it, as the

demons who were employed by them generally, either voluntarily or by compulsion, impeached their mistresses, and found ready, and too often fatal, credence. All parties wished for a monopoly of the glory of delivering mankind from these intruders. The church of England fenced it with a canon. The Catholic priest relied on the high prerogatives of his church and the virtue of his adjurations. The gifted fanatics claimed it by superior holiness and zeal, the purity of their doctrine, and the length and fervency of their devotions. Still the contest implied the existence of the evil for which each boasted of his own infallible remedy. And the consent on this point was indeed extraordinary, as the reader may see in Baxter's book, where authorities of all classes are cited from Jesuits and Inquisitors, down to Emlyn the Arian, who is referred to for an "odd passage," which is:

"A godly minister, yet living, sitting by to see one of the girls (on whose evidence Rose Cullender and Amy Duny were convicted and executed) in her fits, suddenly felt a force pull one of the hooks from his breeches; and while he looked with wonder what was become of it, the tormented girl vomited it up out of her mouth."

As the stock of superstition in England was continually diminishing by the operation of native good sense, the growing rationality of Theology, and a sounder mode of philosophizing, it was kept up from time to time by importations. The disease might have subsided much sooner, had not the public mind been inoculated with the pestilent matter of exotic insanity. The tales of *Sprengen* and *Institen*, in the *Malleus Maleficarum*, of Bodinus, and of Remigius, were anglicised and read with avidity. The examinations which were had in Scotland were the immediate cause of the statute of James, and of his *Demonology*. The discovery of the witchcrafts of Mohra, in Sweden, produced considerable effect. At that village, the whole population of which is spoken of as only about three thousand souls, there were condemned at once, in 1670, eighty-five persons, fifteen of which were children; and most, if not all of them, were executed. Six and thirty children, between nine and sixteen years of age, were condemned to run the gauntlet, and to be whipped once a week for a year; and twenty younger children were beaten with rods on the hands for three following Sundays at the church door. Three hundred children were implicated, most of whom confessed that they had, either willingly or by force, accompanied the witches to their weekly meeting with the devil. Their statements were confirmed by those of the witches who confessed, and who alleged that the devil compelled them to bring as many children as could be procured, with them for his service. The part which children have acted

is rather a curious article in the history of witchcraft. Many of the most miraculous facts have, in different trials, both in this and other countries, rested chiefly, or solely, on their testimony. The unmeaning repetition of what they heard, the mistaking of dreams and reveries for realities, the unnatural excitement of their imaginations by what was passing around them, and the desire of sustaining and increasing the importance into which they found themselves elevated, may afford some explanation of this circumstance, independently of the gross falsehoods which fear or bribes made them utter in cases of absolute imposture.

The transactions in New England, about the close of the seventeenth century, were rather too late to have much effect here, though garbled accounts of them served to fill up the volumes of the advocates of a declining folly. They continued about sixteen months, during which time, at Boston and Andover, nineteen were hanged, all protesting their innocence. One was pressed to death for refusing to plead; above fifty had confessed; one hundred and fifty were in prison; and about two hundred more were accused. A dog suffered in this persecution. Those on whom he looked, fell into fits. By what forms he was condemned, and whether he was put to death as wizard or devil, is not mentioned. The sudden stay of these proceedings was occasioned by the increasing boldness of the accusers, who began with a slave, but at length involved many of the most reputable colonists in the charge, and it was feared that the devil was waging a successful war upon the Lord's people, under false colours. The trials therefore ceased, the prisons were thrown open, the possessed became quiet, and the spirits sent by the Pow-wows (who, as Mather thought, had occasioned the mischief) returned to their Indian allies.

The human body is not more liable to contagion than the imagination, nor are the results much more rapid or pernicious. The arrival of reams of horrid tales was as much to be deprecated by our ancestors, as that of bales of infected wares; and could they have been put into quarantine till the noxious falsehoods had evaporated, till the fever had subsided, and the delusion or trick had been exposed, (and for this, in many cases, no very long delay would have sufficed,) the procedure would have been a salutary one. But the mischief was done before the antidote arrived. Truth followed superstition bravely in the chace from country to country, but still arrived too late to prevent her atrocities, and had only the slower task left of mitigating and gradually healing the wounds she had inflicted.

Although ignorance and superstition did occasionally originate a tale of witchcraft, as when a physician knew not what to make of his patient's disease, or how to cure it, and salved his own credit by attributing it to the nearest suspicious old

woman; or when the anger of any such poor creature was followed by some accident or illness to its objects; yet generally their office was only to give ready faith and rapid currency to the inventions of malice and the frauds of rank imposture. They were invited guests at these feasts on human sacrifices, and oft-times discharged the functions of butcher and priest; but they did not cater for the table or altar, nor provide the victims. In the most celebrated cases of witchcraft, almost without exception, trickery, gross trickery, either was very soon detected, or has left very obvious traces of its agency. The fraud was not on the part of the persons accused of witchcraft; their destruction was its object in many cases, and generally was its result. Nobody pretended to be a witch; the character was too odious, even had not its assumption been so dangerous. The acknowledgment of it so frequently made was a confession, not a pretension; it was the plea of *guilty* to an imputed crime, and not the claim of a privileged and gainful profession. White-witchery, wise-womanhood, astrology, and some species of conjuration, were indeed professed, and that not only in many cases with impunity, but often with a considerable degree of honour and profit. These and similar arts were alleged to be the result of abstruse science, and even superior holiness, and not purchased by unhallowed compact with the evil one. Their professors lived in credit, and died in their beds. Sometimes they helped others to die out of them; they were consulted for the detection of witches, whom they readily pointed out; and their divine science was demonstrated by predictions of finding waxen images and other nefarious articles in the houses of the accused, which predictions were very punctually fulfilled, especially if they themselves assisted in the secret. The circumstances recorded in many trials, which yet terminated fatally, are such as to leave little doubt of this fabrication of evidence. Besides the gratification of personal malice, and perhaps sometimes a profitable ministering to that of others, the members of this class had an obvious interest in keeping up the belief of a more odious class, on which that pitiless storm might beat, which would else have burst upon their own heads. The shelter was convenient; it was necessary. Their turn would have come next, had no black witches been forthcoming; the writers in favour of the reality of that art suspected them, and those on the other side denounced them as the parties who were really obnoxious to the laws, of Moses at least, if not of England; and to be so was not a little perilous during the despotism of the gifted brethren. The general attention and sympathy directed towards those who were supposed to suffer by witchcraft, was alone sufficient to ensure a succession of impostors, and that secured a succession of victims. Many an idle boy was

raised into notice by a few tricks and contortions, and exchanged school or work, with hard fare, for the well-spread tables of his willing dupes, and the receipt of public collections and private donations. If the demoniacs themselves did not accuse a witch as the author of their calamity, the exorcists did it for them. This happened but rarely. In one instance, the prayers and fastings of several ministers having failed to expel the devil, they were so enraged as to charge the demoniac and his whole family with witchcraft, and to have them searched for invisible marks. This was a young man who had sold himself to the devil, that he might be the best dancer in Lancashire. The purchaser took immediate possession, but was loudly reproached by the ministers with having failed to fulfil his part of the contract. They compared the exhibition which their patient made of his ill-acquired skill to the hoppings of a frog, the bouncings of a goat, the friskings of a dog, or the gesticulations of a monkey. They said that he twirled like a calf that had the turn, and twitched up his houghs just like a spring-halt tit. It may be doubted whether their authority is sufficient warrant for the justice of these reproaches, especially as it is on record that the famous *la volta*, which is in fact the modern waltz, was carried from Italy, its native country, into France by the witches; and it must therefore have been a favourite with the president of their festive meetings, if not of his invention. However, they were foiled; the sufferer called out for Popish priests to dispossess him, and the ministers declared "that the devil had more mind to let them have the credit of casting him out, because his ends would be better served by Popery than by them." He was not the only one whose ends were served by such mummeries. When we find some devils yielding only to good Catholics, others only to regular episcopal clergymen, others working at prayer books, but severely tormented at, and ultimately flying before the extemporaneous effusions of fanatics, we ascertain the prompter as well as the actor. Not that this collusion was formally made and ratified, signed, sealed, and delivered, being first duly stamped; but there were many ways in which exorcist and demoniac could understand each other, and it was not uncommon for the former to predict the particular manner in which the devil would shew his presence in the latter. A variety of tricks of this kind are preserved in the "*Discovery of the fraudulent practices of John Darrel*," which was written by Dr. Harsnett, afterwards Archbishop of York, and is a very acute and sensible book, with a fine vein of irony. Darrel was designed for the law, but after about a year's preparation for it, Providence gave him a vocation for the gospel, by "laying (as he says) a strange and extraordinary sluggishness upon him." He was one of the first Puritans who entered the lists as an ex-

orcist against the church of Rome. The papal maxim was *Nemo unquam hereticorum miraculum edidit*;—i. e. according to Dr. Harsnett's commentary—

"None but the Pope and his schollers can cogge a miracle kindlie, and he and his priests can dispatch a miracle as easily as a squirrel can cracke a nutte: a miracle in the bread, a miracle in the wine, a miracle in holy water, a miracle in holy oyle, a miracle in our ladie's milke, a miracle in the asse's tayle, a miracle in lampes, candles, beades, breeches, ragges, bones, stones, omnia stultorum, et miraculorum plena, nothing done in his religion without a miracle and a vice."

He was scandalized that Darrell should play "his publike prize in this juggling science, casting out more devils by prayer and fasting after a good dinner, perhaps at after-noone, than we reade that ever any of the apostles at so full a season did;" and so he resolved to give the public "a taste of devill-drivers' legerdemaine," inviting all to "open the curtaine and see the puppettes play." Darrell gained great renown by curing several who pretended to be bewitched or possessed, and who afterwards confessed their imposture. Without any direct confederacy, they took the hint from him of what tricks they were to play, and the game went on for a time well for all parties. One of his patients, a boy, accused thirteen, who were committed to prison. This boy's sister made the same blunder as the New England demoniacs, and having impeached a woman, who though poor and old, was sister to one of the aldermen of the town (Nottingham), an investigation ensued, and the parties were disgraced. The cases in which fraud was detected at length became so numerous, that the collection and display of them were a powerful weapon in the hands of those who wrote against witchcraft.

As an indication of the agency of an improving acquaintance with natural philosophy in checking this murderous superstition, Hutchinson remarks that there were but two executions for witchcraft in England after the Royal Society commenced publishing their *Transactions,* and one of these was in the year after their first publication.

The Holy Scriptures were continually appealed to by both parties. The witch-mongers insisted strenuously on the feats of the Egyptian Magi in their contest with Moses, on the Jewish laws, on the raising of Samuel by the witch of Endor, and on the demoniacs of the New Testament. Dr. H. More (*Letter to Glanvil*) compares the sceptical wits to a friend, who

"When he was a school-boy, in the lowest form of a country grammar school, could not believe scarce that there were any such men as Cato and Æsop, Ovid, Virgil, Tully, much less that they wrote

any such books; but that it was a trick of our parents to keep us up so many hours of the day together, and hinder us from enjoying our innocent pastime in the open air, and the pleasure of planting little gardens of flowers, and hunting of butterflies and humble-bees."

In reply, it was ably contended, that the notion of a compact was not to be found in or fairly inferred from the Scriptures; that the Egyptians did not produce real, but only seeming transformations; that the various terms employed in the Mosaic law designated characters very unlike the modern witch, and referred to the incantations and jugglings of idolatrous priests; that the witch of Endor imposed upon Saul, and either that Samuel was not raised at all, or by a higher power, to her confusion; and that whatever was the nature of the possessions described in the Gospels, there was not the remotest hint of their having been produced by witchery. Scott is very ample and satisfactory on the provisions of the Mosaic code. He makes every Hebrew term connected with the subject the text of a dissertation on the species of pretended magic which it describes, illustrating each with a profusion of learning, and demonstrating its dissimilarity to the imaginary crime which, in his own days, occasioned so much horror. His work was a well-stored armoury, from which subsequent combatants furnished themselves with weapons of proof. We should not have quitted our subject without attempting an analysis of it, had not our remarks already been too much extended. Sir Robert Filmer has also argued very forcibly the wide difference between the Hebrew and the English witch. The same course of reasoning on the Scriptures is pursued, and with much ability, by Ady, Webster, and Wagstaffe. The "*Doctrine of Devils,*" a violent, outrageous, ill-written, and fanatical work, is remarkable for its advocating the principle, since adopted by the ablest theologians, that only the Deity can work a miracle; and the notion of the learned Jos. Mede and others, that the possessions mentioned in the New Testament were only natural disorders, as lunacy, epilepsy, &c. Notwithstanding this philosophical refinement on the theology of the day, this book is characterized by a worse spirit, by more of intolerance and railing, than any work on the same side of the question; nor is it surpassed, if equalled, in these bad qualities, by those of any of the pleaders for the reality of witchcraft, and the propriety of the sanguinary proceedings adopted against it. Generally, they are animated by a fine spirit of humanity. They write like men attempting to stop the current of a flood of blood, flowing from kindred veins.

"I cannot think (says Wagstaffe, in the conclusion of his *Question of Witchcraft Debated)* without trembling and horror on the

vast numbers of people that, in several ages and several countries, have been sacrificed unto this idol, opinion. Thousands, ten thousands, are upon record to have been slain, and many of them not with simple deaths, but horrid, exquisite tortures. And yet how many are there more, who have undergone the same fate, of whom we have no memorial extant. Since, therefore, the opinion of witchcraft is a mere stranger unto Scripture, and wholly alien from true religion; since it is ridiculous, by asserting fables and impossibilities; since it appears, when duly considered, to be all bloody, and full of dangerous consequence unto the lives and safety of men; I hope that with this my discourse opposing an absurd and pernicious error, I have not at all disobliged any sober unbiassed person; especially if he be of such ingenuity as to have freed himself from a slavish subjection unto those prejudicial opinions, which custom and education do with too much tyranny impose."

In the same noble tone of a benevolent philosophy, he says:

"If the doctrine of witchcraft should be carried up to a height, and the Inquisition after it should be intrusted in the hands of ambitious, covetous, and malicious men, it would prove of far more fatal consequence unto the lives and safety of mankind, than that antient Heathenish custome of sacrificing men unto Idol Gods; insomuch, that we stand in need of another *Hercules liberator*, who as the former freed the world from humane sacrifice, should, in like manner, travel from country to country, and, by his all-commanding authority, free it from this evil and base custome of torturing people to confess themselves witches, and burning them after extorted confessions. Surely the blood of men ought not to be so cheap, nor so easily to be shed, by such who, under the name of God, do gratifie exorbitant passions and selfish ends; for, without question, under this side Heaven, there is nothing so sacred as the life of man, for the preservation whereof, all policies or forms of goverment, all laws and magistrates, are most especially ordained: Wherefore, I presume, that this discourse of mine, attempting to prove the vanity and impossibility of witchcraft, is so far from any deserved censure and blame, that it rather deserves commendation and praise, if I can in the least measure contribute to the saving of the lives of men."

This is no philanthropical cant. The notion of witchcraft was no innocent and romantic superstition, no scion of an elegant mythology; but altogether vulgar, repulsive, bloody, and loathsome. It was a foul ulcer on the face of humanity. Other vagaries of the human mind have been associated with lofty or with gentle feelings; they have belonged more to sportiveness than to criminality; they are the poetry interspersed on the pages of the history of opinions; they seem the dreams of sleeping reason, and not the putrescence of its

mouldering carcase; but this has no bright side, no redeeming quality whatever. It only terrified the timid, and gratified the bigot, and pampered the impostor, and destroyed the friendless. There is no taste in its fictions, no dignity in its crimes, no romance in its history. Reading its tale is like listening to the ravings of Bedlam, or visiting the plague-ward of an hospital, or the convict cells of a gaol. It is to the honour of English intellect, that so much talent was displayed for the purpose of writing it down, and not displayed in vain. Scott, and Harsnett, and Ady, and Webster, and Wagstaffe, and Hutchinson, are authors who deserve a high place in the calendar of public benefactors. Not by them alone, not by authorship alone, but as we have seen, by the co-operation of various causes, and by the cessation of some opposing influences, was the evil assuaged; yet is their share of the triumph a glorious one. Scott, more than any individual, deserves to be honoured as the *Hercules liberator*. His writings were very effective, both at their first publication and long afterwards. Antony Wood, after justly observing, that "the author was very well versed in many choice books, and that his search into them was so profound, that nothing slipped his pen that might make for his purpose," says, that "they did for a time make great impressions in the magistracy and clergy." Voetius tells us, that they were burned, but that the argumentative parts were translated into Dutch, and made not a few converts in the Low Countries, both of the learned and unlearned. Several English editions were printed. Scott lived a retired life at Smeeth, in Kent, where he was enabled to pursue his studies by the liberality of his kinsman, Sir Thomas Scott, of Scott's Hall, whom he commemorated in a poetical epitaph, with historical notes, designed for insertion in the second edition of *Hollingshed's Chronicle*, but refused by the proprietors, and published in 1740, from *Fleming's MS. Collections*. He was much addicted to husbandry, and also printed "*A Perfite Platforme of a Hoppe Garden, and Necessarie Instruction for the making and mayntenance thereof, &c.*" This little piece is said to have been very useful; and though the utility be of a different kind from that of his more celebrated work, yet are they not altogether unconnected. Generous diet has been known to restore even a self-condemned witch or wizard. Cardan tells, on the authority of his father, of one Barnard, who was condemned to the stake on his own confession; but a respite of twenty days was obtained for him to try the humane experiment of better living, and in proportion as he was well fed did he talk rationally, and he was ultimately saved. It was consistent and wise in Reginald Scott to improve the culture of hops, for strong ale is a good antidote to superstitious fancies. He thus became a double benefactor to

his country, and particularly to his lovely native county, delivering many from the perils and pains of swimming, shaving, worrying, and hanging; and pouring a richer balm into their cup of life. In this noble liquor, which this protector of persecuted old women taught to raise to a finer flavour, should every man of Kent pledge his memory.

ART. VI.—*The Life of the Honourable* Sir Dudley North, *Knt. Commissioner of the Customs, and afterwards of the Treasury, to his Majesty Charles the Second; and of the Honourable and Reverend* Dr. John North, *Master of Trinity College in Cambridge, and Greek Professor, Prebend of Westminster, and some time Clerk of the Closet to the same King Charles the Second. By the Honourable* Roger North, *Esq.*

Ea complectitur, quibus ipse interfuit.

Cic. de Leg. Lib. 1.

4*to. London,* 1744.

This pair of family portraits is by the same hand, and in the same style, as the life of Lord Keeper Guilford, of which curious and entertaining book, an account was given in one of our earlier numbers. There are here the same bold but coarse strokes of description, the same easy and familiar handling of the subject, the same lavishness of homely yet often forcible language, the same simplicity, narrowness, honesty, and prejudice, which distinguished the work to which we have alluded. But the life of Lord Guilford, though checquered by no remarkable events, was fertile of incidents, anecdote, and character. His lordship gradually rose to greatness through the different gradations of the law, had extensive connexions, mingled largely with the world, and was of considerable importance in the state. In the instances before us, the biographer had not the same ample field; for the one brother was neither more nor less than a Turkey merchant, and the other an unambitious scholar.—It can hardly be expected that such men, individually, afford any very striking materials for history; but they were both men of talent, each had his distinctive character; and were the lives of *any* such men *well* written, they could not fail to be instructive, and most commonly entertaining.—We cannot say we should propose Roger North as a model for the biographer to imitate; but he had the advantage of the strictest and most confidential intimacy with the subjects of his pen, and wrote with a very reasonable share of impartiality.

He has, too, rather a shrewd notion of the discriminative differences in the characters of men, and a broad and dashing pencil when he attempts to hit them off. His strokes are not always effective, and frequently only load his canvas; but, by dint of brandishing his brush with more zeal than skill, and by making desperate dashes in all directions, he often succeeds in completing a staring likeness: so that mostly his pictures are full of an aukward vivacity, and, though instinct with life, appear to be capable only of a cumbrous and unwieldy motion.

It is not, however, in the book before us, that these characteristics of the writer are most obvious, for it presents nothing to be compared with the rich treat to which we invited our readers in the life of Lord Guilford. This work, nevertheless, has its peculiar merits—to say nothing of the amiable spectacle which is presented to us of the youngest of four brothers remaining firmly and tenderly attached to each and all through life, and after their death, spending the last years of his retirement from the world in recording their virtues and describing their actions. Of the six sons of Dudley Lord North, the eldest succeeded to the title, and to far the greater part of no very large estate. He appears always to have kept aloof from his brethren, who were left to struggle through the world, and rise to eminence by the force of their own attainments. The second son, Francis, afterwards Lord Keeper Guilford, led the way; in him the others seem always to have found a steady, able, and affectionate friend, assistant, and adviser. For these reasons, and perhaps from the superiority of his talents, he is always styled through these memoirs their *best* brother. The third son, Dudley, sought his fortunes abroad as a merchant. The fourth son went to Cambridge, and rose in the Church. The fifth son, Montagu, was also a Levant merchant, and in partnership with Dudley, and died abroad. The sixth and last was Roger, who succeeded in the law, was the faithful friend and companion of his brothers, and wrote the lives of them all. We have said *all*, for Montagu North appears to have had little to distinguish him, and though no separate memoir is written concerning him, that little is mentioned in different parts of the lives of his brothers. This being the relation in which these brothers and these books stand to one another, we think we should be guilty of a piece of injustice, did we neglect the work before us, and thus put asunder those whom nature herself and all kindly affections appear to have joined together.

The lives of Sir Dudley North and Dr. John North, here published together, form a most remarkable contrast. The first was an active, shrewd, bold, and enterprising merchant, who early left his native soil, and only returned to it after various travels and persevering exertions in different countries; the

latter, a sedentary, nervous, and timid scholar, of profound learning, who scarcely ever left the University except for a visit to the metropolis, or an excursion into Suffolk. Sir Dudley scarcely ever looked at a book, save waste, journal, and ledger; but was full of knowledge and information, which he gained by actual experience. The Doctor was an enthusiastic lover of a library, to form which was the busiest scene of his still and silent life. He was not, however, only a collector of books, but was extensively and thoroughly acquainted with their contents, being a complete master of all the ancient languages; while his brother, entirely ignorant of these, appears to have known every dialect and even jargon of Europe, which could be useful to an extensive trader. In one thing alone, they seem to have coincided; they both, by opposite paths, rose to wealth and eminence, and died in their several ways, respected and distinguished.

Of the merchant, first, Dudley North was born in the year 1641, and after passing through the sicknesses and accidents of childhood, which are here duly noted, he was placed under the rigid rule of a school-master at Bury, where he appears to have attended rather to the arts of trafficking and cheating his school-fellows, than to those of literature. Displaying, thus early, a genius for trade, and by his inattention to study procuring the aversion of his master, he was removed to a writing-school in London, in order to be prepared for entering a merchant's counting-house. Here, in a great measure left to himself, he made a full use of the liberty of the metropolis, and chose the companions and amusements suited to his humour. In these scenes, his future character was formed. His enterprising spirit shewed itself in petty excursions, and in frolics and rambles about the town, while he extricated himself from embarrassments by the force of his ingenuity. "If," says his brother, "if, together with his restless spirit, he had not conjoined a manly reflection, reserved within himself, and also a resolution of sometimes checking his own extravagances, (which not only in his youth, but also in many important emergencies in his life, he executed by *making short* and *sudden turns*,) he had been lost." It is such observations as these which make biography more particularly useful, and which are usually only to be found recorded by the individual himself who has applied them. In a course of vice or folly, it is far easier to turn short and leave the path altogether, than to adhere to resolutions of gradually slackening the pace, or slowly and silently changing the road. Dudley had got into debt beyond his means of payment; but contriving to extricate himself, certainly by no very honourable means, he, from that time forward, determined never to procure a single item, however small,

upon credit; and to that resolution firmly adhered, which, in the opinion of his brother, saved him. Judging, indeed, from the account given of his habits and companions, he seems to have fallen into bad hands, and one cannot but be struck by the want of refinement which appears to characterize the manners of this young nobleman, which, as a brother relates them without remark, we may conclude, were not thought at the time unworthy his station. Of his attachment to swimming, for instance, he gives the following account, which is, moreover, in itself amusing:

"Another of his darling sports was swimming in the Thames. He used that so much, that he became quite a master of it. He could live in the water an afternoon, with as much ease as others walk upon land. He shot the bridge diverse times at low water, which shewed him not only active but intrepid; for courage is required to bear the very sight of that tremendous cascade, which few can endure to pass in a boat. He told me, that his method was to glide along while the current was smooth, which was like the motion of an arrow, and extremely delicious; and when he was through, and plunged in the disorders of the waters, there he used his swimming powers, that is, striking with legs and arms, applying all the force he had to prevent turning round, which in those eddies was hard to be done; and all this under water, till he got into some calm where he might govern himself again. His greatest danger was flocks of anchors, broken piles, great stones, and such enemies as lay concealed under water, and, in the speed he went, could not be touched without destruction.

"He and his comrades usually hired a known porter to keep their clothes, and when they were all *naked*, as I have often heard him say, he was not at all ashamed of his company, but when *their clothes were on*, he cared not to be seen with them."

From the writing-school, he was removed to the house of a Turkey merchant of no great business, who, during his apprenticeship, sent him out as a supercargo to Archangel, and thence to Italy and Smyrna, at which place he was at last settled as a factor for his master. For the time occupied in this voyage, the narrative is filled up by the letters of the young merchant to his "best" brother, which are exceedingly creditable to his talents and acquirements. They give so lively and entertaining a description of the scenes in which he was moving, and the manners he was observing, that we shall be tempted to make an extract from this part of the book, and we wish we could make more. He thus observes, upon the character of seamen, and their occupation:

"I think the seaman's life fit for none but such dull souls as think themselves happy in keeping a place warm, as wide, though seldom so long, as a coffin—and this for one four hours, which they call

a watch; and when that task is over, are as happy in the enjoying a walk a little larger than the aforesaid lodging, where their turnings are so quick, that it would puzzle one to imagine what they are doing. No time is so pleasant to me as when the wind blows fresh, and I see twenty-four or twenty-five men stand cursing themselves and damning others, just as if the devil himself and his comrades were come to shew tricks. Then I get me to a corner, where I am sure to be out of the way, and sit me down, pleased with observing, till a new and contrary motion of the vessel raiseth a tempest in myself, &c.

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I envy the condition of those that have store of employment, and are so far from devising ways to pass time, that the days are not sufficient for the business. But as soon as I get me ashore, I hope to have my wish in that, for I do not fear want of employment, and have taken up a resolution not to be idle as long as I can find any thing in the world to do. I had thought to employ myself abroad by keeping an account of the ship's way, but am disappointed, for the master and mates, on whom that charge lies, are a sort of people who do all by mechanic rule, and understand nothing, or very little, of the nature and reason of the instruments they use. And where that little happens, they are very shy of it, and if at any time one speaks to them, they think they have a blockhead to deal with who understands nothing, and they will bear no objections to their dictates. As for reasons and causes, they lie beyond their capacity. All that's not set down at large in their books, they account no better than damnable doctrine and heresy. Their quotations are irrefragable, and not to be disputed."

There is a very good account of the people of Archangel; and the supercargo, who appears to have never allowed any thing to escape him, describes the manner of making tar, their steam-baths, &c. in a very satisfactory manner. Sailing between Ireland and the Height of the Cape, towards the Mediterranean, they were overtaken by a storm, of which he gives a striking relation. Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, are all described in their turn, in a manner which plainly shews the activity and inquisitiveness of the traveller's mind. His conduct at Smyrna was exemplary, and we cannot help referring all who wish to thrive by perseverance, industry, and dexterity, and to gain the good will of their rivals by a frank and cheerful demeanour, to the book itself. In all the arts of prudence, Mr. Dudley North was born a master, and yet he does not appear to have descended to servility, or to have impaired the integrity of his honour. This part of the work, and indeed many others, cannot fail of proving beneficial to the mercantile youth, who have as yet their course to carve. And the more so, because such opportunities of deriving assistance from books are exceedingly rare. The life of a merchant is not commonly a tempting subject to the biographer, and consequently very few such works have been written. It is not, however, here that we can supply the place of

the book itself; no extracts can display the ever-watchful activity,—the cautious yet enterprising spirit of speculation,—the promptness to seize an offered opportunity, joined with the utmost accuracy and industry in recording his mercantile transactions, and in preserving his accounts clear and correct,—which marked the whole life of this distinguished merchant. From Smyrna he was invited to Constantinople, as a partner of a considerable house, long established there, in which, first as a junior partner, and afterwards as chief, he spent the remainder of his time in the east. Here again he applied all those useful qualifications which he had found so valuable at Smyrna. The accounts of the house were perplexed and entangled, but he had such a faculty of restoring order in involved transactions, as almost amounted to genius. Regularity was restored, and then he turned his active mind to mastering the character and manners of the Turks, which he did to such a degree, that perhaps no other Infidel was ever treated by them with so much confidence. Of his intimate knowledge of Turkish law, as well as of their habits and customs, arts and attainments, he has left behind him a convincing proof, in the mass of valuable information on all these subjects, as recorded by his brother, in this book, partly copied from the merchant's papers, and partly communicated orally to his friends. Of this department we can afford to give no specimen; but to shew the extensiveness of his fame in Constantinople, which had even made an impression on the incurious Turk, and reached the recesses of the seraglio itself, we may quote the following short passage :—

"The great officers about the Grand Signor, with whom he had transacted and (with such respect as became him) familiarly conversed, told his majesty that there was now, in the city of Constantinople, an extraordinary Gower, as well for person as abilities to transact the greatest affairs; and so in the ordinary conversation with the Grand Signor, he was often named for somewhat considerable besides his acting as hasnader of the English nation under their ambassador. The Grand Signor declared he would see this extraordinary Gower, and accordingly the merchant was told of it, and at the time appointed, an officer conducted him into the seraglio, and carried him about till he came to a little garden, and there two other men took him by the two arms, and led him to a place where he saw the Grand Signor sitting against a large window, open in a chamber not very high from the ground. The men that were his conductors holding each an arm, put their hands upon his neck, and bowed him down till his forehead touched the ground; and this was done more than once, and is the very same forced obeisance of ambassadors at their audiences. After this he stood bolt upright as long as the Grand Signor thought fit to look at him, and then upon a sign given, he was taken away, and set free again by himself, to reflect on this his romantic audience."

After residing twenty years in the Levant, our merchant returned home to enjoy the fruits of his industry; but, before we say any thing of his English career, we will transcribe a few of the anecdotes with which the biographer closes this part of the life. His brother used to give the following amusing account of the Jews in Constantinople, who were employed as brokers.

"When a fresh merchant or factor comes to Constantinople, the first Jew that catches a word with him marks him for his own, as becoming his peculiar property, and calls him his merchant, and so he must be as long as he stays. And from this time no other Jew will interpose to deprive him of his purchase, but as soon rob a house as do it. And thus by compact, or custom, among themselves, the sacred rule of right is established. On the other side, the merchant can no more shake off his Jew than his skin, he sticks like a bur, and whether well used or ill used, will be at every turn in with him, and no remedy, —somewhat the rogue will get out of him, in spite of his teeth, and commonly (besides play) just so much more as he is trusted with. And the merchant cannot be without a Jew, nor change that he hath. The only expedient is to make the best of him, and never trust him upon honour. It is not a little convenience that is had by these appropriated Jews, for they serve in the quality of universal brokers, as well for small as great things. Their trade is running up and down, and through the city, like so many of Job's devils, perpetually busking after one thing or other, according as they are employed. If the merchant wants any thing, be it ever so inconsiderable, let him tell his Jew of it, and if it be above ground, he will find it. This is accounted a common advantage, for there are multitudes of people that have need of each other, and want means to come together, which office the Jews perform admirably. And in like manner they apply to the great men at court, calling themselves his merchant, at whose house or gate they wait expecting employment. For when any thing is wanted, the Jew is spoke to, and he, with wonderful dispatch, procures it. And they have great profit by these trusts, which they account as the vails of their places."

The superstition and ignorance of the Turks is well illustrated (if illustration were wanted) by this and the succeeding extracts.

"The Turks are the most superstitious of all people, and have an opinion of fascination by ill eyes, and the merchant had once like to have suffered on that account,—for being at the sports mentioned in his letter to the Italian, he observed a rope dancer come down from a tower, and thought by minute watch to know in how many seconds he passed to his place; and as he stood counting three, four, five, &c. the rope broke. This disappointment troubled the Turks that stood thick gaping up, and some wondering how such an accident should happen. One said, he believed that fellow was the cause of it, for he saw him hold somewhat in his hand, and mutter over it. The mer-

chant hearing this, crept away as fast as he could; for if the mob had fallen upon him for an enchanter, he had passed his time but very indifferently amongst them."

And again:—

"But all these different professors of religion have a firm faith in what they call *reading over;* and they use it promiscuously. For if a common Turk hath a horse sick, he will have the *Alcoran* read over it, and rather than fail, the law of Moses, or the gospel of Christ. And there are poor Christians that will get an holy man, though a Turk, to read over a sick child, and the poor Jews the like. It is the *reading over* that they value, together with the venerable phiz of the holy man, that performs without much distinction what it is he reads."

Again, in their belief of a life in the grave:—

"The Turks have an opinion, that men that are buried have a sort of life in their graves. If any man makes affidavit before a judge that he heard a noise in a man's grave, he is by order dug up and chopt all to pieces. The merchants once airing on horseback, had (as usual for protection) a janizary with them. Passing by the burying-place of the Jews, it happened that an old Jew sat by the sepulchre. The janizary rode up to him, and rated him for stinking the world a second time, and commanded him to get into his grave again."

When Mr. North returned to England, he had been too long engaged in scenes of active exertion to remain at home without employment. Accordingly, he soon engaged himself in extensive mercantile transactions, and by his commissions supported the house he had left behind him in the east. He also early became a principal member in the Levant company, and took a chief part in managing its concerns. His name became celebrated, and in very turbulent times, at a crisis when the shrievalty of the city was a service of danger, he accepted the office, at the personal request of the king, Charles the Second, made to his brother, who was then Lord Chief Justice. Mr. North's general ability, and his peculiar talents for business, and skill in the management of intricate accounts, together with the influence of Lord Guilford, so on recommended him to a principal place in the customs, and thus extended his sphere of usefulness. Two or three circumstances, which came under the actual inspection of the king, conspired to give him so high an opinion of Sir Dudley North's talents, that he removed him into the treasury. When James II. ascended the throne, Sir Dudley came into parliament, where he took a principal part in debates, concerning the revenue, until the dissolution. At the Revolution, he was left out of the commission of

the customs, to which place he had previously returned from the treasury, and then retired into private life, in which he died in London, in the year 1691.

In the course of the narrative, which describes the period of his life, from his return to England to his death, we have various anecdotes, which display his character in a remarkable point of view, and also scattered notices, which let in a light upon this eventful stage of English history; of these, we can afford to extract only a very few.

Our merchant returned to England at the point when the credit of the famous Titus Oates and his confederates began to decline. But so extensively had his fame been spread, that we are told, his name was idolized among the loyal merchants of Constantinople, where, in all their jollities, they celebrated his health immediately after that of the king. When Mr. North returned, the method of keeping accounts at bankers' houses was commencing, and the goldsmiths just in the act of metamorphosis from their proper trade to that of banker. This seemed a novel and pernicious scheme to our trader; but after long resistance, he was obliged to yield to the prevailing fashion, and it is recorded, first "used the shop of Sir Francis *Child*, at Temple Bar, for the paying and receiving all his great sums." Such is the antiquity of this ancient house. When the Prince of Orange landed, the loyalists were, of course, in great alarm, especially those who had in any way, like Sir Dudley North, rendered their attachment to the Stuarts remarkable. All such were flying from the metropolis in every direction; but Sir Dudley, relying, as was his wont, on the integrity of his actions, and the goodness of his motives, with his usual boldness, refused to stir.

"At this time, Sir Dudley North and myself were seldom asunder, but walked about from one bustle to another, to observe what was doing, and were in all public places to see how matters wrought. For he, according to his true character, so long as he could justify his actions, feared nothing, and scarce thought he had any concern in the turn more than any other men had. This was a foul disappointment to his enemies; for they made a sure account that he, a ringleader of the Tory party, must needs run away, and then they had him fast, in prison at least. Once we walked together into the Exchange; and one that stood in a company said, What! is not he gone yet? We passed on, and took no notice. He was looked at almost as much as when he was named sheriff; and the wonder that he was not gone, was as great as when he was to be sheriff. And it was in his good stars, that he secured himself a safety, by staring his enemies in the face."

He had little to fear. Though, when the important con-

cerns of government were settled, he was examined before a committee of the House of Lords, and also before the House of Commons, respecting his taking upon him the shrievalty. Of this examination, an amusing account is given—the following is part of it:

"But there being some cessation, Mr. Dutton Colt made silence by speaking. 'Mr. Foley,' said he, 'since this gentleman is so tender that he must not be asked questions concerning himself, we will let that go, and presume him guilty of all that has been alledged against him. But I hope I may ask him a question concerning somebody else.' At this, Sir Dudley North, knowing the man, and expecting he would have named his brother, the Lord Keeper, began to warm and his blood to mend its pace. And had that been perceived, any one, that knew him, would have expected something extraordinary to follow. Then, Mr. Colt went on; 'and I ask him,' said he, 'if Secretary Jenkins did not come down to the city, and persuade him to take the office of sheriff upon him.' 'You hear the question,' said the chairman. After which, there was a profound silence, expecting the answer. All which time, Sir Dudley North was gathering as much breath as he could muster, and then out came a long No-o-o-o, so loud, as might have been heard up to the House of Lords. This was so violent and unexpected, that I could see a start of every one in the house all at the same instant, as if each had had a dash of cold water in his face. And immediately all called out, 'Withdraw;' and my neighbour, Titus Oates, being I suppose frustrated of his expectations, cried out, 'Aw Laard, Aw Laard, Aw, Aw,' and went his way. Sir Dudley North went out, and never was called upon more about this affair."

It is, however, time to turn to the life of the Doctor, which, though much less busy, is to us much more interesting.—The Hon. John North was born at London in 1645. His reserved and studious temper, even in childhood, early marked him for the church. "If any thing," says his brother, "seemed amiss in him, it was a non-natural gravity, which, in youths, is seldom a good sign; for it argues imbecility of body and mind, or both; but his lay wholly in the former, for his mental capacity was vigorous, as none more." At the proper age, he was sent to Bury, where he was placed under Dr. Stephens, then master of an eminent school there. This was in the time of the Commonwealth, the period which the biographer designates as "the dregs of time." Of this Dr. Stephens, a character is given, which affords a lively idea of a cavalier pedagogue, obliged to submit to the puritanical regulations of the time.

"The master was pedant enough, and noted for high flights of poetry and criticism, and what we now call jingling, not a little derived from the last age, all which qualities were not amiss in his em-

ployment. The worst of him was what his corpulence declared, and being a wet epicure, the common vice of bookish professions.

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One happiness was, that he was a noted Cavalier, then the title of the king's friends in opposition to the rebels, who, from a precise cut they affected, were styled Roundheads. In the worst of those times, the master, in his family, used the forms of loyalty and orthodoxy, but being reputed little better than a *malignant*, he was forced to use outwardly an occasional conformity, by observing the church duties, and days of super-hypocritical fastings and seekings, wherewith the people, in those days, were tormented; though now worn out of almost all credibility; and he walked to church after his brigade of boys, there to endure the inflictions of divers holders forth, tiring themselves and every body else. And by these means, he made a shift to hold his school."

In the year 1661, Mr. North was sent to Cambridge, where he was entered a fellow-commoner, and afterwards a nobleman, of Jesus College. Here commenced that severe course of study and constant habit of thought, which, together with a tendency to inaction, ended in bringing upon him a premature old age, and, in the mean time, encouraged that timidity of disposition, and that irritability of the nervous system, which rendered the latter part of his life a prey to gloomy whims and melancholy forebodings.

"The doctor's greatest, or rather only infirmity, was a natural timidity, owing to a feeble constitution of body, inclining to the effiminate. This, under some circumstances, and without a mind as vigorous and strong as his body was weak, might have oppressed him. He was always sensible of this weakness, and, during the whole course of his life, laboured to conquer it, and, as to outward appearance, prevailed; and what was insuperable lay dormant in himself. One would have expected that a youth at the university, no freshman, nor mean scholar, should have got the better of being afraid in the dark; but it was not so with him; for when he was in bed alone, he durst not trust his countenance above the clothes. For some time he lay with his tutor; who, once coming home, found the scholar in bed with only his crown visible. The tutor, indiscreetely enough, pulled him by the hair; whereupon he sunk down, and the tutor followed, and at last, with a great outcry, the scholar sprung up, expecting to see an enormous spectre. Another time, which was after he was Fellow of the College, in a moon-shine night, he saw one standing in a white sheet. He surveyed it with all his optics, and was confirmed it was a spirit, (as they call it,) and resolved with himself, if he could, to find out what it came for. He got out of his bed, and, being still of the same opinion, went nearer and nearer, till he might touch it; and then, reaching out his hand, he perceived it was only his towel hung against the wall, with the moon shining full upon it, and then he went to bed and slept well."

While an under-graduate, he maintained a high character for learning and conduct: the simple and honourable nature of his feelings; his few wants; his intense application, and contented, cheerful, and affectionate disposition, in this his first outset in life; are well described in some of the passages which we shall select: as, for instance,

"He had in his nature a principle of justice and duty inexpugnable; and was fortified with a resolution not to run in debt, nor to help himself by any wicked compliances, whatever otherwise became of him. And while he was at the college, he just shifted, with a small exhibition from his family; and if it had been less, (according to his strict economy,) he had still shifted; and more he did not expect, knowing that the hereditary honour must devour the fat of the land. And as to future preferments, nothing more uncertain. All his hopes hung upon mutable interests, and he found in himself little inclination to courtship and flatteries for favours. His sheet-anchor was the life of his life, a dear brother and friend who might drop from him. He had an ambition to be master of a good library, but scarce hoped ever to obtain it; and when he became able to make a small purchase of books, he was so far happy, and, in himself, pleased that his management succeeded so well, which created in him a sort of joy in a perseverance, even after the just cause, by his being better provided for, ceased."

In 1666 he was admitted a fellow of his college, and began to indulge himself in the warmest passion which animated him, the purchasing of books.

"He courted, as a fond lover, all best editions, fairest characters, best bound and preserved. If the subject was in his favour, (as the classics,) he cared not how many of them he had, even of the same edition, if he thought it amongst the best, either better bound, squarer cut, neater covers, or some such qualification caught him. He delighted in the small editions of the classics by Seb. Gryphius; and divers of his acquaintance, meeting with any of them, bought and brought them to him, which he accepted as choice presents, although perhaps he had one or two of them before. He said, that the black Italic character agreed with his eye-sight (which he accounted but weak) better than any other print, the old Elzevir not excepted, whereof the characters seemed more blind and confused than those of the other."

"His soul was never so staked down as in an old bookseller's shop; for having (as the statutes of the college required) taken orders, he was restless till he had compassed some of that sort of furniture, as he thought necessary for his profession. He was, for the most part, his own factor, and seldom or ever bought by commission; which made him lose time in turning over vast numbers of books; and he was very hardly pleased at last. I have borne him company at shops for hours together, and, minding him of the time, he hath made me a dozen proffers before he would quit. By this care and industry,

at length, he made himself master of a very considerable library, wherein the choicest collection was Greek."

The mention of his brother's love of book-collecting, leads the biographer to lament over the changes in the booksellers' trade, which contains some curious information relative to that important and all-necessary craft.

"It may not be amiss to step a little aside to reflect on the vast change in the trade of books between that time and ours. Then, Little Britain was a plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors; and men went thither as a market. This drew to the place a mighty trade; the rather because the shops were spacious, and the learned gladly resorted to them, where they seldom failed to meet with agreeable conversation. And the booksellers themselves were knowing and conversible men, with whom, for the sake of bookish knowledge, the greatest wits were pleased to converse. And we may judge the time as well spent there, as (in latter days) either in tavern or coffee-house; though the latter hath carried off the spare hours of most people. But now this emporium is vanished, and the trade contracted into the hands of two or three persons, who, to make good their monopoly, ransack, not only their neighbours of the trade that are scattered about town, but all over England, aye, and beyond the sea too, and send abroad their circulators, and in that manner get into their hands all that is valuable. The rest of the trade are content to take their refuse, with which, and the fresh scum of the press, they furnish one side of a shop, which serves the sign of a bookseller, rather than a real one; but, instead of selling, deal as factors, and procure what the country divines and gentry send for, of whom each hath his book-factor; and, when wanting any thing, writes to his bookseller, and pays his bill. And it is wretched to consider what pick-pocket work, with help of the press, these demi-booksellers make. They crack their brains to find out selling subjects, and keep hirelings in garrets, at hard meat, to write and correct by the groat; and so puff up an octavo to a sufficient thickness, and there's six shillings current for an hour and an half's reading, and perhaps never to be read or looked upon after. One that would go higher, must take his fortune at blank walls, and corners of streets, or repair to the sign of Bateman, Innys, and one or two more, where are best choice and better pennyworths. I might touch other abuses, as bad paper, incorrect printing, and false advertising, all which, and worse, is to be expected, if a careful author is not at the heels of them. But I fear I am led by these too far out of my way."

It was not the Doctor's practice, like too many collectors, to purchase books for the purpose of adorning his shelves; for he appears to have mastered and commented on their contents, with no ordinary ability and industry. For every author whom he made the subject of his book, he kept a book which he filled

with annotations, until he had a considerable body of them. To the study of Greek he appears to have paid his chief attention, and so qualified himself to fill the chair of the Greek professor, to which he was afterwards elected. He seems, however, scarcely to have neglected any department of literature, and was enabled to attend to all by the admirable economy of his time.

"Greek became almost vernacular to him, and he took no small pains to make himself master of the Hebrew language, and seldom failed carrying an Hebrew bible (but pointed) to chapel with him. He was a notable husband of his time, and contrived to make his very scraps and *intercalary minutes* profitable; and, accordingly, during those short intervals between dressing and dinner, and such like attendances, when he could not engage in the texture of his study, he used to get the best penned English books, and read them aloud; which he said he did to form and improve his English style and pronunciation. And on such occasions he used to say it was pity to lose any of his time. And for the advantage of his Latin he used to keep his accounts in that language, and as near the classic as he could."

His relaxations from study were few and simple. Society, late in the evening, after a hard day's work, he loved. Music, too, was also a favourite resource, and he began to indulge himself on the organ, till "his under neighbour, a morose and importune Master of Arts," took to playing at bowls in his room, in order to show his sense of the disturbance, and retaliate on the musician. His morbid sensibilities appear to have found an innocent and amiable amusement in cultivating spiders, and observing their habits and modes of life. Roger North had either a similar taste himself, or had got his information from his brother, for he enlarges upon the subject.

"The Doctor had found out one petit entertainment in his study, besides books; and that was keeping of great house-spiders, in wide-mouthed glasses, such as men keep tobacco in. When he had them safe in hold, he supplied them with crumbs of bread, which they ate, rather than starve. But their regale was flies, which he sometimes caught and put to them. When their imprisonment appeared inevitable, they fell to their trade of making webs, and made large expansions and more private recesses. It pleased him to observe the animals manage their interests in the great work of taking their prey. If it was a small fly given to them, no more ceremony, but take and eat him; but if a great master-flesh fly, then to work, twenty courses round, and perhaps not come near him, for he had claws sharp as cats, and, after divers starts to and fro, a web was with an hind leg dexterously clapt over two or three of his legs: after all his claws were in that manner secured, then, at a running pull, a broad web was brought over him, which bound him hand and foot, and, by being fixed to the spider's tail, the fly was carried off into one of his inmost recesses, there to be feasted upon at leisure."

XUM

His love of society, and his manner in it, are thus mentioned.—

"When the Doctor was abroad, and absent from his studies, either by visits, friendly meetings, or attendances, his chief delight was in discourse. And he would apply himself to all sorts of company in a brisk and smart manner; for he was very just and ready in his speech, facetious, and fluent, and his wit was never at a nonplus. I have known him at act, keep suppers as merry as the best, and, though he drank little or nothing, he sparkled and reparteed, not only saving himself harmless, (for the sober man is commonly the mark), but returning bite. His sobriety was so extraordinary, that, with entire assurance, I can affirm, that never in all his life did he know what a cup too much (as they term it) was. And this continence was more singular in him, who was really a wit in conversation, and his company desired by all people that knew him; and it is well known how much such qualifications induce men to come under the jurisdiction of the bottle. But this abstemiousness in extremity proved of ill consequence to his health, as will be showed in fit place."

It appears, however, that he did not relish the society of his college. "He did not love morosity and sour looks," which caused him to look out for another residence in the university, more agreeable to his taste. He accordingly resigned his fellowship, and took up his abode in Trinity, where, it seems, he perceived more of the humane and the polite, than in the lesser colleges; and, above all, his inducement was his value for the more than thrice excellent master, Dr. Barrow.

"He had long ago contracted a familiar acquaintance, I may say friendship, with him, and they used each other in a most delightful communication of thoughts. The good Dr. Barrow ended his days in London, in a Prebend's house that had a little stair to it, out of the cloisters, that made him call it a man's nest, and I presume it is so called to this day. The master's disease was an high fever. It had been his custom, contracted when (upon the fund of a travelling fellowship) he was at Constantinople, in all his maladies to cure himself with opium; and, being very ill, probably he augmented his dose, and so inflamed his fever, and at the same time obstructed the crisis; for he was a man knocked down, and had the eyes as of one distracted. Our Doctor seeing him so, was struck with horror; for he, that knew him so well in his best health, could best distinguish; and when he left him, he concluded he should see him no more alive, and so it proved."

The Biographer, in describing the college habits of his brother, introduces some observations on the manners of the university in his time, which are interesting to those who have an opportunity of comparing them with their own very different experience.

"The Doctor conformed to all the orders of the college, seldom ate out of the hall, and then upon a fish-day only, being told it was for his health. He was constantly at the chapel-prayers, so much, as one may say, that, being in town, he never failed. This, in the morning, secured his time, for he went from thence directly to his study, without any sizing or breakfast at all. Whilst he was at Jesus College, coffee was not in such common use as afterwards, and coffee-houses but young. At that time, and long after, there was but one, and that kept by one Kirk. The trade of news also was scarce set up; for they had only the Public Gazette, till Kirk got a written news letter circulated by one Muddiman. But now the case is much altered; for it is become a custom, after chapel, to repair to one or the other of the coffee-houses, for there are divers, where hours are spent in talking; and less profitable reading of newspapers, of which swarms are continually supplied from London. And the scholars are so greedy after news, (which is none of their business), that they neglect all for it, and it is become very rare for any of them to go directly to his chamber after prayers, without doing his suit at the coffee-house; which is a vast loss of time, grown out of a pure novelty; for who can apply close to a subject, with his head full of the din of a coffee-house. I cannot but think, that since coffee, with the most, is become a morning refreshment, the order, which I knew once established at Lambeth-house, or somewhat like it, might be introduced into the colleges, which was for the chaplains and gentlemen officers to meet every morning in a sort of still house, where a good woman provided them with liquors, as they liked best; and this they called their coffee-house."

But, to return to the Doctor himself. Soon after he took orders, it fell to his lot to preach before the king, (Charles II.) at Newmarket. "This was a great trial of his spirits, and he went with great reluctance of mind; but reason and resolution prevailed. He said, that he made it a law to himself to confine his view, above the people, to a certain space, which he was not to exceed; and in speaking to a multitude, it is a good rule to mind none of them." Mr. North managed to succeed both with the king and the ladies.

"The king was pleased to signify his approval of it by saying, as he came out of the church, that the preacher would soon be a bishop; and if his Majesty had lived a little longer, he might have proved himself a prophet; but his, as well as the Doctor's untimely death, fell in the way of that event. The ladies also were pleased to accept the Doctor's discourse. One of them, being asked how she liked Mr. North's sermon, said, that he was a *handsome man, and had pretty doctrine.*"

Of the Doctor's person, which the lady admired, there is a very minute description, drawn in a manner not much unlike the style of Defoe, which indeed that of the Biographer frequently resembles.

XUM

" As to his person and constitution, excepting only the agreeable air of his countenance, and florid head of flaxen hair, I have little to produce that may be commended. His temperature of body, and his austere course of life, were ill matched, and his complexion agreed with neither; for his face was always tincted with a fresh colour, and his looks vegete and sanguine, and, as some used to jest, his features were scandalous, as shewing rather a madam entravestrie, than a book-worm. But his flesh was strangely flaccid and soft, his going weak and shuffling, often crossing his legs, as if he were tipsey, his sleep, seldom or never, easy, but interrupted with unquiet and painful dreams, the reposes he had were short and by snatches,—his active spirit had rarely any perfect settlement or rest."

His mind seems always to have been in a state of fermentation, which fretted " his pigmy body to decay."

" It is certain he was overmuch addicted to thinking, or else he performed it with more labour and intenseness than other men ordinarily do; for, in the end, it will appear he was a martyr to study. He scarce ever allowed himself any vacation; what he had, was forced upon him. There was no undertaking, no occurrence, how trivial soever, whereof all the circumstances or emergencies that possibly might concern him, were not valued and revolved in his mind, lest he should be so unhappy as to oversee any, as if mere trifles had been cardinal to the interests of his whole life. If he was to ride to his father's house, walk to church, or make any visit in town, he was in pain about the contigents, and so low as to fret at the fancy he had, that the people in the street looked on him. He was, in a word, the most intense and passionate thinker that ever lived and was in his right mind."

He shared with the fastidious Gray, to whose character the Doctor's bears a striking resemblance, a great dissatisfaction with his own works, together with a morbid longing after perfection in his productions; and what brings the comparison more home, he had, like the poet, an utter dislike to have his likeness taken. To such a pitch indeed had this disgust risen, —such unnatural importance did it occupy in his mind,—that he seems to have been haunted with the idea, that the mere impression of his person was laid in wait for; as he actually, every morning, designedly obliterated the print in the bed where he had lain.

" He was always exceeding thoughtful and full of notions. He could not rest from working upon his designs, and, at the same time, so diffident of the event, that, between impulse and despair, he was like Mahomet in his tomb, or, as they say, Erasmus, hung. Despair had the greatest influence; and it sat so hard upon his spirits, that he desired rather to be utterly forgot, than that any memorial of his dealings in literature should remain, to shew that such a one as he exist-

ed, which should not be proof against the teeth of the next ages. After he had the government of himself, he would not endure that a picture should be made of him, though he was much courted and invited by Sir Peter Lely to it. And what was very odd, he would not leave the print in his bed where he had lain, remain undefaced."

He was also like Gray in this respect—that all his deep and long continued researches came to nothing. The only evidence of the learning and application of both of them, was a heap of notes. Those of Gray have lately seen the light;—the papers of North were all, by his especial direction, before his death, committed to the flames. If the task had been left to his younger brother, we may guess from his language, and, indeed, from his having disobeyed the injunction, in the only instance within his power,—in spite of "the pleasant imprecation,"—that the world would have been the better for the industry of this elaborate thinker.

"—And must profess under no small concern, that all his books and papers fell not into my hands as those did. It had been a shrewd temptation to have snapt a Parole or trust prejudicial to no account but of the fire. But his humour was to hold all within himself, till he was entirely satisfied that no slip or oversight might give disadvantage to his cause or himself, lest any less guarded words or expressions should escape him. Nothing could have secured him better in that point, than the participation of his friends. In a critic of works, an author has but one eye upon his own; but, upon another's, he hath two, and spectacles to boot. He was so deeply concerned for his cause, as well as his own esteem, that he durst not trust even a friend with either. And he had a dread lest this little note book, of which I have given an account, might happen to stray, and fall into unknown persons' hands, who possibly might misconstrue his meaning. In contemplation of which contigent, he wrote upon it this pleasant imprecation:—*I beshrew his heart, that gathers my opinion from any thing he finds wrote here.*"

After Dr. Barrow's death, Dr. North was appointed to succeed him in the mastership of Trinity, an elevation which might be supposed to put the crown on the honourable ambition of a retired and studious scholar. With his rise to this dignity, however, ended all the happiness which his peculiar temperament had hitherto allowed him to enjoy. In place of retirement, he found solitude; the social converse in which he had, till now, indulged, seemed unbecoming the gravity of his station; and what more than all tended to render the change a miserable one, he found himself thwarted by the eight senior fellows, who had, during the time of the two last masters, governed the college without interference. When the new master began to exert his authority, the seniors opposed him, and he was quickly

involved in quarrels, which, harrassing his feeble and sensitive frame, hastened his death. Being near his end, he ordered that he should be buried in the outward chapel, that the fellows might *trample upon him dead, as they had done living*.

The austere and abstemious course of life which he led, would, however, conduce as much as any thing to bring on the fatal sickness which terminated in his death. He is here drawn with the manners of a hermit, and the spirit of a martyr.

"I have already accounted for his thoughtful and studious course of life, and habitual fulness and care in his mind. But after he came into a post of magistracy, all his solicitudes exasperated, and the ordinary refreshments, which he sometimes met with before, failed. And I must add, that as his course of life, so his diet, was severe to himself, for he was always sober and temperate, and scarce spared the time of eating from thinking. After morning prayer and a solitary dish of coffee, he retired to his study at the end of a gallery, and there he was fast till noon, unless college or university affairs called him out. After his meals, a meagre dish of tea, and then again to his post till chapel and supper; and then if he had any friendly conversation, it was still in a studious way; that is, discoursing of abstruse matters, which, however pleasant to him, kept his head at work. His chief remissions were when some of his nearest relations were with him, or he with them: and then, as they say, he was whole-footed: but this was not often, nor long together. Some of them used to be free with him; and, in his own way, between jest and earnest, tell him he must indulge a little, go abroad, and be free with a glass of wine, with good company, in his college, as he used to be with them: that his self-denials would endanger his life, and the like. To which sort of discourse, I have heard him return a tradition of Bishop Wren, who, when he was told he must not keep Lent, his body would not bear it, *Will it not*, said he, *then it is no body for me*. And the doctor, by his life of perpetual thinking, had settled his mind in a resolution so stiff, that he often seemed rather morose and humoursome, than, as his constant profession was, to be governed by reason. When his friends have been importunate with him, to say (in the common forms of free converse) Why? and for what reason? He hath answered, *Reason is to govern me, but my will is a reason to every body else*."

Such at length was the state of his health, that he was compelled to withdraw from every thing which might, in the slightest degree, disturb the equanimity of his mind. He could no longer play his part in a college wrangle, which, at first, he had done with a great deal of readiness and decision, for the penalty was a fit. And it is remarkable, that during an occasional interference of this kind, the fatal stroke was inflicted, which soon hurried him to his grave. It was determined in a meeting of the master and seniors, which had not passed without considerable dispute, that two of the students of the college should be admonished for being disorderly. The

master was reprimanding them with more than usual acrimony and warmth, when, in the act of speaking, he dropped on the floor. This fit deprived him of the use of one side, and he never regained the entire use of his faculties. He, however, in some measure, recovered, and dragged on a miserable existence till he died, in 1683, aged a little more than thirty-eight years, and was buried in the ante-chapel, as he had himself directed. After the paralytic stroke, just mentioned, when he had partly come to his senses, he gave to his brother this extraordinary account of his feelings during the access of the fit.

"He told me the images in his mind during this infliction, as far as he could remember them. First, during his admonishing, he perceived himself to lean towards the left side; and the leg that should have sustained him seemed to have lost its bone, and to be like the finger of a glove; by which it was plain to him, that he must fall, and accordingly he gave way to it. After this, he remembered nothing at all that had happened to him, until, by the help of his mother, he had taken a little rest. And then, in a dreaming manner, his conceit was, that he had got a strange leg in bed with him, and was much perplexed which way to get rid of it; whether he should call to have it taken away or not. And it was a great while before he could bring himself, even awake, to own it."

The Biographer then proceeds to narrate the situation of his brother after his partial recovery, and gives this awfully affecting picture of an intellect in ruins:

"It is an uneasy task, but (according to the profession I make of truth for better or worse) necessary to show the miserable decay of the doctor's thinking and memorial capacities. What is the difference between manhood and puerility, but that the former hath a large stock of useful memoirs, and also strength habituated to action, which the latter wanting, runs after levities, and any thing for variety, without choice, unless appetite or inclination (and even that flows from experience) draws it. Suppose an hurricane to fall upon a sound man's memory, and obliterate great part of his collections, and confuse the rest, as one may imagine a fine poem wrote upon the sands, and much ruffled by the wind—there may be enough left to shew it had been good sense, but the dignity of the verse lost. So the man would lose his judgment of true values, and relapse into a sort of puerility, but still his moral character, that is his will to do good or evil, remains unaltered. This was the case of our good doctor. The seat of his memory was ruffled by the disease falling upon his brain and nerves, which had made such havoc, that he had no firm notion of himself or of any thing, but had his experience to gather, and his understanding to frame over again. After he could lie awake and think, I guess he had some reflection, that he had been over severe with himself by too much hard study and abstemiousness, which, possibly, brought that disease over him: and then fancied, he must cure himself by a course

clean contrary; and accordingly he thought, that now he must be merry and jolly. Pursuant to this (conjectured) model, the company that assisted about his bed to entertain him, must find merry tales to tell, and if a little smutty, the mirth paid for it. The lighter sort of books and frivolous comedies were read to him, and he heard them with notable attention, and at the quaint passages was usually affected, and often laughed, but (as his visage was then distorted) most deformly. After he was enfranchised from his bed, and had the entertainment they call walking about his chamber, and divers friends and acquaintance came and staid with him, he gathered some little strength. But his levities still continued; and he used to please himself with rehearsing paltry rhymes and fables, and what with difficulty of utterance (for his speech was touched and never perfectly recovered) and what with his unseemly laughing, it was long before he could get any thing well out: and, at last, he made but broken stuff of it. All this was inexpressible grief and mortification to his friends, seeing that dismal alteration. They had known his genius bright; and, in his health, solemn, grave, and instructive; and his mirth, when it happened, not without a flow of pleasant wit, and, as it ought to be, ever decent and without offence, far from all suspicion of a possibility that such levity of humour and discourse should ever appear in him. He seemed as a high flying fowl, with one wing cut. The creature offers to fly, and knows no cause why he should not, but always comes with a side turn down to the ground. The doctor had some remembrances of his former forces, when he could mount up and fly; now, his instruments on one side failing him, he was forced to deal in low concerns and reptile conceits, that scarce rose from the ground."

We shall add nothing to weaken the effects of a lesson so striking.

Come, man!
Hyperbolized nothing! know thy span;
Take thine own measure here, down, down, and bow
Before thyself in thy idea, thou
Huge emptiness contract thy bulk, and shrink
All thy wild circle to a point!

ART. VII. *Hesperides: or the Works both humane and divine of* Robert Herrick, Esq.

Effugient aridos carmina nostra rogos. *Ovid.*

London, 1648, *8vo. pp.* 398.

His Noble Numbers: or his Pious Pieces, wherein (amongst other things) he sings the Birth of Christ, and sighes for his Saviour's Sufferings on the Crosse. London, 1647, *8vo. pp.* 79.

There are no incidents in the life of Robert Herrick so remarkable as to make it desirable to record them in this place;

more especially as those, who, after having read this article, may be curious to be informed of such circumstances of it as have been collected, may satisfy their curiosity by a reference to Nichols's *History of Leicestershire*, or to Dr. Drake's *Literary Hours*. It will be sufficient for our purpose to mention, hat he was born in the year 1591, and lived to an advanced age, although the exact time of his death has not been correctly ascertained. The second part of Herrick's works bears date a year anterior to the first, but they are both generally found in one volume, and were probably published at the same time, and shortly after he was ejected from his vicarage, and had re-assumed his lay-title.

Little more than the name of Robert Herrick was known, and nothing like a just appreciation of his merits existed, at the time when Dr. Drake published his *Literary Hours*. Mr. Ellis had, it is true, in his *Specimens of early English Poetry*, previously given four pieces from his works, but they are a very inadequate representation of the varied excellences of the poet. The author of the *Literary Hours* made more copious extracts from them, and entered into a more detailed criticism on their merits: but we conceive he has not done such ample justice to Herrick as he really deserves. Some very beautiful specimens he has selected, but a great many he has left to waste their sweets in the desert of the bibliographer's library. It is with the view of supplying this omission, as well as of embellishing our pages with the rare and singular things which the volume affords, that we have been induced to make an anthology from his works; for which we are sure such of our readers as are yet unacquainted with them will render us no common thanks.

While the phlegmatic grace and pedantry of Waller, and the grace without pedantry of Carew, have been the subjects of general observation, the varied modulation and exquisite harmony of Herrick's muse have been totally neglected. He, who excels both, not only in the structure of his verse, but in the more essential requisites of poetry, is less known than either. And there are blemishes in this collection of poems, which may, in some measure, account for the negligence with which it has been treated, and which, in our stricter system of manners, present an invincible obstacle to its being received into general favour. The blemishes, to which we allude, are the indelicacy and occasional coarseness of expression which we sometimes find in his works. This deformity, however, also characterizes the productions of Carew, who, in proportion to their number and extent, oversteps the bounds of decency and decorum almost as frequently as Herrick. But, forgetting the impurities of our author, and estimating the chaster effusions of his felicitous genius, we do not hesitate to pronounce him the very best of English Lyric Poets. He is the most joyous and gladsome of bards; singing, like the grasshopper, as if he would never grow

old. He is as fresh as the spring, as blithe as summer, and as ripe as autumn. We know of no English poet who is so *abandonné*, as the French term it, who so wholly gives himself up to his present feelings, who is so much heart and soul in what he writes, and this not on one subject only but on all subjects alike. The spirit of song dances in his veins, and flutters around his lips—now bursting into the joyful and hearty voice of the Epicurean; sometimes breathing forth strains soft as the sigh of "buried love;" and sometimes uttering feelings of the most delicate pensiveness. His poems resemble a luxuriant meadow, full of king-cups and wild flowers, or a July firmament sparkling with a myriad of stars. His fancy fed upon all the fair and sweet things of nature; it is redolent of roses and jessamine; it is as light and airy as the thistle-down, or the bubbles which laughing boys blow into the air, where they float in a waving line of beauty. Like the sun, it communicates a delightsome gladness to every thing it shines upon, and is as bright and radiant as his beams; and yet many of his pieces conclude with the softest touches of sensibility and feeling. Indeed it is that delicate pathos, which is, at the same time, natural and almost playful, which most charms us in the writings of Herrick. And as for his versification, it presents one of the most varied specimens of rhythmical harmony in the language, flowing with an almost wonderful grace and flexibility.

We shall first give a few specimens of our author's amatory poetry, which is exceedingly buoyant and graceful.

To his Mistress objecting to his neither toying nor talking.

"You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your curls, and kiss the time away;
You blame me too, because I can't devise
Some sport to please those babies in your eyes:
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love, when I the least express it!
Small grief finds tongues; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound;
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below:
So when love speechless is, it doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such,
Who speak so little, 'cause I love so much."

Cherry-ripe.

"Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, (I cry)
Full and fair ones; come, and buy!

If so be you ask me, where
They do grow? I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile;
There's the land or cherry isle;
Whose plantations fully show,
All the year, where cherries grow."

The Kiss, a Dialogue.

1. " Among thy fancies, tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kiss?—
2. I shall resolve ye what it is:

It is a creature born, and bred
Between the lips, all cherry red;
By love, and warm desires fed;
Chor.—And makes more soft the bridal bed:

2. It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies;
Chor.—And stills the bride too when she cries:

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks, and flies; now here, now there;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near;
Chor.—And here, and there, and every-where.—

1. Has it a speaking virtue?—2. Yes.—
1. How speaks it, say?—2. Do you but this,
Part your join'd lips, then speaks your kiss;
Chor.—And this love's sweetest language is.—

1. Has it a body?—2. Aye, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings;
And, as it flies, it gently sings,
Chor.—Love honey yields, but never stings."

The Rock of Rubies and the Quarry of Pearls.

" Some ask'd me where the rubies grew;
And nothing I did say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where;
Then spoke I to my girl
To part her lips, and shew them there
The quarrelets of pearl."

Upon Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler, under the name of Amaryllis.

" Sweet Amaryllis by a spring's
Soft, and soul-melting murmurings
Slept; and thus sleeping, thither flew
A robin-red-breast, who, at view
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and moss to cover her;
But while he perking there did pry
About the arch of either eye,
The lid began to let out day:
At which poor robin flew away;
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd,
He chirpt for joy to see himself deceiv'd."

The captived Bee, or the little Filcher.

" As Julia once a slumb'ring lay,
It chanced a bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dew-like show'r,
To tipple freely in a flow'r,
For some rich flow'r he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip:
But when he felt he suck'd from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence;
He drank so much he scarce could stir;
So Julia took the pilferer:
And thus surpris'd, as filchers use,
He thus began himself t'excuse:
Sweet lady-flow'r! I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought;
But taking those rare lips of your's
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flow'rs;
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much syrup ran at waste:
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flow'r that gives me nourishing;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship;
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That, that he took, and that was all.
At which she smil'd; and bade him go
And take his bag; but thus much know,
When next he came a pilf'ring so,
He should from her full lips derive
Honey enough to fill his hive."

The Night-piece.—To Julia.

" Her eyes the glowworm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee!

No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slowworm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber,
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number!

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me;
And, when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee!"

Love dislikes nothing.

" Whatsoever thing I see;
Rich or poor although it be;
'Tis a mistress unto me.

Be my girl or fair, or brown;
Does she smile, or does she frown;
Still I write a sweetheart down.

Be she rough, or smooth of skin;
When I touch, I then begin
For to let affection in.

Be she bald, or does she wear
Locks incurl'd of other hair;
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent;
So my fancy be content,
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she lean;
Be she sluttish, be she clean;
I'm a man for every scene."

The following is inserted, with some variations, in the collection of Carew's poems. There is also another poem, addressed by Herrick to Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler, in the same collection, under the title of the *Enquiry*. But both appear to have been erroneously attributed to Carew.

The Primrose.

"Ask me why I send you here
This sweet infanta of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your ears,
The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.
Ask me why this flow'r does show
So yellow green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will answer, these discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover."

Those which succeed are in a more pathetic strain.

The cruel Maid.

"And, cruel maid, because I see
You scornful of my love and me,
I'll trouble you no more; but go
My way, where you shall never know
What is become of me; there I
Will find me out a path to die,
Or learn some way how to forget
You and your name for ever: yet
Ere I go hence, know this from me,
What will in time your fortune be;
This to your coyness I will tell,
And having spoke it once, farewell!
The lilly will not long endure,
Nor the snow continue pure;
The rose, the violet, one day
See; both these lady-flow'rs decay;
And you must fade as well as they:

And, it may chance that love may turn,
And, like to mine, make your heart burn,
And weep to see't; yet this thing do,
That my last vow commends to you;
When ye shall see that I am dead,
For pity let a tear be shed;
And, with your mantle o'er me cast,
Give my cold lips a kiss at last:
If twice you kiss, you need not fear
That I shall stir, or live more here;
Next hollow out a tomb to cover
Me, me, the most despised lover,
And write thereon: "this, reader, know,
Love kill'd this man." No more, but so."

To Anthea, who may command him any thing.

"Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou can'st find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee."

To Julia.

" Julia, when thy Herrick dies,
Close thou up thy poet's eyes;
And his last breath, let it be
Taken in by none but thee."

Some of his descriptive pieces are characterized by the most exquisite moral pathos.

To Daffodils.

" Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hast'ning day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew
Ne'er to be found again."

To Primroses, filled with Morning Dew.

" Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that show'r
That mars a flow'r;
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;

Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warp'd, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flow'rs, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings; and make known
The reason why
Ye droop, and weep.
Is it for want of sleep;
Or childish lullaby?
Or, that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read,
'That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
'Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth.'"

To Blossoms.

"Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Tis pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile; they glide
Into the grave."

He sings "how roses first came red, and lillies white;" how

flowers first sprung, and how they first received their different tints.

How the Wall-flower came first, and why so called.

" Why this flow'r is now call'd so,
List, sweet maids, and you shall know.
Understand, this firstling was
Once a brisk and bonny lass,
Kept as close as Danäe was,
Who a sprightly springal lov'd;
And, to have it fully prov'd,
Up she got upon a wall,
'Tempting down to slide withal:
But the silken twist untied,
So she fell; and bruis'd, she died.
Love, in pity of the deed,
And her loving, luckless speed,
Turn'd her to this plant, we call
Now the flower of the wall."

How Pansies or Hearts-ease first came.

" Frolick virgins once these were,
Over-loving, living here;
Being here their ends denied,
Ran for sweethearts mad, and died.
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their loss of blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours,
Gave them heart's ease turn'd to flow'rs."

Herrick delights in the description of those elegant poetic creations—the fairies, whom he has delineated with a minuteness of detail and felicity of expression truly admirable. We shall make two quotations from these agreeable sports of fancy.

Oberon's Palace.

" Thus to a grove
Sometimes devoted unto love,
Tinsell'd with twilight, he and they,
Led by the shine of snails, a way
Beat with their num'rous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,

Many a turn, and many a cross
Track, they redeem a bank of moss,
Spungy and swelling, and far more
Soft than the finest Lemster ore,
Mildly disparkl'ing like those fires
Which break from the injewell'd tires
Of curious brides, or like those mites
Of candied dew in moony nights;
Upon this convex all the flow'rs
Nature begets by th' sun, and show'rs,
Are to a wild digestion brought;
As if Love's sampler here was wrought,
Or Cytherea's ceston, which
All with temptation doth bewitch.
Sweet airs move here, and more divine
Made by the breath of great-ey'd kine,
Who, as they low, impearl with milk
The four-leav'd grass, or moss-like silk.
The breath of monkies, met to mix
With musk-flies, are th' aromaticks
Which cense this arch; and here and there,
And farther off, and every-where
Throughout that brave mosaick yard,
Those picks or diamonds in the card,
With pips of hearts, of club, and spade,
Are here most neatly interlaid.
Many a counter, many a die
Half-rotten and without an eye,
Lies here about; and, for to pave
The excellency of this cave,
Squirrels', and children's teeth late shed,
Are neatly here inchequered
With brownest toadstones, and the gum
That shines upon the bluer plumb,
* * * * art's
Wise hand enchasing here those warts,
Which we to others from ourselves
Sell, and brought hither by the elves.
The tempting mole, stol'n from the neck
Of some shy virgin, seems to deck
The holy entrance; where within
The room is hung with the blue skin
Of shifted snake, enfriez'd throughout
With eyes of peacocks' trains, and trout-

Flies' curious wings; and these among
Those silver pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung.
The glowworm's eyes, the shining scales
Of silv'ry fish, wheat-straws, the snail's
Soft candlelight, the kitling's eyne,
Corrupted wood, serve here for shine;
No glaring light of broad-fac'd day,
Or other over radiant ray
Ransacks this room, but what weak beams
Can make reflected from these gems,
And multiply; such is the light,
But ever doubtful, day or night.
By this quaint taper-light he winds
His errors up; and now he finds
His moon-tann'd Mab as somewhat sick,
And, Love knows, tender as a chick.
Upon six plump dandelions high-
Rear'd lies her elvish majesty,
Whose woolly bubbles seem'd to drown
Her mabship in obedient down;

* * * * *

And next to these two blankets; o'er-
Cast of the finest gossamer;
And then a rug of carded wool,
Which, sponge-like, drinking in the dull
Light of the moon, seem'd to comply,
Cloud-like, the dainty deity:
Thus soft she lies; and overhead
A spinner's circle is bespread
With cobweb curtains, from the roof
So neatly sunk, as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare
What gives it hanging in the air."

* * * * *

" *Oberon's Feast.*

" Shapcot, to thee the fairy state
I with discretion dedicate;
Because thou prizest things that are
Curious, and unfamiliar.
Take first the feast; these dishes gone,
We'll see the fairy court anon.

A little mushroom table spread;
After short prayers, they set on bread,
A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,
With some small glitt'ring grit, to eat
His choicest bits with; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But, all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not think his ear was starv'd;
But that there was in place, to stir
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling fly,
The piping gnat for minstrelsy:
And now we must imagine first
The elves present, to quench his thirst,
A pure seedpearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweeten'd in a blue
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of pap'ry butterflies,
Of which he eats; and tastes a little
Of what we call the cuckow's spittle:
A little furze-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coarse; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugar'd rush, and eats the sag
And well-bestrutted bee's sweet bag;
Gladding his palate with some store
Of emmet's eggs: what would he more,
But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated earwig, and a fly;
With the red-capp'd worm, that is shut
Within the concave of a nut,
Brown as his tooth; a little moth,
Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth;
With wither'd cherries; mandrakes' ears;
Moles' eyes; to these, the slain stag's tears;
The unctuous dewlaps of a snail;
The broke heart of a nightingale
O'ercome in music; with a wine
Ne'er ravish'd from the flatt'ring vine,
But gently press'd from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,

Brought in a dainty daisy, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height? **This done,** commended
Grace by his priest, the feast is ended."

The anacreontic poems in this volume are remarkable for their joyous and hearty spirit. His invocations to Canary Sack are as impassioned as those to his mistresses. Amongst this class we find two addressed to Ben Jonson.

" Fill me a mighty bowl
Up to the brink,
That I may drink
Unto my Jonson's soul.

Crown it again, again;
And thrice repeat
That happy heat;
To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaff, I see,
To th' number five,
Or nine; but thrive
In frenzy ne'er like thee."

And again:

" Ah, Ben!
Say how, or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyrick feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolick wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus:
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that talent spend;
And, having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world should have no more."

Of himself, he says,

" Born I was to meet with age,
And to walk life's pilgrimage;
Much I know of time is spent,
Tell I can't what's resident;
Howsoever, cares adieu!
I'll have nought to say to you;
But I'll spend my coming hours
Drinking wine, and crown'd with flow'rs."

There are a great many small epitaphs in the most chaste and classical style. As, for example,

Upon a Child that died.

" Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her!"

Epitaph upon a Child.

" Virgins promis'd, when I died,
That they would, each primrose-tide,
Duly morn and ev'ning come,
And with flowers dress my tomb:
Having promis'd; pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets."

Upon the Death of his Sparrow.

AN ELEGY.

" Why do not all fresh maids appear
To work love's sampler only here,
Where spring-time smiles throughout the year?
Are not here rose-buds, pinks, all flow'rs
Nature begets by th' sun and show'rs,
Met in one herse-cloth, to o'erspread
The body of the under-dead?
Phil, the late dead, the late dead dear!
O, may no eye distil a tear
For you, once lost, who weep not here!
Had Lesbia, too, too kind, but known
This sparrow, she had scorn'd her own;

And for this dead, which under lies,
Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.
But endless peace sit here, and keep
My Phil, the time he has to sleep;
And thousand virgins come and weep,
To make these flow'ry carpets show
Fresh as their blood, and ever grow,
Till passengers shall spend their doom;
Not Virgil's gnat had such a tomb!"

Upon a Maid.

"Here she lies, in beds of spice,
Fair as Eve in paradise;
For her beauty it was such,
Poets could not praise too much.
Virgins, come, and in a ring
Her supremest requiem sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly o'er the dead."

Upon a Child.

"But born, and like a short delight,
I glided from my parents' sight.
That done, the harder fates deny'd
My longer stay, and so I died.
If, pitying my sad parents' tears,
You'l spill a tear or two with theirs,
And with some flow'rs my grave bestrew,
Love and they'll thank you for 't. Adieu."

Upon Ben Jonson.

"Here lies Jonson, with the rest
Of the poets, but the best.
Reader, would'st thou more have known?
Ask his story, not the stone;
That will speak, what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell."

And a variety of votive hymns, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

A Hymn to Venus.

"Goddess, I do love a girl,
Ruby-lip'd, and tooth'd with pearl;

If so be I may but prove
Lucky in this maid I love,
I will promise there shall be
Myrtles offer'd up to thee."

Among his miscellaneous poems, the mad Maid's Song is worth extracting.

The mad Maid's Song.

"Good morrow to the day so fair;
Good morning, sir, to you;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew:

Good morning to this primrose too;
Good morrow to each maid,
That will with flow'rs the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah, woe is me; woe, woe is me!
Alack, and well-a-day!
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave,
I'll seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think they've made his grave
I'th' bed of strawberries:

I'll seek him there; I know ere this
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home;—but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him!"

The Bucolick between Lacon and Thyrsis deserves a place in this anthology, as a specimen of his skill in that department of poetry.

" *Lacon.* For a kiss or two, confess
What doth cause this pensiveness,
Thou most lovely neatherdess?
Why so lonely on the hill;
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That ere while was heard so shrill?
Tell me, do thy kine now fail
To fulfil the milking pail?
Say, what is't that thou dost ail?
Thyrsis. None of these; but out, alas!
A mischance is come to pass;
And I'll tell thee what it was:
See, mine eyes are weeping ripe.
Lacon. Tell, and I'll lay down my pipe.
Thyrsis. I have lost my lovely steer,
That to me was far more dear
Than these kine which I milk here;
Broad of forehead, large of eye,
Party-colour'd like a pie,
Smooth in each limb as a die;
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn,
Sharply pointed as a thorn;
With a neck by yoke unworn,
From the which hung down by strings,
Balls of cowslips, daisy rings,
Interplac'd by ribandings;
Faultless ev'ry way for shape,
Not a straw could him escape,
Ever gamesome as an ape;
But yet harmless as a sheep.
Pardon, Lacon, if I weep;
Tears will spring where woes are deep.
Now, ah me! ah me! last night
Came a mad dog, and did bite,
Aye, and kill'd my dear delight.
Lacon. Alack, for grief!
Thyrsis. But I'll be brief.
Hence I must; for time doth call
Me, and my sad playmates all,
To his ev'ning funeral.
Live long, Lacon; so adieu!
Lacon. Mournful maid, farewell to you;
Earth afford ye flow'rs to strew!"

There is a great deal of poetical imagery in the piece entitled "Corinna's going a Maying."

"Get up, get up for shame; the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the God unshorn:
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree:
Each flow'r has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest;
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have mattins said,
And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in;
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May!

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth like the spring time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair:
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them, while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying!

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is
Made up of whitethorn newly interwove,
As if here, were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying!

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May:
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with whitethorn laden home:
Some have dispatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd; yet we're not a Maying!

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time:
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty:
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun:
And, as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you, or I, are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying!"

Herrick had so very high a notion of the value of his compositions, that he conceived it necessary only to mention his friends in this volume, in order to confer immortality upon them. He constituted himself high priest of the temple of fame, and assumed the power of apotheosizing such writers as he conceived deserving of that honour, never once dreaming of the possibility of both himself and works being neglected or forgotten. Many addresses to his friends and relations, avowing his potency in this high vocation, are scattered through his works. Some of them, however, have juster titles to immortality than the lay of the poet can confer,—such as Selden and Ben Jonson. He addresses that patron of poets, Mr. Endymion Porter, in these words:

To the Patron of Poets, Mr. Endymion Porter.

" Let there be patrons, patrons like to thee,
Brave Porter! poets ne'er will wanting be.
Fabius and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
In thee, thou man of men! who here dost give
Not only subject matter for our wit,
But likewise oil of maintenance to it;
For which, before thy threshold I'll lay down
Our thyrse for sceptre, and our bays for crown:
For, to say truth, all garlands are thy due,
The laurel, myrtle, oak, and ivy too."

A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with epigrams and contemptible couplets; the former, without the smallest point—and the latter, for the most part, having no other alliance to poetry than their being in rhyme. One or two extracts will shew the nature of these epigrams. They are the best and most decent we can find.

Upon Gubbs.

" Gubbs calls his children kitlings; and would bound,
Some say, for joy, to see those kitlings drown'd."

Upon Skrew.

" Skrew lives by shifts, yet swears by no small oaths;
For all his shifts, he cannot shift his cloathes."

Upon Parson Beanes.

" Old Parson Beanes hunts six days of the week,
And on the seventh, he has his notes to seek.
Six days he hollows so much breath away,
That on the seventh, he can nor preach nor pray."

That part of the volume, which he entitles " His Noble Numbers," consists of a series of pieces on religious subjects, most of which possess but little poetical merit. There are a few, however, on which he has scattered his spring flowers. One of the best is " The Dirge of Jephthah's Daughter, sung by the Virgins."

" O thou! the wonder of all days!
O paragon and pearl of praise!
O virgin martyr! ever bless'd
Above the rest
Of all the maiden train! we come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy tomb.

Thus thus, and thus we compass round
Thy harmless and enchanted ground;
And, as we sing thy dirge, we will
The daffodil
And other flow'rs lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou, wonder of all maids! ly'st here,
Of daughters all the dearest dear;
The eye of virgins, nay the queen
Of this smooth green,
And all sweet meads, from whence we get
The primrose and the violet.

Too soon, too dear did Jephthah buy,
By thy sad loss, our liberty:
His was the bond and cov'nant; yet
Thou paid'st the debt,
Lamented maid! He won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along
The olive branch and victor's song:
He slew the Ammonites, we know,
But to thy woe;
And, in the purchase of our peace,
The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeal of thine,
We offer thee, before thy shrine,
Our sighs for storax, tears for wine;
And to make fine
And fresh thy herse-cloth, we will here
Four times bestrew thee ev'ry year.

Receive, for this thy praise, our tears;
Receive this off'ring of our hairs:
Receive these crystal vials, fill'd
With tears, distill'd
From teaming eyes; to these we bring,
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To gild thy tomb; besides, these cauls,
These laces, ribbands, and these fauls,
These veils, wherewith we us'd to hide
The bashful bride,

When we conduct her to her groom:
All, all, we lay upon thy tomb.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed;
No more at yearly festivals
We cowslip balls
Or chains of columbines shall make
For this or that occasion's sake.

No, no; our maiden pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee;
'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave,
Or if we have
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise:
May sweets grow here! and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense.
Let balm and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden-monument.

May no wolf howl or screech-owl stir
A wing about thy sepulchre!
No boisterous winds or storms come hither
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth! but, like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all thy maids, at wonted hours,
Come forth to strew thy tomb with flow'rs:
May virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male-incense burn
Upon thine altar! then return
And leave thee sleeping in thy urn."

And now farewell, young Herrick! for young is the spirit of thy poetry as thy wisdom is old: and mayest thou flourish in immortal youth, thou boon companion and most jocund songster! May thy purest poems be piped from hill to hill, throughout England; and thy spirit, tinged with superstitious lore, be gladdened by the music! May the flowers breathe incense to thy fame, for thou hast not left one of them unsung! May the silvery springs and circumambient air murmur thy praises, as

thou hast warbled theirs! And may those, who live well, sing, and those, who love well, sigh sweet panegyrics to thy memory! Ours shall not be wanting, for we have read thee much, and like thee much, and would fain hope that this our paper, being nearly all made up of thy thoughts and language, may be liked as well as we like thee!

ART. VIII.—*Enchiridion; containing Institutions,*

Divine { *Contemplative.* / *Practicall.*

Moral { *Ethicall.* / *Œconomicall.* / *Politicall.*

Written by Fra: Quarles. *London*, 1702. 12*mo.*

Francis Quarles, the author of this excellent little book, has met with hard measure from the wits and poets who succeeded him. Popular as he was in his own day, that popularity was very short lived—more so, indeed, than merited popularity should be. As a devotional and pious poet, he was, of course, proscribed by the profligate and licentious court of Charles the Second, and those who called him a dull writer meant, in fact, no more than that he was a serious one. Pope, with the usual hastiness of satirists, took the ridicule upon trust, without examining into its justice, and has accordingly mentioned our author amongst the heroes of the *Dunciad*, in a line which has the dishonour of undervaluing the efforts of two good writers, and one well meaning man. For a long period subsequent, the names of "Wither, Quarles, and Blome," were used but as the synonymes of neglected and deservedly neglected scribblers. Of late, however, the merits of our author have excited more attention. It could not, indeed, be, that the character and intellect of a man, like Quarles, should fail, in the end, of being candidly and properly appreciated.

The pretensions of Quarles as a poet may be easily adjusted. Like Herbert, Wither, and Crashaw, he endeavoured to mix the waters of Helicon with the waters of Sion; to give devotion some of the attractions and ornaments of verse; and it can be no disgrace to Quarles, if, in common with these and other greater men, he had but little success in his attempt. He wanted, indeed, almost all the requisites for a poet. With

great sagacity and good sense, which, where human nature was concerned, seldom allowed him to be mistaken, he had little or no fancy, and scarcely any perception of harmony. Pious enthusiasm therefore in him supplied the place of poetic fervor, and much conceit was substituted for imagination. Wanting the real afflatus of the bard, and yet glowing with heavenly energies, feeling his own want of power, and yet conceiving himself to be strengthened from above, he struggled and lashed himself to give his thoughts a vent worthy of their importance. But his struggles are unfortunately all against the grain. He is continually quaint, where he meant to be poetical; and turgid, where he intended to be sublime. He either soars into the regions of bombast or extravagance, or sinks down into a state of very prosaical flatness. Like other persons, who endeavour to divest themselves of their own intellectual character for another which is unattainable, he loses what was really valuable in his prose style, without supplying its place with any better quality; and we miss his own admirable vein of contemplative good sense, without finding any thing which compensates for the deficiency. His poetry is, therefore, never likely to be popular. Probably the cuts which accompany his *Emblems* have done more than any thing else to enlarge the period of their existence. And yet the poetry of Quarles is not entirely deficient in merit. That, indeed, in a man of his high rank of intellect would be impossible. There are, as we may perhaps hereafter shew, occasionally spirited and harmonious passages interspersed. Still these are but few, and we believe the general character of Quarles's poetry must remain as we have given it above.

As a prose writer, Quarles stands upon much more distinguished ground. He has been excelled by none of his contemporaries in vigour or nervousness of language. He is generally brief, pithy, and concentrated, as perhaps most contemplative and serious writers are; yet when he allows himself to expatiate, there is sometimes a rich copiousness and singular sweetness in his diction, which rise even to the highest eloquence. This is, however, not often. His principal characteristics were sagacity, penetration, and good sense; and, marked by these distinguishing features, his style is generally clear, perspicuous, and forcible. It is only in the fervor of his devotion, or the enthusiasm of prayer, that he is carried beyond his usual sententiousness and brevity, and that traces of a higher power are suffered to develope themselves. Quarles, with too much coolness and intellectual self possession to be a mystic, was ever intensely devout. In him, religious enthusiasm operated over a temperament naturally calm, and thus increased the vigour and interest of his speculations, without leading

them on to wildness or extravagance. The prose of Quarles is, in fact, of that precise sort, which dwells upon the ear and seizes on the mind, and pleases more the oftener it is perused. Rich as it is with instruction, and pregnant with well digested thought, it can never lose its value. We are only induced to regret, that there is not more of it. His two principal prose works are his *Judgment and Mercy for Afflicted Souls,* and his *Enchiridion.* The former has been republished by Sir Egerton Brydges, and no work was ever better deserving of republication. His *Enchiridion,* though unquestionably the most valuable of the two, has never been reprinted since the beginning of the last century. We think, the extracts we are about to give from it will induce our readers to wish to see this admirable little book as widely diffused as its excellence deserves.

It is, as its title imports, a collection of maxims, divine and moral, and is, perhaps, the best collection of maxims in the English language. Nor is it merely valuable for the discernment and knowledge of mankind which it evinces, the justness and weight of its matter, and the pithiness and conciseness of the style. Quarles had always something higher in view than the exercise of his own ingenuity, or the mere intellectual gratification of his readers. His maxims fully display that his object was to produce a beneficial effect over human practice—to amend and reform mankind; and his observations always carry with them a seriousness and unity of purpose. There is little of paradox, and nothing of the ostentation of ingenuity, in his *Enchiridion,* but every sentence strikes upon the reader with the force of irresistible truth. He speaks not with the levity of the fanciful theorist, or the more worldly sagacity of the worldly-wise man, but with the correctness of sincere conviction, and the determination of profound inquiry. He arrests the attention not by subtle chimeras or sophistical display—he does not plead with the dextrousness of the counsel, but pronounces with the gravity of he judge. He does not, like another great writer of maxims, anatomise the heart with curious and searchful malignity, merely to show his skill, probe into its secret wounds, and leave them to fester as he found them, and hold up, with petty triumph, the nakedness of his nature to derision; but broods over her weaknesses and failings with the gentle and kindly regard of the good physician, not more skilful in discerning the maladies and disorders of his patient, than able to alleviate and wishful to cure them.

His maxims, though all valuable, have different degrees of merit. They generally commence in an injunction which the author clenches by some pointed antithesis, or illustrates by some ingenious metaphor, or supports by some shrewd thought, or weighty apothegm. Originality does not appear to have

been so much the study of Quarles, as justness in his conclusions; and yet most of the maxims in this book seem to have been the result of his own meditation. Perhaps the eagerness of the author to render his axioms striking, sometimes leads him too much into antithesis, and playing upon words; but this is the only defect which can be imputed to this excellent little work. It is divided into four Centuries, and dedicated by the author, to "the glorious object of our expectation, Charles, Prince of Wales," afterwards Charles the Second. Happy would it have been for that licentious monarch, if he had paid a little more attention to the admirable lessons it contains.

The first Century chiefly consists of political maxims, some of which we will select.

"Before thou undertake a war, let thine eye number thy forces, and let thy judgement weigh them: if thou hast a rich enemy, no matter how poore thy souldiers be, if courageous and faithfull: trust not too much the power of thy treasure, for it will deceive thee, being more apt to expose thee for a prey, than to defend thee: Gold is not able to finde good souldiers; but good souldiers are able to find out gold."

"If the territories of thy equal enemy are situated far south from thee, the advantage is thine, whether he make offensive or defensive war: if north, the advantage is his. Cold is lesse tolerable than heat: this is a friend to nature; that, an enemy."

"If thou desire to know the power of a state, observe in what correspondence it lives with her neighbouring state: If she make allyance with the contribution of money, it is an evident signe of weaknesse: If with her valour, or repute of forces, it manifests a native strength: It is an infallible signe of power to sell friendship; and of weaknesse to buy it: That which is bought with gold, will hardly be maintained with steele."

"It much conduces to the dishonour of a king, and the ill-fare of his kingdome, to multiply nobility, in an over-proportion to the common people. Cheape honour darkens majesty; and a numerous nobility brings a state to necessity."

"It is great prudence in a statesman to discover an inconvenience in the birth; which, so discovered, is easie to be suppresst: But if it ripen into a custome, the sudden remedy thereof is often worse than the disease: in such a case, it is better to temporize a little, than to struggle too much. He that opposes a full-aged inconvenience too suddenly, strengthens it."

"It is the part of a wise magistrate to vindicate a man of power or state-imployment from the malicious scandals of the giddy-headed multitude, and to punish it with great severity. Scandall breeds hatred; hatred begets division; division makes faction; and faction brings ruine."

"If thou entertaine any forraigne souldiers into thine army, let them beare thy colours, and be at thy pay, lest they interest their owne prince. Auxiliary souldiers are the most dangerous. A forraigne prince needs no greater invitation to seize upon thy city, than when he is required to defend it."

"It is more excellent for a prince to have a provident eye for the preventing future mischiefes, than to have a potent arme for the suppressing present evils. Mischiefes in a state are like hectique feavers in a body: In the beginning, hard to be knowne, but easie to be cured; but, let it alone a while, it becomes more easie to be knowne, but more hard to be cured."

"If thou be ambitious of honour, and yet fearfull of the canker of honour, envy; so behave thy selfe, that opinion may be satisfied in this, that thou seekest merit, and not fame; and that thou attributest thy preferment rather to Providence, than thy own vertue. Honour is a due debt to the deserver; and who ever envied the payment of a debt? A just advancement is a providentiall act; and who ever envied the act of Providence?"

"Let not thine army at the first encounter be too prodigall in her assaults, but husband her strength for a dead lift. When the enemy hath abated the fury of his first heat, let him then feel thou hast reserved thy forces for the last blow: so shall the honour he hath gained by his valour increase the glory of thy victory: fore-games, when they prove, are speediest; but after-games, if wisely played, are surest."

The second Century is dedicated to Mrs. Elizabeth Usher, only daughter of the learned Usher, Archbishop of Armagh.—The maxims contained in it are ethical and economical. We will take a few, almost at random.

"A promise is a child of the understanding and the will: the understanding begets it, the will brings it forth. He that performes it, delivers the mother: he that breakes it, murthers the child. If he be begotten in the absence of the understanding, it is a bastard; but the child must be kept. If thou mistrust thy understanding, promise not; if thou hast promised, break it not: it is better to maintain a bastard then to murther a child."

"If evill men speake good, or good men evill, of thy conversation, examine all thy actions, and suspect thy selfe. But if evill men speake evill of thee, hold it as thy honour; and, by way of thankefulnesse, love them; but upon condition, that they continue to hate thee."

"To tremble at the sight of thy sinne, makes thy faith the lesse apt to tremble: the devils beleeve and tremble, because they tremble at what they beleeve; their beliefe brings trembling: thy trembling brings beliefe."

"If thou desire to be truly valiant, feare to doe any injury: He that feares not to doe evill, is alwayes afraid to suffer evill: he that

never feares is desperate: and he that feares alwayes, is a coward. He is the true valiant man, that dares nothing but what he may, and feares nothing but what he ought."

"If thou stand guilty of oppression, or wrongfully possest of another's right, see thou make restitution before thou givest an almes: if otherwise, what art thou but a thief, and makest God thy receiver?"

"When thou prayest for spiritual graces, let thy prayer be absolute; when for temporall blessings, adde a clause of God's pleasure: in both, with faith and humiliation: So shalt thou, undoubtedly, receive what thou desirest, or more, or better. Never prayer rightly made, was made unheard, or heard, ungranted."

"Not to give to the poor, is to take from him. Not to feed the hungry, if thou hast it, is to the utmost of thy power to kill him. That, therefore, thou mayst avoid both sacriledge and murther, be charitable."

"Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged: sleight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finisht: he is below himselfe that is not above an injury."

The third Century consists of general maxims, a few of which follow.

"Art thou banisht from thy owne country? thanke thy owne folly: hadst thou chosen a right home, thou hadst been no exile. Hadst thou commanded thy owne kingdome, all kingdomes had been thy owne. The fool is banisht in his owne country: the wiseman is in his owne country, though banisht: the foole wanders, the wiseman travels."

"Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee; nor too long, lest it blind thee: nor too near, lest it burne thee; if thou like it, it deceives thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou lust after it, it destroyes thee: if vertue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate it, it is the soule's purgatory: it is the wise man's bonefire, and the foole's furnace."

"Take no pleasure in the folly of an idiot, nor in the fancy of a lunaticke, nor in the frenzie of a drunkard. Make them the object of thy pity, not of thy pastime; when thou beholdest them, behold how thou art beholding to him that suffered thee not to be like them. There is no difference between thee and them, but God's favour."

"Use law and physicke only for necessity; they that use them otherwise, abuse themselves into weake bodies, and light purses: they are good remedies, bad businesses, and worse recreations."

"If what thou hast received from God thou sharest to the poore, thou hast gained a blessing by the hand; if what thou hast taken from the poore, thou givest to God, thou hast purchased a curse into the bargaine. He that puts to pious uses what he hath got by impious

usury, robs the spittle to make an hospitall; and the cry of the one, will out-plead the prayers of the other."

"Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabberd, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue."

"Wouldst thou multiply thy riches? Diminish them wisely. Or wouldst thou make thy estate entire? Divide it charitably. Seeds that are scattered encrease; but, hoarded up, they perish."

"The Clergy is a copy-book, their life is the paper, whereof some is purer, some coarser. Their doctrine is the copies, some written in a plain hand, others in a flourishing hand, some in a text hand, some in a Roman hand, others in a court hand, others in a bastard Roman. If the choise be in thy power, chuse a book that hath the finest paper; let it not be too straight nor too loosely bound, but easie to lye open to every eye. Follow not every copy, lest thou be good at none. Among them all, chuse one that shall be most legible and usefull, and fullest of instructions. But if the paper chance to have a blot, remember, the blot is no part of the copy."

"Wisdome without innocency is knavery; innocency without wisdome is foolery: be, therefore, as wise as serpents, and innocent as doves. The subtilty of the serpent instructs the innocency of the dove; the innocency of the dove corrects the subtilty of the serpent. What God hath joyned together, let no man separate."

We have already quoted enough, as we think, to make our readers acquainted with the value of this collection. We must, nevertheless, make an extract or two from the last Century.

"Infamy is where it is received: if thou art a mudde wall, it will stick; if marble, it will rebound: if thou storme at it, 'tis thine: if thou contemne it, 'tis his."

"Let not the sweetnesse of contemplation be so esteemed, that action be despised: Rachel was more faire, Lea more fruitfull. As contemplation is more delightfull, so is it more dangerous: Lot was upright in the city, and wicked in the mountaine."

"If thou expect death as a friend, prepare to entertaine it. If thou expect death as an enemy, prepare to overcome it. Death has no advantage, but when it comes a stranger."

"In the meditation of divine mysteries, keep thy heart humble, and thy thoughts holy. Let philosophy not be ashamed to be confuted, nor logic blush to be confounded; what thou canst not prove, approve; what thou canst not comprehend, beleeve; and what thou canst beleeve, admire: so shall thy ignorance be satisfied in thy faith, and thy doubts swallowed up with wonders; the best way to see daylight, is to put out thy candle."

We have now finished our extracts, though, when all is so excellent, it is a difficult matter to make a selection. We think our readers will now be enabled to judge with what propriety the name of Quarles has been hitherto associated with dulness and imbecility. His admirers have no need to palliate any of his defects by the goodness of intention. If he were not a great poet, he was something much better than an ordinary one. He was a man of strong native ability, quick intuition, great sagacity, and by no means devoid of wit. Had he chosen to give his parts and study to general literature, few seem better calculated to have succeeded. But his object was to be useful, extensively and substantially useful. He rejected the triumphs which literary pre-eminence presented, to "walk humbly with God," to paraphrase the Scriptures for the pious, and to expound to the devout their sayings, their promises, and their consolations. He renounced the posthumous rewards of fame, and contented himself with the applauses of his own conscience; with the lives of saints and martyrs before him, he loved to follow in their footsteps, and looked not forward except to a joyful eternity. And shall such prostration of intellect be without its merit and reward? Shall a character, so truly excellent, be depreciated by the scoffs of idle wit, or the attacks of empty satire? It is to be hoped not, at least for the credit of human nature; and, therefore, when the name of Quarles is mentioned, let it never be mentioned without praise.

Maurice, Printer, Fenchurch-street.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. V. Part II.

Art. I.—*Primera, y segunda parte de Guzman de Alfarache, por* Matheo Aleman, *Criado del Rey nuestro Senor, natural, y vezino de Sevilla. Madrid,* 1723. 4*to.*

The Rogue; or, The Life of Guzman de Alfarache. Written in Spanish by Matheo Aleman, *servant to his Catholic Majestie, and borne in Sevill. London, printed for* Edward Blount, 1623.

This is not a book of bustle and activity, of trick upon trick, cozenage upon cozenage—a series of nimble *leger-de-main* and Spanish petty larcenies, like some works of a similar description: the real action of the piece occupies but a very small portion of the six hundred closely printed pages, of which the volume consists. The greater part of it is filled with observations of men and manners, with lively declamation, long argumentations, and high moralities. Small, however, as is the proportion which the narrative bears to the ethical part of it, we shall not attempt to follow Guzman de Alfarache step by step through his adventures. A mere piece of roguery told in the abstract, without the proper *picaresque* ornaments, its manifold sinuosities and dexterities, has no interest for the reader; it may recommend the executor of it to the administration of a cat-o-nine-tails, or to an

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honourable post in the gallies: but there is no music in it without the proper accompaniments. It is earth without verdure, bread without salt, body without spirit. It requires the embellishment of courage or ingenuity, to make it pass current in the world. We look for a nimble wit as well as nimble fingers, for a ready tongue as well as a quick hand, for apt contrivance and bold execution as well as for impenetrable impudence and an unabashed forehead. If we were to give an abstract of Guzman's adventures, we should inflict upon our readers a less measure of what we have ourselves undergone in struggling through this prodigious folio. We never felt at once, so acutely and so long, the evil of a great book.—We made many vigorous sallies, but our excursions uniformly terminated in weariness. We took breath divers times, and tried many expedients to cheat ourselves into the happy credulity, that it was a most amusing work. That there was some wit dispersed throughout it, was obvious—that it displayed great knowledge of mankind, and discrimination of different orders of men, we could not deny—that there were some entertaining incidents and agreeable episodes, we most joyfully acknowledged—and that there were some tit bits of morality, and most quaint, ingenious, and clever pieces of writing, we crossed ourselves and were thankful. We thought it ought to be a lively book, and a pleasant one.—We reflected upon the five-and-twenty editions it went through in Spain; upon its being translated into so many different languages; in short, upon all conceivable things, but in vain—we could not get rid of the impression, that it was a very dull book with very good things in it. This impression may, in some measure, have been caused by disappointment at meeting with theses instead of tricks, and rules instead of rogueries, and at those things which ought to be accidents, having been made the subjects; the adventures of the hero, instead of the moralization, constituting in fact the digression.

This being the case, we shall briefly give our readers to understand, that the genealogy of Guzman de Alfarache was wrapped in some obscurity, it never having been correctly ascertained who was entitled to the paternal character. The probability, however, leaned in favour of a Genoese merchant, who at the time of our adventurer's birth was resident in Seville. Of his mother, indeed, there was no doubt, and, one way or other, Guzman made out certain pretensions to gentility of descent; but not being ourselves learned in the heraldry of Spain, we shall not now stop to examine his claims. Suffice it to say, that his nurture was tender and his breeding gentle. On the death of his reputed father, Guzman, being still quite a boy, incited by a desire to see distant parts, launches his own boat,

and embarks on the ocean of the world to seek his fortunes. Some calm seas he meets with, and many tempests. He commences life as a stable boy, turns beggar and porter, thief and man of fashion; enlists as a soldier, goes into Italy, becomes valet to a Cardinal, and pander to a French ambassador. He next returns to Spain, sets up as a merchant, marries, cheats his creditors, and becomes bankrupt; determines to take holy orders, and enters himself as a student at the University of Alcala. Here he fags hard, until he at length withdraws his eyes from divinity to spell love in the fair face of an innkeeper's daughter, whom he marries. He gives up the idea of turning churchman; figures away at a great rate so long as his resources last; revisits his mother; is deserted by his wife; robs an old woman who had taken him into her service; is tried, and condemned to the gallies for life; obtains his liberation for revealing a conspiracy of the slaves, and afterwards writes an account of his adventures.

Guzman is not one of your every-day rogues, a common picker and stealer. There is as much difference between one of those vulgar knaves and our Guzmanillo, as there is between an ordinary highwayman and the gallant Du Val, that prince of all rogues without the realm of fiction, that abstracter of gentlemen's purses and filcher of ladies' hearts. An anecdote, related of Du Val, will shew the difference between the two last, and may perhaps amuse our readers. This hero having arrested the carriage of a certain knight and his lady, who he knew were travelling with four hundred pounds in their possession, the lady, to show that she felt no apprehension, began to play a tune on her flageolet. Du Val very decorously waited until she had finished, and then, being himself an excellent musician, "say his memoirs," he took a flageolet which hung by his side, and played a tune in return, and afterwards stepped up to the carriage and invited the lady to dance a *coranto* with him. So reasonable a request could not be refused; she descended, performed the dance, Du Val singing the tune; and was handed back by her partner to the carriage. He then reminded the knight that he had forgot to pay the music, whereupon the courteous knight presented him with a hundred pounds, which our hero politely accepted, telling him he would let him off the other three hundred which he had with him. But to return to our Spanish adventurer. He is a deep, recondite, *Machiavellian* rogue, who lays most profound and politic schemes to achieve a purse, or circumvent a trinket. He has as many plans and manœuvres, marches and countermarches, about his petty exploits, as a skilful general in conquering a country; and his relation of them is proportionably extended. Then he has so many reflections, soliloquies, and arguments, during their pro-

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gress, that an account of two or three of his affairs would make a serious encroachment upon one of our numbers. Of one of his knavish tricks only, shall we venture to give a partial account.

Guzman arrives at Milan, where his servant Sayavedra meets with an old acquaintance named Aguilera. This person is in the service of a rich merchant, of the nature and situation of whose wealth he gives a full description to Guzman: and dwells with particular admiration—in which our adventurer most cordially participates—upon a "delicate dapple-grey *cat*, crammed full with crowns, in good, dainty, brave ruddocks, all good double pistolets, some pieces of two, some of four, not one single one amongst them." This same cat was kept quiet and warm, in a certain cabinet which the merchant had in his shop. Guzman being made fully acquainted with all necessary particulars, forms a plan to cheat the merchant, which is equally to be admired for its impudence and ingenuity. He first applies to the merchant, informs him he is a stranger—has three thousand ducats, and wishes to deposit them with him, as a person of whose honour and worthiness he had been well certified. The merchant is mightily well pleased at the prospect of having the custody of this treasure, of which he promises to take especial care. Guzman then proceeds in his narrative, as follows:

"Aguilera had brought me that his shop book of accounts, according as I had appointed him. I turned to one of the leaves towards the latter end of the book, where I found some memorials booked eight days before, and in a void place, or blank, where nothing was written, I set down this that followeth: Left with me by Don Juan Ossorio, three thousand crowns in gold, some being pieces of ten, but most of them, of two, and of four. Over and above, he likewise left with me two thousand royals, in good royals of plate. Afterwards I drew a line upon what I had written, to shew that the book was crossed; and wrote in a different letter on the margin, *Lleuolos, lleuolos;* which is as much to say, All this money is mine. Afterwards I shut to the book, and gave it him again, and together with it ten doubloons of ten; willing him, that when he opened the cabinet, he should take a hundred other out of the cat, and put those in their room. I likewise gave him two billets; whereof the one said, These three thousand crowns belong to Don Juan Ossorio; and the other said, Here are two thousand royals in plate, whose true owner is Don Juan Ossorio. I did moreover advise him, that if there were any other bill, or note, in the bag, he should take it forth, and leave mine only there. And that of the two thousand royals, he should clap it into another great bag, wherein Aguilera had already told me, there were some seventeen thousand more, or thereabouts, for he could not know the just number in regard they did daily put in other fresh monies amongst them. And that he should withal remember, that this great bag of silver lay in a great

chest next unto his cabinet, and that the bag was marked with a great spot of ink near unto the mouth of it. With these instructions, Aguilera went his way, having taken order with him, that he should that night without fail put every thing in its right place, according as I had given him direction. The day following, as soon as I had dined, I walked leisurely along to the merchant's shop, with my man at my heels, as if I had known no such matter, dissembling the business very handsomely. When I was come thither, and that his eye was upon me, as soon as he saw me, he was wondrous glad; thinking I had brought that with me, which I meant to demand of him. We did agree both in one, in respect of the purpose that we had to deceive each other; but my plot was another kind of gambol than he was aware of. We had both one end, but the means were divers. Now, when we had saluted one another, I said unto him,—To-morrow, Sir, shall I send this my servant unto you with a bag, and a ticket with it, desiring you that you will be pleased to give a quick dispatch, and to send him back unto me as soon as you can, because I shall have occasion to use his service. My poor silly merchant, whose mind was more bent, how he should outstrip me by his cunning, than fearful that I should go beyond him, and prove in the end the craftier knave of the two, thought that my meaning was, that the money should be brought him the next morning; and so said unto me, Sir, your desire shall be fulfilled: you shall have it whensoever you please to send for it.

"With that, I got me out of doors, and had scarce gone twenty paces, but I returned back again, and said unto him,—Sir, since I went from hence, I have better bethought myself, and have present occasion to use this money, and therefore (I pray) let me have it. The man's colour began to change, and seeming to be somewhat troubled, he said unto me,—What money, Sir, is that you would have of me? All, Sir, (said I) all, for I have occasion to use all of it. Whereunto he replied,—What all? What all, quoth I? All the gold and the silver. He answered me, What gold, what silver? I told him, That silver and gold, Sir, which you have here of mine. I, any gold or silver of yours? No, Sir, (said he) I have no silver nor gold of yours, nor do I know what you mean. Sir, said I, (answering him somewhat roughly) do you make it so strange; think you I do not know what I speak? I am neither mad nor drunk; this is pretty fine dealing indeed; this trick will not serve your turn. Nor yours neither, Sir, said he; methinks yours is the prettier of the two, in demanding that of me, which you never gave me; nor have I any thing of yours. No, Sir, (quoth I) Take heed what you say. Let me wish you to be a little better advised. Leave off your jesting, and come to earnest, for I can assure you this is no jesting matter; I must not be so answered, nor do I take it well at your hands. Very good, Sir, (said he) very good i'faith: it is you, Sir, that are disposed to jest, and to make yourself merry with me. No more, (good Sir) it is enough, I pray begone; I have something else to do, than to find you talk. How, Sir, begone? Nay, by your leave, (quoth I) there is more in it than so. I must not go hence without my money. Money, (said he) what money would you have of me? What is your demand? Marry, I demand (said I)

those crowns and royals which I left with you the other day. With me? (said he) you never left any crowns nor royals with me: Go look your crowns and royals elsewhere; the devil a cross that I have of yours. Then, said I unto him, Are you not ashamed to avouch this before these gentlemen that are here present, who but even now before them, when I told you that I would send my man to-morrow for them, you answered me, he should have them; and now that I come to you for them myself, (having present use for them) do you deny me them with one and the same breath? Deny you, Sir, (said he) I deny you nothing; nor nothing shall you have of me: for I received nothing of you; and nothing shall I return you. How, Sir, nothing? Did not I, Sir, some eight days since, bring you these monies, desiring you to keep them for me, and did not you yourself receive them from me? Give me therefore my monies, and that presently, for I will not that you keep them one minute of an hour longer in your hands. In my hands? (said he.) I have not so much as one farthing of yours in my hands: and therefore, God be with you, Sir, I have no more to say to you. It is the Devil that deceiveth us all. I think so, indeed (quoth I:) for sure the Devil did deceive me when I trusted you with my money: And with that, my inflamed choler having set my whole face on fire, I angrily said unto him, What meanest thou by this, that thou wilt not restore me my money? Before thee and I part, I will make thee lay it down here on this board, even to the uttermost farthing, or else I will know why I shall not. Be wise therefore in time, and well advise with yourself (I would wish you) what you do, for fear of after-claps. The poor man was so troubled, and struck into such a fear, when he saw I was so hot and choleric in the business, and so resolutely bent upon it, that he had not a word to say; yet at last, with a kind of counterfeit smile, seeming to make a jest of my words, he bid me begone, one while in God's name, another in the Devil's; saying, that he knew me not, nor who I was, nor what was my name, nor the thing that I demanded of him. Whereupon, turning myself about to those (which were many) that were there,—Art thou so impudent (said I) as to say, thou dost not know who, nor what I am, thinking thereby to out-face me, and to cozen me of those monies thou hast of mine in thy hands? But I doubt not but I shall find good justice in Milan, and that (though full sore against his will) he should be forced to make me present payment. My man denies it more and more, telling me, I had much mistaken my mark."

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"The house was all in an uproar, and those likewise, which were present there from the beginning, that this difference happened between us. Upon this coil and stir that was between them, there came in many into the shop, as they passed along the street, besides a great number of the neighbours, asking one another, What was the matter? For now were we grown so loud, that we did not well understand one another. All that were there, went inquiring, What was the cause of all this noise; what we quarrelled about? not so few as a hundred were talking here and there of it, and every one relating it each to other, some in one manner and some in another, whilst we within

drowned all that the other said, so earnest was the contesting that was between us. In the heat whereof comes me in a Bargello, an officer of the same nature with our Alguazil in Castile, a kind of sergeant or catchpole, but he bear no vare or white rod in his hand as ours do, and making the people to give way, he came up where we were, being both (through the heat of our choler) as hot and as red as coals. When I saw the Justice present (howbeit he was a stranger unto me, and knew him no otherwise than as he was the Justice) I saw my suit at an end, and that the cause was like to go with me. And here, taking my cue, I began in a milder temper to speak thus unto those that were by:—Gentlemen, you have seen and heard that which hath here passed between us, and how, and in what manner, this naughty man hath denied me mine own money; let his own man speak the truth concerning this business, and if he (out of his respect to his master) shall refuse to deliver what he knows, let his own book speak in my behalf, wherein shall that appear to be set down which he received of me, and in what parcels, and in what manner of fashion I delivered the said monies unto him; to the end, that it may be known unto you, which of us is the honester man, and speaks the most truth. Should I be so shameless to ask a man that, which I never gave him? Into a cat-skin bag that he hath, he did put into that cabinet three thousand crowns of mine, some of two, and others of four; and for to make my proofs more plain and clear unto you, he hath intermixed amongst them, ten crowns of ten, which in the whole make up just the sum of three thousand crowns; and in a bag which he locked up within that chest, (wherein he told me there were at that time I delivered him my monies, near, together with mine, about some seventeen thousand royals) did he put those two thousand he had of me: and if this (which I tell you) be not true, I am content to lose it all, and that you take my head from off my shoulders, for the arrantest traitor that ever spake with tongue, an' if here in your presence, before I stir a foot from hence, I do not make good unto you all that I have said. Only, gentlemen, let me intreat (though a stranger) so much lawful favour from you, that there may present inquisition be made concerning this business (considering how nearly it concerns me) that he may not, by gaining of time, have opportunity to transport them to some other place. And turning myself toward the Bargello, I said,—See now, Sir, I beseech you, Sir, to see, which of us two treats falsehood, which intends deceit? The merchant then said,—I am content to stand to this motion, and to put myself upon this trial, I shall bring forth my books, I care not who see them, let them be perused, if any such thing be there to be found; you shall likewise see all the money that I have in the house; and if any such thing shall appear as this man would make you believe, I will confess that he says truth, and that I am in the wrong. Then said they that were present,—This business is now ended, they are both agreed upon the point, and it will straight be seen which of these two are in the right.

"The merchant commanded his servant that kept his cash, that he should bring him his great book of accounts. He did so; but when he had brought it, I excepted against it, and said,—O thou

cozening companion; this is not the book, it is a lesser than this, a little kind of manual, that a man may easily hold in his hand. Then he willed him to fetch the manual that was in the case, being a little thing of some four sheets of paper, like a note-book. Which when he had likewise brought,—No, no, (said I) what need so many tricks and devices? why do you seek to deceive us thus with your book? this is not that which I would have; you need not to beat so about the bush; the bird that I look for is not here. I asked for your chalk and you give me cheese. I would see that wherein you did set down those particular sums of money you received of me; it is a little long narrow book; you know well enough which I mean, if you were disposed to bring it forth. Then, said Aguilera, it may be, Sir, he means that wherein you write your memorials, for so it should seem by the description of it; for there is not any other besides of that fashion, to my knowledge in the house. And bringing it before us, he turned himself towards me, and said,—Is this, Sir, the book that you would have? I answered, Yes, this is it, this is it, and none but this. Now, gentlemen, I pray see whether I say truth or no. This will decide the controversy, his cunning can no longer cloak itself, and this will make his knavery plainly appear unto you. They began then (having the book in their hands) to turn the leaves one by one, and when I spied mine own hand and what I had there set down, I said,—I pray, gentlemen, will you be pleased to look upon this writing, and to see what it saith; read, I pray, these parcels of monies, which he hath crossed and blotted out (though the sums are easy to be seen) and by that which I here perceive, he hath noted it in the margin to be paid; but this trick shall not serve his turn, for I will have my money before I go from hence. They did all look upon it, and might easily discern those very sums by me before-mentioned. Whereat the merchant was so mad, and so transported with passion, that he knew not what to say unto it, but began to curse and rail, and swearing a thousand oaths, vowed that he did not know of it, nor how it came there, nor who had written it. To clear that doubt, I answered,—I wrote this myself; this I confess to be my hand, but that in the margin is a different letter, and the quotation as false as God is true; for he never returned me one penny of it; and in that cabinet that stands there, if he have not taken it thence, there are my crowns.

" Hereupon, like a furious bedlam, he began to rage and rave extremely, so that the standers-by did undoubtedly believe, that all I had said was true. And seeking to pacify me (for I seemed to be very angry with this foul dealing of his,) they wished me to quiet myself, and to rest contented, for the crossing of his book was not material, nor his writing in the margin, that he returned me my monies, if those things should fall out right (as I had said) in the rest. What greater proof, (then said I) or what truer token can you have of my truth and his falsehood, than his late protestations that he never received any one penny of me, and yet you here see it set down, though having a purpose to play the rogue with me, he afterwards crossed it out. If he received it, why does he deny it? If he did not receive it, how comes it here? I pray you, cause that cabinet to be opened, where I

doubt not but you may chance to find my doubloons, where you shall light amongst them, upon ten doubloons of ten crowns a piece? At this, the merchant fell a foaming and a fretting, and stampt for very anger, refusing to open the cabinet, and as stiffly striving against it, as if they should have offered to rip up his belly and take out his heart, vowing and averring with sundry hideous oaths, and fearful obsecrations, that all was roguery and villainy, and that there was no such matter as I talked of; and for those doubloons of ten, he did there confidently avouch before them all, that he had not one, or not above one, (if he had that) in all his house. Such ado there was to get him to open the cabinet, as was wonderful; he denied to do it; the Bargello was as instant as he was stubborn, and said, he should do it: the latter insisted to have the keys; the other resisted, and said, he should not have the keys. When the Bargello saw this, he began to grow now as hot as before he was jealous of his double-dealing; and swore a great oath, that if he would not fetch the keys, and open the cabinet by fair means, and that quickly too, he would take it out of his house and carry it away with him, and give particular notice of all the whole business to the Signor Capitan di Giustitia, (which is there with them of the same quality and authority as a Corregidor in Castile) and there deposit it, that the truth thereof might be known. At last (though sore against his will) he gave him the keys; and when he had opened the cabinet; Sir, (said I) there, in such a box, did he put them in a dapple-grey cat-skin. They opened that box, and pulled out the cat by the ears, and going to tell the money to see if it were right or no, a piece of the billet shewed itself. When I saw that, with somewhat a more cheerful countenance, I reared myself up and said: Let this paper, I pray, be read; for that scroll will declare how much there is in the bag, and whose it is. They read it, the contents expressing Don Juan Ossorio to be their true owner. Well, they fell afterwards to telling of them, and found them to be just three thousand crowns, with those ten of ten a piece, which I told you of.

"Things being brought to this push, and falling out so pat as they did, my merchant was struck as dead as a herring; he was absolutely now gone, quite overthrown horse and foot, without hope of recovery; he had not a word to say for himself, nor knew not in the world what to allege in his own excuse: it seeming unto him to be *Opus Demonii*, that the Devil had a hand in it; for he thought it was impossible that any should be able to do it. Besides, he considered with himself, that if I could find hands to put these things there, I might easier have found hands to carry them away.

"He was quite beside himself, and cried out, that all was lies and nothing but lies; that his goods were wrongfully taken from him; that this money was his, and nobody's else; that the Devil had put those doubloons there, and not he; that they should lay hold on me, for I had a familiar, and a great many the like broken speeches."

The alleged knavery of the merchant is still further manifested by the discovery of the other billet relating to the two

thousand royals. Guzman triumphantly obtains the treasure, and, says he,

"I carried my monies home with me, as merrily as the heart of man can possibly imagine. I clapped it safe under lock and key; I looked charily unto it, and lapped it up very warm, that it might not catch cold. And albeit all things succeeded thus happily with me, yet Sayavedra, though he felt it, had it in his hands, and touched it again and again, yet could he not believe it was there. It seemed unto him as a dream, and thought it an impossibility that this business should prove so lucky. He fell a blessing of himself with both his hands, as oft as he thought upon my craft and subtlety."

Some of the excellent observations of this author, upon different subjects, we shall extract. Of honour, he says:

"It is the son of nothing; the child that knows neither father nor mother; the earth's offspring, being raised out of the dust thereof; it is a frail vessel, full of cracks, of flaws, and of holes, incapable of containing any thing in it that is of any moment or worth. Favour hath endeavoured to mend this broken bucket, and to stop the leaks thereof with clouts and with rags; and putting thereunto the rope of private interest, now they draw up water with it, and it seemeth to be very beneficial and profitable unto them. It is one of Peter the tailor's sons, whose father, howsoever he got it, were it well or were it ill, made a shift to leave him something to live upon. Or, like unto that other, who by stealing from others, got wherewithal to give and where-with to bribe and suborn. These are the men that are honoured now-a-days; they speak high language, and utter arrogant words, and press into all your great assemblies and principal meetings, as if they were the only men, and none but they."

"Tell me, I pray, who is that that gives honour unto some, and takes it from other some? Marry, it is more or less wealth. O what a brave canon is this to qualify a man? What an excellent Rector, what a learned Schoolmaster? How discreetly do they graduate a man, what a good examination do they take before they prefer any! Tell me once more, I pray, What difference is there in their obligation between him that cometh fairly (as thou saidst before) by an office, and him that buys an office, whose money only (without any other merit) hath enthroned him in the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the world? Whence comes it to pass, that the man that is discreet, noble, virtuous, well descended, of a sound and sober judgement, long practice, and more experience, a true master of his art, should (by being deprived of his due preferment,) remain poor and needy, shut up in a corner, excluded from business, afflicted, and peradventure enforced to derogate from his own worth, and to do that which is not agreeable to his disposition, that he may avoid the incurring of a worse inconvenience."

Of truth and lying:

"But it seemeth unto me (as I have painted it in mine imagination) that truth and lying are like the string, and the rest or peg in some instrument. The string hath a delicate sound, sweet and pleasing to the ear; but the peg doth skriek, squeak, and creak, like a cart wheel, and can hardly be turned and wrested. The string gently yields, willingly stretching and enlarging itself, till you have strained it to your liking; but the peg goes still twirling and turning, being wrung, wrenched, and pinched upon by the string. Just so stands the case, for all the world, betwixt truth and lying. Truth is the peg, and lying the string. Well may a lie go working and winding itself upon truth, which is the peg, and leave some print or sign therein, making it to sound harsh and untuneable to the ear, but in the end it goes (although with some difficulty) turning and winding a lie so long, till truth remain whole and sound, like the peg; and lying cracked and broken, like the string."

He thus describes the lot of the poor and of the rich:

"The poor man is a kind of money that is not current; the subject of every idle housewife's chat; the off-scum of the people; the dust of the street, first trampled under foot, and then thrown on the dunghill: in conclusion, the poor man is the rich man's ass. He dineth with the last, fareth of the worst, and payeth dearest: his sixpence will not go so far as a rich man's threepence; his opinion is ignorance; his discretion, foolishness; his suffrage, scorn; his stock upon the common, abused by many, and abhorred of all. If he come in company, he is not heard; if any chance to meet him, they seek to shun him; if he advise (though never so wisely) they grudge and murmur at him; if he work miracles, they say he is a witch; if virtuous, that he goeth about to deceive: his venial sin, is a blasphemy; his thought, is made treason; his cause, be it never so just, is not regarded; and to have his wrongs righted, he must appeal to that other life. All men crush him; no man favoureth him. There is no man that will relieve his wants; no man that will comfort him in his miseries; nor no man that will bear him company, when he is alone, and oppressed with grief. None help him, all hinder him; none give him, all take from him; he is debtor to none, and yet must make payment to all. O, the unfortunate and poor condition of him that is poor, to whom even the very hours are sold which the clock striketh, and pays custom for the sunshine in August!

"And as your rotten and refuse flesh comes to be meat for dogs, so, as an unprofitable piece of flesh, the discreet poor man comes to be eaten up and devoured by a company of ignorant chuffs. But it is quite otherwise with the rich: how smooth doth the wool go on their side? what a fresh gale of wind is still in the poop of them? in how calm a sea do they sail? what fair weather, free from the least cloud of care? and what carelesness in those storms which other men suffer? Their granaries are full of corn; their butts of wine; their jars of oil; their chests of money. In the summer, he keeps himself from the heats; and in the winter, he clothes himself warm to defend him from

the cold. Of all men, he is well received. His fantastical tricks are gentlemanlike carriage; his foolish speeches are wise sentences; if he be malicious, and hath a pestilent pate to plot mischief, then is he said to be subtle, and to have a shrewd head of his own; if he be prodigal, they stile him liberal; if covetous, a wary fellow; if given to railing, he is a witty gentleman; if fool-hardy, of a brave daring spirit; if impudent and full of ribaldry, he is a merry man and fine companion; if bitter in his taunts, and given to detraction, an admirable courtier; if incorrigible, all metal; if scoffing, pleasant-witted; if babbling and full of prate, they term him sociable; if vicious, affable; if a tyrant, a powerful man; if obstinate, constant; if blasphemous and full of oaths, a very valiant fellow; if dull, grave and fit to make a counsellor. His errors the earth covereth; all are afraid of him; none dare offend him; every man's ear is tied to his tongue, seeking by their attention to please his palate; and not a word that comes from him, but is entertained by them with as much solemnity, as if an oracle had spoken unto them. He will not be said nay, but will have what he list, making himself both party, judge, and witness. When he will countenance a lie, his power makes it to pass for a truth, and, as if it were so indeed, it is so received. How is he accompanied, how visited, how feasted, how magnified of all men?

"In a word, poverty is the poor man's portion, and riches that of the rich. And, therefore, where good blood boileth, and the pulse of honour beats strongly, want is held a greater loss than life; death is not so hurtful, nor seemeth half so terrible unto him, as necessity. For money warmeth the blood, and makes it quick and active: whereas he that is without it, is but a dead body that walks up and down like a ghost amongst the living. A man cannot without it do any thing in its opportune and fit time; he cannot execute his desires, nor accomplish any thing whereunto he hath a liking."

And, again, he describes the power and influence of riches:

"Apollonius Tianeus takes it upon himself, and says,—That he hath seen a stone, called *Pantaura*, which is the Queen of all other stones, whereon the sun doth work in that forcible manner, that it hath all the virtues in it that are to be found in all other stones whatsoever that are in the world, and that it worketh the same effects: and that as the loadstone draweth the iron unto it, so this *Pantaura* attracteth all other stones unto itself, preserving that party from all kind of poison that shall bear it about him.

"To this stone, we may very well, and with a great deal of reason, compare riches. For see what virtue there is in all other things, the same shall we find in riches. It draws all unto itself, and preserveth the possessor thereof from all manner of poison. It doth all in all; it bringeth mighty things to pass; it is a most fierce and cruel beast; it overcomes all, treads down all that stands in its way, and commands all. It makes every thing stoop to its power; it subjecteth the earth, and all that therein is. By riches, the fiercest beasts are made tame; no fish, though never so great, can resist riches; nor the

least of fishes, that hide themselves in the concaves and hollow holes of the rocks, though overwhelmed with water and drowned in the deep, can escape its force; nor can the fowls of the air, though of the swiftest and nimblest wing, fly from its empire; it exenterates, and pulls out the very bowels from the profoundest parts of the earth, upon which the highest mountains have their foundation; and it maketh dry the most hidden sands, which the sea doth cover in her bottomless abyss. What altitudes hath it not abased? What difficulties hath it not overcome? What impossibilities hath not it facilitated? In what dangers hath she wanted safety? In what adversity hath not she found friends? What thing hath she desired, which she hath not obtained? Or what law hath she made, which hath not been obeyed? And being, as it is, so venomous a poison, that not only like the basilisk, by being beheld by us, it killeth our bodies, but by a bare desire only (being coveted) destroyeth our souls, damning them for ever to the bottomless pit of Hell; yet she herself is a treacle to the harm we receive from her, and a counter-poison to that venom wherewith she infecteth our souls and consciences, if he that possesseth riches, can (as of an antidote, or some precious preservative) make good use thereof. Riches, in its own nature, and in itself, hath neither honour, nor knowledge, nor power, nor valour, nor any other good, nor any punishment, nor glory, more than that, whereunto, they that do possess it, do direct it. It is like unto the cameleon, which assumeth the colour of that thing on which it settles itself; or of the nature of that water of the lake Feneo, of which the Arcadians report, that he that drinketh thereof over-night grows sick, but he that takes it after the sun is once up, waxeth well. He that shall live in idleness, heaping up treasure by night, that is, secretly scraping a great deal of wealth together, overcharging his conscience therewith, he sure shall be sick; but he that shall use them in the day time, and show them to the light, that his works may shine before men, and that he come with a clear conscience, having the stomach of his soul empty of sin, and his conscience not over-clogged with worldly cares, this man shall be made whole."

On the other hand, he gives a joyous account of the pleasures of the poor:

"There is not that pot, which we do not skim; nor that meat, which we do not prove; nor that banquet, wherein we have not a share. Whither did that poor man ever come, that the house that denied him to-day, did not give him to-morrow? He runs through all men's houses, he begs of them all, and he tastes of all: and he is best able to say, which house hath the best meat, and the best dressed.

"For the hearing,—Who hears more than the poor man doth? For being disinterested in all kind of things, none are jealous that he should hear them; in the open streets, in private houses, in public churches, in the market-place, and in every place, every man treats freely of his business, without any suspicion of him, though the matter be never so important. Sleeping besides at nights, upon some bulk or stall in the streets, what music have they bestowed upon them,

which we hear not? What love tricks are they privy to, which we know not? Nothing is kept secret from such poor beggarly rascals as we be. And for public affairs, we have, by a thousand parts, better intelligence than all the world besides; for we hear that treated of in more parts, than all men else besides put all together.

"For your seeing, likewise,—How freely may we enjoy it, without being noted? None ask us the question, Why we gaze upon them? nor offer to hinder us from looking here, or looking there. How often have I accused and condemned myself, when begging in the church, mine eye hath been wandering and roving about? and chucked and hugged myself, with the delight and pleasure that I have taken therein? Or, to speak downright English, and to declare myself more plainly, feeding mine eyes greedily on those angelical faces of your finest ladies, whose lovers did not dare to look upon them for fear of being noted: all which was freely permitted unto us." * * *

"But these are but toys to speak of, and mere fooleries; but above all these things, the taste, the sight, smelling, hearing, and touching, the chiefest and truest of all the five senses, put them all together, was that of those ruddy cheeks of your golden ruddocks, your Spanish pistolets, your plump and full-faced Portuguese, and your clear-skinned pieces of eight of Castile, which we kept secret to ourselves, and did privately enjoy in a plentiful manner. For to have them, for to pay them away, is not to enjoy them. To enjoy them, is to have them lying by us, having no other need of them, than to use them for the clearing of the eye-sight, and the comforting of our senses. Howbeit, some stick not to say, *That he enjoys not his money that does not spend it.* These we did carry about with us, sewing them in some patches of our doublets near unto the heart, and as close to the skin as we could handsomely quilt them in, holding them to be restorative. There was not any one piece of a patch about us, were it never so foul, and never so vile, which was not worth a reasonable good suit of clothes. We were all flush and full of gold; for, having our diet *gratis*, and feeding on free cost, the money which we got, we never spent. And, as the proverb is, *He made thee rich, who gave thee whereon to pick*, and *Grain after grain, the hen fills her craw.* We grew many of us to increase our talent, till it came to a good round sum, wherewith many an honest man might have lifted his feet from the ground, and not have stuck in the mire."

In speaking of friends, our author pays a proper tribute of commendation to our last friend, the Earth:

"One only friend have I found to be true, and is of the same nature and condition as we are. And this friend of ours is the best, the bountifullest, the truest, and the faithfullest of all other; for this is never wanting to its friend, but continues firm and constant for ever, nor is at any time weary of giving. And this good friend of ours, (that I may not hold you any longer in suspense) is the Earth.

"This affords us precious stones, gold, silver, and divers other metals, whereof we stand in need, and so earnestly thirst after. It

bringeth forth grass, and all sorts of herbs, wherewith are not only fed our flocks of sheep, our cattle, and other beasts, for the use and service of man, but those medicinable simples, which conserve our health, free us from diseases, and if we fall into sickness, set us upright again, preserving this life of ours in a sound and perfect state of health. It yieldeth us all sorts of fruits, that are either savoury to the taste, or nourishable to the body. It gives us wool, and flax, and by consequence, all kind of woven stuffs, wherewith we clothe and adorn this naked flesh of ours. It opens its own veins of its own accord, whilst from its full breasts sprout forth those sweet and delicate waters, which we drink; those brooks and rivers which impregnate the fields, and make them fruitful; and not only that, but doth facilitate commerce, and make an easy way for traffic, bringing the strangest and remotest parts of the world to shake hands, and to communicate their commodities one with another, and to live in a league of love and friendship together. Nay more, it is so good, and so sweet a friend, that it suffereth, and willingly consenteth to all that we will ourselves. Be she well or ill used by us, all is one to her, so as we be pleased. She is like a sheep, from whom you shall hear no other language, but *Omnia bene:* All is well. Lead her forth to feed, or bring her to the waters to drink; shut and pen her up, or let her loose; take her lambkin from her, her milk, her wool, nay, her very life, to all she answers, *bien:* all is well. And all that *bien*, or good that we have on earth, the Earth gives it us. And for an upshot of all, when we are now dead, and lie stinking above ground, when there is neither wife, father, son, kinsman, nor friend, that will abide and endure our company any longer, but do all of them utterly forsake us, and fly from us; then, even then, doth not she refuse us, but hugs us, and makes much of us, and opening her own womb, takes us in unto her, where we quietly lie, as it were, *in deposito*, till she render afterwards a faithful account of what she hath received, and delivers us up to a new and eternal life. And amongst many her other excellencies, one of the worthiest things in her, and deserving most commendation, is, that she doing so much for us as she doth, and that so continually and without ceasing, being so generous and so frank-hearted, that she is never tired out, never grows weary, yet doth she not look for any requital, she neither asks, nor expects any return of kindness, nor doth she talk and tell of it, nor twit thee in the teeth with it; which some kind of friends, more usually than commendably, do."

Of custom, he says:

"Some have called custom a second nature; but experience teacheth us, that its power is greater than that of nature; for custom will overthrow nature with her little finger. She is nobody in her hands: if she affect sour and bitter things, with such artifice doth she conserve and sweeten them, that, as if they were not bitter at all, she makes them to become sweet and pleasant; but if she clap in close with truth, and link herself in league with her, she is then the mightiest monarch that is, and her fort is inexpugnable. Who but

she makes the poor shepherd to live alone by himself in the solitary fields, in the depth of the low vallies, and on the tops of high mountains, amidst bushes and thorns, woods and rocks, opposing himself against the unmercifulness and cruelty of a sharp and rigorous winter, suffering terrible storms, continual rains, bitter winds, and piercing airs? And in the summer, a parching and scorching sun, which doth as it were roast and singe the trees, burn stones, and melt metals? and its force being so great, that it tameth the fiercest and wildest beasts, and those that are most venomous, bridling their fury, and allaying their poison. Time at last overcometh custom; it is he, and none but he, that works upon it, and to him only it is subject.

"For comparing custom with time, her long and strong prescriptions are but as spiders'-webs, made to catch an elephant; for, if custom be powerful, time is prudent and wise; and as wit goes beyond strength, so time subdueth custom. After night, comes day; after light, darkness: they tread one upon the heels of another, and the shadow follows after the body, and growing greater and greater, contests with him for superiority. The fire wageth war with the air; the earth with the water; and all the elements go together by the ears, and are at a perpetual enmity one with another. The sun generates the gold, it gives it its essence, and its life. In like manner, time pursues, prosecutes, and fortifies custom; it makes and it mars, working wisely with silence, according to the self-same order as she is wont, by continued drops, to hollow the hardest stone."

We now conclude our extracts from *Guzman de Alfarache*, a book which contains a fund of acute and comprehensive observations on almost every rank in society, from the most abject to the most elevated; in which their hypocrisies are detected, and their peculiar vices described, with extraordinary minuteness and discrimination: and although, as we have before said, it is, on the whole, a tedious and dull performance; yet do we find many parts written with great vigour and vivacity. Like other Spanish authors of the same class, Aleman excels in the delineation of the animal appetites, which he describes with singular keenness and energy. Two or three interesting episodes are introduced in the course of the work, the best of which is the story of Osmin and Daraxa. The *Life of Guzman de Alfarache* was first printed in 1599. Of the author we know little more than may be collected from the following extract from the *Elogium* of Anciant Lys de Valdes, prefixed to the second part of the work. He observes, "That never soldier had a poorer purse and a richer mind, nor a life more unquiet and full of trouble than was his, and only, because he accounted it a greater honour unto him, to be held a poor philosopher than a rich flatterer. He left (as it is well known to the world) voluntarily, and of his own accord, the King's palace, where he

served almost twenty years, being the best, and, as it were, the very cream of his age, in the office of *Contador de resultas* to King Philip the Second, and in many other weighty businesses, besides visitations and surveys, which were committed unto him; in all which he behaved himself so well, that he evermore gave wonderful good satisfaction, proceeding so uprightly, that he grew to be so poor that not being able any longer, by reason of his wants and necessities, to continue these his services, he retired himself from that course of life to one of lesser, both in estimation and attendance."

In fulfilment of a vow he had made, he also wrote an account of the *Life and Miracles of Saint Anthony of Padua.*— The excellent translator, of whose version we have availed ourselves, subscribes himself Don Diego Puede-Ser, whose name indicates him to be a Spaniard, but whose rich idiomatic diction would induce us to believe him an Englishman. Several copies of commendatory verses, addressed to the translator, are prefixed to the translation, amongst which is one by Ben Jonson, and another by William Browne. An abridgement of the *Life of Guzman de Alfarache* was made, in French, by Le Sage, which is chiefly confined to the relation of his adventures; and in which, at the same time that we avoid the long *prosings* of our author, we also miss that which is really most valuable in his work,—his vivacious thoughts and profound reflections.

ART. II.—*The History of the Principality of Wales: in three parts: containing,* 1. *A brief Account of the Antient Kings and Princes of Brittain and Wales, till the final Extinguishing of the Royal Brittish Line.* 2. *Remarks upon the Lives of all the Princes of Wales, of the Royal Families of England, from K. Edward the First to this Time.* 3. *Remarkable Observations on the most Memorable Persons and Places in Wales, and of many considerable Transactions and Passages that have happened therein for many hundred years past. Together with the natural and artificial Rarities and Wonders in the several Counties of the Principality. By* R. B. *London; Printed for* Nat. Crouch, *at the Bell in the Poultrey, near Cheapside,* 1695. *pp.* 181.

This elaborate title announces one of the numerous publications of that most industrious and indefatigable bibliopolist, Nathaniel Crouch, who, under the assumed signature of R. B. (Richard Burton) sent forth into the world some twenty or

thirty historical compilations, which have now become exceedingly scarce, and, in consequence, exceedingly valuable.* Although his name is now nearly forgotten, and remembered only by the bibliographical elect, yet Nat. Crouch was an individual of no mean note among the booksellers of the day. That most amusing auto-biographer, John Dunton, has given us a tolerably circumstantial account of his brother bookseller, with whom he seems to have been on terms of some intimacy.

"I shall next *leer* on my neighbour Crouch," says he, "as a weekly writer worth my notice. He prints nothing but what is very useful, and very entertaining; so that R. B. *alias* Nat. Crouch, is become a celebrated author; but I think I have given you the very soul of his character, when I have told you that his talent lies at *collection*. He has melted down the best of our English histories into twelvepenny books,† which are filled with wonders, rarities, and curiosities; for you must know, his title pages are a little swelling. However, Nat. Crouch is a very ingenious person, and can talk fine things on any subject. In a word, he is a phœnix author,—I mean, the only man who gets an estate by writing books. . . . Not that I have any thing to say of his morals, for as to them, he is, or ought to be, an honest man: and I believe the former, for all he gets will wear well: he *collects*, and enjoys it so quietly, so that he runs an even course in this world, and juts against no man, myself excepted; for his conversation is a sort of continued compliment, and his life a practice of honesty. His whole life is but one continued lecture, wherein all his friends, but more especially his two sons, may legibly read their duty. . . . I have a great friendship for him," he elsewhere says, "but he has got a habit of leering under his hat, and once made it a great part of his business to bring down the reputation of the second Spira."‡

To judge from the work before us, we should say, that Nathaniel Crouch's publications have become valuable on account of their rarity, and not from the intrinsic merit of their

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* Mr. Malone furnished Mr. Chalmers with a list of twenty-nine of his works; but the subject of the present article is not enumerated among them.

† "These Burton's books," says Chalmers, "were formerly confined to the perusal of the lowest classes of readers, and were long called chapmen's books, and sold only by the petty booksellers, and at fairs, &c. But of late years they have become a favourite object with collectors, and their price has risen accordingly; and, more completely to gratify the trifling taste of the age, some of them have been reprinted in a pompous and expensive manner."—*Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary*, vol. vii. p. 431.

‡ *Dunton's Life and Errors*, vol. i. p. 206, and vol. ii. p. 435, 6, 7.

contents; for in this small *octodecimo* there are several glaring errors, as well as numberless silly fictions and conceits, altogether unworthy of preservation, and better calculated to adorn the pages of a jest book, than those of a grave historical compilation. At page 126, we have the following sage information.

"They (the Welsh) have *Metheglin*, first invented by *Matthew Glin*, their own countreyman! It is compounded of milk and honey, and very wholesome. Pollio Romulus, being an hundred years of age, told Julius Cæsar, 'that he had preserved the vigour of his mind and body by taking metheglin inwardly, and using oyl outwardly.' It is like mead, but stronger, and Queen Elizabeth, who by the Tuders was of Welsh descent, much loved this her native liquor."

For this, however, we must not blame our "collector." He lived in a conceited age, and manufactured his wares—not for the benefit of posterity, but for the advantage of his own pocket, and for the edifying oblectation of his contemporaries. As his *History of the Principality of Wales* is scarce, we shall give a specimen or two of its contents before we proceed to the more immediate object of our article.

The first and second divisions of the work merely consist of an epitome of the history of Britain, down to the conquest of Wales; and contain nothing either new or curious; but in the "Remarkable Observations" there are a few "rarities" well worthy of transcription. The reason of the discontinuance of the old Welsh fashion of prefixing half-a-dozen *aps* to one's name is not, perhaps, generally known: our author thus explains it.

"Thomas ap William ap Thomas ap Richard ap Howel ap Vaughan, Esquire, was born of an antient family at Moston in this county (Flintshire). This gentleman being called at a pannel of a jury by all these names, was advised by the judge, in the reign of K. Henry VII., to contract them, whereupon he nominated himself *Moston:* a leading case to the gentry in Wales, who, leaving their pedigrees at home, carry one sirname only abroad with them."* p.164.

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* Our author is wrong here. It was not *Thomas ap William ap Thomas ap Richard ap Howel ap Vaughan*, but *Thomas ap Richard ap Howel ap Jevan Vaughan*, "lord of Mostyn," who submitted to have his name thus unmercifully abridged. The "judge" was Rowland Lee, bishop of Litchfield, and president of the marches of Wales, who sat in one of the courts (in the reign of Henry *the eighth*,) on a Welsh cause, and, wearied with the quantity of *aps* in the jury, directed that the pannel should assume their last name, or that of their residence; and that Thomas ap Richard, &c. should, for the future, be reduced to the poor dissyllable, Mostyn; no doubt (observes Mr. Pennant) to the great mortification of many an antient line.

XUM

We have the following anecdotes of a brave soldier of the time of Elizabeth.

"Sir Roger Williams, born of an antient family, at Penross in Monmouthshire, was first a souldier of fortune in the Netherlands, under the Duke of Alva, and afterwards served Queen Elizabeth. He was a man extreamly forward to fight. When a Spanish captain challenged Sir John Norris to fight a single combate, which he could not accept, as being below him who was a general, this Sir Roger undertook the Don. And after they had fought for some time, in the view of both armies, without any hurt, they pledged each other a deep draught of wine, and so friendly departed. Another time, at midnight, he assaulted the camp of the Prince of Parma, nigh Venice, slew some of the enemie's souldiers, and pierced to the very tent of the general. Byron, Marshall of France, once saying, That he did not like the march of the English drum, because it was so slow; Sir Roger, hearing him, sharply replied, *As slow as it is, yet it hath gone through all France.* He bravely defended the town and fort of Sluce in Flanders whilst there was any hope of relief; but at length being forced to surrender it, he returned to the court."

Thus much for Nathaniel Crouch,—and now to the more interesting portion of our subject.

The conquest of Wales by Edward the First was one of the most illustrious exploits achieved by that enterprizing monarch. By his prowess and policy, he considerably weakened the pertinacious resistance of the Welsh in defence of their liberties; and although he could not entirely quell their patriotic ardour, he eventually secured to England the possession of the principality. Edward was a rigorous and ruthless conqueror. Trained to arms from his cradle, and living in an age of rude and warlike enterprize, all his abilities were directed to the augmentation of his dominions, and to the secure and permanent establishment of his conquests. No act of cruelty and oppression was consequently withheld by which these intentions might be fulfilled; and he accomplished his object as much by the strength of his arm, as by that consummate policy for which he was so renowned. Thus, in his attempts to subjugate the Welsh, he brought to his aid all the coercive severity within his power; and he did not extend to them any of that conciliating lenity, which his superior sagacity might have dictated, till long after he had slain their monarch, and trampled under his feet the royal power of the principality.

Several circumstances, however, entirely independent of the valour and policy of Edward, conspired to overthrow the kingdom of the ancient Britons. Their expulsion from England by the Saxons, while it gave birth to an enmity as vindictive as

it was implacable, was an encroachment upon their power, from which they never effectually recovered; for, although they found amongst the mountain-fastnesses of Wales a secure refuge from the more open and destructive assaults of their enemies, the frontier districts were exposed to the continual ravages of the invaders; and for several centuries antecedent to their downfall, the Cambro-British were engaged in almost constant warfare with their neighbours. At length, this hostility assumed a more determined character; and the annals of the century which preceded the conquest of Wales, display a terrible tissue of conspiracies, proscriptions, and blood-shed. That unquenchable enmity between the two nations, which originated in the Saxon invasion, had gained additional strength from the devastating incursions of the English; and after many years of sanguinary warfare, the Welsh found themselves in a state of the most severe and absolute bondage.

A cause which contributed very materially to the fostering of this bitter and hereditary animosity, was the despotic tyranny of the Lords Marchers, an order of men whose power was unlimited in their respective domains, and who were indebted for their origin to the policy of William the Norman. This prince had no sooner seated himself securely on the throne of Harold, than he turned his attention to the augmentation of his newly acquired dominions, by adding to them as large a portion of Wales, as he could obtain without much trouble or personal exertion. To this end, he gave to several Norman lords as much land on the borders as they could "win from the Welshmen;" thereby providing for his followers a considerable portion of territory, and, by a master-stroke of policy, erecting, by the same means, a powerful barrier against the incursions of the British. The lands thus granted were denominated Lordships, or Baronies Marches; and were holden *in capite* of the king, by serving him in his wars with a certain number of vassals. For the more effectual government of the people within the marches, a kind of palatine court was established in each lordship, with full power to administer justice and to execute its decrees in the territories dependent upon it. In consequence of this policy, a large extent of the Welsh frontier became annexed to England, and the Lords Marchers were invested with the most arbitrary authority in their respective domains,—the power of life and death was placed in their hands, and they were neither sparing nor merciful in the exercise of their powerful prerogative.* It was, indeed, absolutely requisite,

* From a MS. Treatise in the possession of Thomas Lloyd, of Overton, Esq. quoted in the Appendix to Pennant's *Tours in Wales.*

XUM

that they should act towards the Welsh in a manner at once despotic and decisive, in order to establish themselves in their baronies; and the violent oppression, which they were consequently compelled to use towards the inhabitants of their lordships, was by no means calculated to assuage the hatred of a people naturally vindictive and irritable. Thus was this ferocious enmity constantly kept alive, till it eventually led to the downfall of a nation, which, through various changes of fortune, had opposed the arms of imperial Rome, and for more than eight hundred years had resisted the utmost efforts of the Saxon and Norman princes.*

But it was not to this implacable enmity alone, that we are to attribute the subjugation of the Cambro-British. There was another, and a far more reprehensible cause of the subversion of their liberties. When the Welsh princes were not exclusively engaged in hostilities with the English, they were sedulously occupied in warfare with each other; for the ancient division of the principality into three distinct sovereignties† afforded ample scope for the exercise of those warlike habits which they inherited from their ancestors. This inveterate spirit of disunion necessarily precluded any general system of policy; and while it involved the several states in continual contests, it infused a deeper ferocity into the manners of the people, and greatly weakened their power of opposing a sagacious and enterprizing enemy. Thus the public safety was left to depend upon the rude valour of the inhabitants, or upon other circumstances, merely adventitious and temporary; while a firm and unanimous union might have effectually resisted the

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* The historian of Rome has elegantly pourtrayed the situation of the Britons, previous to their expulsion by the Saxons.—*Gibbon*, vol. vi. p. 386.

† Wales, or *Cymru*, was originally divided into six principalities, and governed by as many chieftains, or reguli: but at a subsequent period, these provinces were contracted into the three sovereignties of North Wales, South Wales, and West Wales, or Powisland. This latter division was effected in the ninth century by Rodri Mawr, or Roderick the Great, in favour of his sons, Anarawd, Cadell, and Mervyn. Each of these sovereigns possessed a distinct and absolute authority within his own dominions; but according to the spirit and custom of gavel-kind,—"that fatal source from which the Welsh tasted so copiously of the waters of bitterness,"—a pre-eminency over the other princes was established in the kings of North Wales, who were invested with the nominal title of Brenhin Cymru Oll, or king of all Wales.—*Warrington*, vol. i. and *Humffrey Llwyd's Breviary of Britaine.*

encroachments of the English, and secured to the Welsh the possession of their ancient rights and liberties.

The wars in which England and Wales were constantly engaged, were carried on, for some time, with uncertain success to both nations. At length, the English so far gained the advantage, that they compelled the Welsh prince, Llewelyn ab Jorwerth, to conclude a treaty of peace, the tenor of which, however strictly it might be formed on the principles of justice, was expressive of the most abject vassalage. By this treaty, Llewelyn engaged to maintain perpetual fidelity to King John, in the fulness of feudal ideas; to pay homage to him as his liege lord, whenever his obedience was required; and to receive at the hands of the Earl of Essex,—the justiciary of the realm,—livery of seisin of his territories, which he was to hold in security till the return of the king, who was, at that time, absent in his continental dominions. But the oppression exercised by the English nobility, especially by the Earl of Chester, provoked Llewelyn to violate this treaty; and during the remainder of his reign, he was warmly engaged in contests with the English. This ferocious hostility continued throughout the reign of his son and successor, Davydd, and with more extensive injury to the Welsh than they had hitherto experienced in their warfare with England. Davydd, indeed, had been compelled by Henry the Third to sign a treaty, which affected the liberties of the Welsh far more seriously than the compact between John and Llewelyn. Among other concessions on the part of the Welsh prince, were the following severe ones. That he should deliver up his brother Gruffydd, and his nephew Owain, as hostages to the king; that he should render satisfaction for all injuries done by him to the king, or to his subjects; that he should pay him all the homage and courtesy which his predecessor John had, or ought to have, received by virtue of his treaty with Llewelyn; and, lastly, under the penalty of forfeiting his sovereignty, he entered into the most solemn engagement, that he would never desert Henry's service, that he would obey all his commands, and stand to the law in his courts.*

This treaty, which was very speedily violated by Davydd, afforded the king a just claim to the homage and services of the Welsh; and in enforcing his rights, which were always strenuously disputed, he exercised neither mildness nor mercy. Thus were the Welsh reduced to the very lowest ebb of their

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* This treaty was signed, on the part of Davydd, by the bishops of St. Asaph and Bangor, at Alnet on the river Elwy, in Flintshire.—*Rymer's Fœdera*, tom. i. p. 396.

fortunes; and it is probable, that Henry the Third might have claimed the honour of effectually subduing this nation, had he succeeded in quenching that high-born spirit of enthusiastic patriotism, which glowed in the breasts of the Cambrian nobility. But this was an achievement reserved for time and oppression only to accomplish; and for nearly two centuries after the subjugation of their country, we find sparks of this fiery valour occasionally emitted in attempts to regain that freedom so congenial to the wild habits of the mountaineer.

Davydd, who died in 1246, left his country in a very miserable condition; and many causes conspired, at this period, to render deplorable the situation of the Cambro-British. Henry had already succeeded in reducing the territories of the Welsh prince within the limits of Merioneth and Caernarvon; and Anglesey, the granary of Wales, had been so entirely laid waste by the Irish, that a large quantity of corn, which had been deposited there, was either destroyed or carried away by the plunderers. By this event, the Welsh were deprived of their principal source of subsistence; for they could not be supplied with provisions from other parts, as orders had been given by the English king in the Marches, and in Ireland, that on pain of certain death no merchandize or victual should be carried into Wales: he also commanded all the salt-works to be destroyed. Thus harrased and oppressed, they had neither opportunity nor spirit to carry on commerce, or to cultivate their land, and were consequently perishing by famine. They were likewise deprived of the usual pasturage for their cattle, and, to use the words of an old writer, "the harp of the churchmen was changed into sorrow and lamentations; the glory of their proud and ancient nobility was faded away!"*

It was under these discouraging circumstances, that Llewelyn ab Gruffydd, the last crowned Prince of Wales, ascended the tottering throne of his ancestors. Of an age when the heart is replete with enthusiasm and confidence, he shrunk not from the gloomy and desolate prospect before him, but immediately adopted such firm and decisive measures as were best calculated to throw off a yoke which had become so galling and oppressive. "The eyes of the Welsh nobility," says the historian,

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* To such a state of misery were the Welsh reduced, that the Bishop of St. David is said to have died of grief, and the Bishop of Llandaff to have been stricken blind. The bishops of Bangor and St. Asaph, likewise, on the entire ruin of their bishoprics, were under the necessity of supplicating alms as a means of subsistence!—*Matthæi Paris, monach. Alban. Angl. Histor. major, ad annum*, 1246: *edit. W. Wats, fol. Paris*, 1644.

"were at length opened. A series of injuries had roused them into a sense of their lost condition. Actuated by one common spirit, the chieftains of Wales resorted to Llewelyn, and complained of the grievances which they had long endured from prince Edward, and from the lords of the Marches; that their estates had been taken from them by force, without any colour of justice, and that they also were treated with the most rigorous severity, whenever they committed the smallest offence; but that they themselves could obtain no redress for the injury which was done them by the English. In the most solemn manner, and with an afflicted but manly spirit, they declared, that they would rather die in the field, in defence of their natural rights, than be subject any longer to so cruel and detested an enemy. Necessity, virtue, and despair, influenced Llewelyn to second their ardour. They all determined to rescue their country from its vile dependence upon England, or bravely to perish amidst the ruins of its freedom."*

The result of this gallant determination was the immediate commencement of hostilities against England; and the two nations were once more involved in a war, which was carried on with mutual energy and valour. But Llewelyn found in prince Edward an adversary in every respect his equal. The rival princes were both young: Edward, indeed, when he first appeared in arms against the Welsh, had scarcely passed his seventeenth year, and Llewelyn was only a few years his senior. The one fought for conquest and renown,—the other for life and liberty, for his crown and his country; and as both were actuated by motives which spurred them to exertion, it was not likely that the contest would terminate either tamely or speedily. The event has proved how prolonged was its duration,—how fatal and unfortunate to Wales were its termination and immediate consequences!

It is impossible to contemplate the patriotic struggles of the Welsh during this disastrous period, without admiring their heroism. They were gallantly contending for their birth-right,—for the ancient and revered laws of their ancestors; and the most noble feelings of patriotism and loyalty animated them to defend those laws, and to preserve them from violation by a cruel and detested enemy. But in vain did they strive against the overwhelming power of England. After a succession of unhappy vicissitudes, they submitted to the yoke of the conqueror, and lamented in the gloom and solitude of their mountains the loss of their loved independence.

At the death of Llewelyn—who fell, as a hero ought to fall,

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* *Warrington*, vol. ii. p. 328-9, 8vo ed.

in battle*—the right of sovereignty accrued to his brother Davydd, who did not, however, live long enough to be crowned. This event had no sooner transpired, than Edward gave full scope to his detestation of Llewelyn, and his unfortunate countrymen. His conduct towards this gallant prince was characterized throughout by a malignant and revengeful spirit; and, totally unmindful of even the common feelings of humanity and pity, he offered the most insulting indignities to his mangled remains. He refused them the ordinary rites of sepulture, and Llewelyn's corpse was not suffered to be interred in consecrated ground, until several of the English nobility had interceded with the king; and even this indulgence, small as it was, was not allowed till the dead body of the prince had undergone the ceremony of absolution from the Archbishop of Canterbury. His head, which was brought to Edward soon after the battle by Stephen de Fanketon, as a trophy of the highest value, was immediately sent to the capital, and placed in the pillory in Westcheap, encircled with a silver coronet, in ridicule of a prophecy of the celebrated Merlin, who foretold, that Llewelyn should one day wear the crown of Brutus. It was subsequently fixed on the point of a spear, and carried through the streets by a horseman, and afterwards placed upon the highest turret in the tower of London, where it remained, for a long time, a terrible memento of Edward's cruelty.† Davydd was even more unfortunate, for he fell alive into the hands of his enemies. At the death of his brother, he boldly asserted his claim to the throne of Wales; and his right of sovereignty was unanimously acknowledged by his countrymen. But the King of England did not acquiesce quite so readily in these measures: he was well aware, that while Davydd was in existence, it would be in vain for him to endeavour to take possession of his dominions. He, therefore, promptly followed up the advantage he had gained by the death of Llewelyn, and, advancing farther into the principality, carried terror, dismay, and desolation, in his progress. Having entirely subdued the inhabitants of the Snowdon mountains, he descended into the plains, and

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* Llewelyn reigned thirty-six years, the whole of which period was occupied in warfare with the English. *Warrington*, (vol. ii. 271) and the other Welsh historians give a detailed account of his last battle.

† Hen. Knyghton *Chronica de Event. Angliæ*, p. 2464. Gutherie's *General History of England*, vol. i. p. 897, fol. ed. Holinshed says, the head was brought to London by Lord Edward Mortimer, and carried "on a staffe with an *yvie* crowne set upon it, in token he was a prince."—*Historie of England by Raphael Holinshed*, fol. black letter, p. 281.

soon made himself master of the more level parts of the country; while the miserable natives, in despair, and unresisting, were indiscriminately slaughtered without mercy. Prince Davydd, no longer able to make any resistance, yielded to the torrent which overwhelmed his country; and saved his life, for the present, by concealing himself in the woods and mountains. He was betrayed, however, into the hands of the English by two of his own chieftains;* and Edward—still cruel and unrelenting—prepared to make an impressive example of his unhappy captive. At an early period of his brother's reign, Davydd had swerved from his allegiance to Llewelyn, and fled into England, where he took an active part against the Welsh, in conjunction with Lord Audley and the other Border Barons.† In return for the services thus rendered, Edward conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, appointing him, at the same time, the seneschal and keeper of all those castles in Wales, which had been taken from Llewelyn. In consequence of this creation, Davydd was considered by Edward, in every respect, a liege subject of England; and the king resolved to proceed against him as a rebel, and not as a prince who had been engaged in the defence of his dearest rights. For this purpose, eleven earls and one hundred barons were summoned to open the process at Shrewsbury, on the 30th of September, 1283, and to sit in judgement on his trial. By this court, the prince was doomed to the death of a traitor; and the severe sentence for the crime of treason was executed upon his person with all its minute and horrid barbarity.‡ The English seem to have shared with their king the hatred which he entertained towards his victim. Such, indeed, was the pleasure which the death of Davydd excited, that the citizens of York and Winchester contended, with savage eagerness, for the *right arm and shoulder* of this unfortunate prince. That honour was decided in favour of the latter, and the remaining quarters were sent,

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* These were Einion ab Ivor, and Gronw ab Davydd. When the prince was taken, a relic was found upon him, called *Croesenych*, supposed to be part of the real *cross*, highly venerated by the princes of Wales, and brought by St. Neot from the Holy Land. This, with the crown of the celebrated Arthur, and many other valuables, was, at this time, presented to Edward.—*Joannis Rossi antiquar. Warwicensis Histor. Regum Angliæ*, 8vo ed. Oxon. 1745, p. 200-1.

† He became reconciled, however, to Llewelyn about a year before the death of that prince, and firmly co-operated with him in his contests with the English.—See *The Chronicle of Caradoc of Llancarvan*, englished by Dr. Powell, p. 286.

‡ Davydd is said to have been the first person in England upon whom this barbarous punishment was fully inflicted.

with the utmost despatch, to York, Bristol, and Northampton. To feast still more daintily the eyes of the people, his head was sent to the Tower of London, and placed near that of his brother Llewelyn. Every generous idea and every liberal sentiment seem to have been utterly annihilated in the wild frenzy of joy which had seized on the English.*

Thus died Davydd ab Gruffydd, and thus was extinguished the last faint spark of the royal power of Cambria. There were several traits in the character of this prince which are justly calculated to throw an odium on his memory, and an eminent Welsh writer has accused him of perfidy to his brother, to his country, and to Edward, whom he stiles his benefactor and protector. But we are inclined to think more kindly of him, on account of his misfortunes and melancholy death, as well as of the bravery and spirit with which he eventually espoused the cause of his people. Edward, indeed, wished it to appear, that he was ungrateful as well as traitorous; for in the writ for his trial, he thus enumerates his kindnesses to him.—"Quem susceperamus exulem, nutriveramus orphanum, ditaveramus de propriis terris nostris, et sub alarum nostrarum chlamide foveravimus, ipsum inter majores nostri palatii collocavimus." But allowing that Edward thus fostered and distinguished him, we must consider, that he received in the services rendered by the prince an adequate compensation for his kindness. The king, indeed, was well aware, that the alliance of such an individual was of the utmost importance with regard to his designs upon the Welsh; and it is to this circumstance alone, that we are to attribute his amenity towards Davydd.† It is not to be sup-

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* Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. ii. p. 247-8. *Flores Historiarum per Mat. Westminst. collecti*, ed. 1570, p. 371. *Annales Waverlienses in Histor. Angl. Script.* ed. 1691, p. 238.

† Although Edward favoured Davydd, he suffered his officers to persecute him with much rancour. He was sued by "one William Venable, an English man," before the justiciary of Chester, for the villages of Hope and Estyn; contrary to the custom of Wales, and to the spirit of the agreement under which he held them of the king. "Item, the said Justice of Chester, to the injurie of the said David, did cut down his wood of Lhyweny, and his woods at Hope, as well by the dwellers of Ruthlan, as others; and yet the said Justice had no jurisdiction in those parts. And not being contented to get timber there, for building, as well for Ruthlan, as other places in the countrie, but also destroyed the said woodes, sold it, and carried it into Ireland. Item, where the said David tooke certaine outlawes, and rovers in the woodes, and caused them to be hanged: yet the said Justice accused David to the king, for succoring and mainteining the theeves aforesaid, which was not like to be true, seeing he caused

posed, that Edward,—even ruthless and stern as he was,—would have persecuted this unhappy man with such unrelenting malignity, had he entertained towards him any feelings of real affection. Let us think more favourably, then, of the last representative of the royal house of Cambria. It is true, that his desertion of Llewelyn was an act of extreme culpability; but he had his provocation for the crime, and his subsequent bravery in defence of his country was a redeeming virtue, which fully counterbalanced the evils of his disloyalty.

Davydd being dead, the subjugation of Wales appeared at length to be founded on a firm and secure basis: all opposition to the will and power of the English monarch seemed to be removed, and the main-spring of resistance was thought to be destroyed. Edward, therefore, issued a proclamation, promising to take under his protection all his new subjects; at the same time assuring them, that they should still enjoy their liberties and property, and hold their estates by the same tenures as those by which they had hitherto held them under their native sovereigns. This promise was scrupulously performed on the part of the king, who reserved to himself only the same rents, services, and duties, as had always been claimed by the princes of Wales. And that he might receive no more than what was justly due to him, he appointed Thomas, Bishop of St. David's, Reginald de Grey, and Walter de Clifford, to inquire into the particular nature of the tenures, and their value was estimated and decided by juries, composed entirely of Welshmen.* This scrutiny was also productive of a material change in the jurisprudence of the Welsh, for, in consequence of the information furnished by his commissioners, the king introduced into the conquered country a series of laws, similar to those of England, and appointed English officers to carry them into execution.†

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them to be hanged." He was also threatened by Reginald de Grey, another justiciary, that the castle of Hope should be taken from him, and that his children should be secured as pledges of his future fidelity.—*Warrington*, vol. ii. Appendix No. IV.

* In consequence of this scrutiny, "the rents," says Carte, "were much lowered, particularly those of Anglesey, which yielded 1000 marks annually to Llewelyn, and yet paid afterwards but £450 a year; and the services, which were burthensome enough, and continually exacted in the times of their own princes, were prodigiously lightened, and very rarely demanded by the kings of England, who had little occasion for them by reason of their non-residence."—Carte's *General History of England*, vol. ii. p. 196, fol. ed. 1750; see also, Wotton's *Leges Walliæ*, (Appendix No. iii.) p. 518 in notâ.

† This new, or rather altered system of jurisprudence, is to be found in the Statutum Walliæ, or Statute of Rhyddlan, (12 Ed. I.)

To these he entrusted an authority almost absolute, and entertaining, in common with the rest of their countrymen, an unbounded animosity towards the Welsh, they exercised that authority with unsparing and remorseless vigilance, and entirely subverted the judicious measures of their monarch. If they thought that rigorous and oppressive measures were adapted to crush the proud and gallant spirit of the Welsh, they calculated wrongly;—they served but the more effectually to rouse and irritate it; and, notwithstanding the destruction of the royal power, there existed a number of brave and resolute patriots, who, headed by chieftains as remarkable for their nobility, as for their valour and military skill, boldly determined to regain their independence, or to sink amidst the ruins of their country's freedom. Rhys ab Meredydd, a chieftain of great influence in South Wales, was the first who rebelled against the domination of the English, and during Edward's absence at Guienne, he appeared in arms against the ruling power, at the head of six thousand followers. For a short time, Meredydd was successful; but at length, after having been proclaimed a traitor, he fell into the hands of the enemy, and was executed at York,—his castles and domains having been previously confiscated.*

Soon after the suppression of this revolt, Edward, being still engaged in warfare with the King of France, attempted an experiment of taxation on his newly-acquired subjects; and, anticipating considerable resistance on the part of the Welsh, he appointed as the collector of this impost, (which was to consist of a fifteenth of all moveables,) Roger de Pulestone, a man high in the monarch's favour, and of a brave and daring spirit. No sooner, however, did he attempt to execute his

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which is in form of a charter, and contains a most complete code of laws for the government of Wales. Among other salutary regulations are the following. Wales was divided into counties, with sheriffs, coroners, and other officers in each: the county-courts were to be holden monthly, and those of the sheriff half-yearly. The forms of writs were also settled, with the method to be used in all law proceedings, which were to be carried on and decided within the principality; it being expressly provided, that the Welsh should not be sued for debts and trespasses in the English courts. It is worthy of remark, that the following counties only were made by this statute, Anglesey, Caernarvonshire, Merionethshire, Flintshire, Caermarthenshire, Cardiganshire, Pembrokeshire, and Glamorganshire; the others being added by the 27 Hen. VIII.

* *Polydori Vergilii Urbinatis Hist. Angl.* p. 326-7, fol. ed. 1520. Matthew Westminster (*Flor. Histor.* p. 184) says, he was executed at Berwick.

commission than he was indignantly and outrageously opposed, and three insurrections sprang up in consequence in different parts of the principality. The natives of West Wales, or Powisland, rose under Maelgwyn Vychan, or Vaughan; those of North Wales under Madoc, an illegitimate son of the deceased Llewelyn; while the Sudwallians were led to the field by Morgan, the representative of a noble family in South Wales; and the revolt commenced with acts of hostility, which evinced a decided resolution in the Welsh, that the sword alone should determine the dispute. Roger de Pulestone and his colleagues, in the collection of this obnoxious tribute, were the first who fell a sacrifice to the fury of the rebels; they were hanged, and afterwards beheaded. A considerable number of English, assembled at Caernarvon, were the next victims; and this hazardous and unfortunate experiment had well nigh effected a complete restitution of independence to Wales. A resolute spirit of resistance and patriotism seemed to be once more diffused throughout the principality; and such of the Welsh as had not already embraced the cause of their country, flocked readily to the standard of the insurgent chieftains; and by their numbers and success became so formidable, that Edward, then on the point of embarking with his army for France, deemed it expedient to recall his forces, and march at their head directly into Wales.* After encountering many difficulties, he succeeded in stationing the greater part of his troops at Conway castle, in Caernarvonshire, where he was closely besieged by the enemy. Deficiency of provisions was the principal evil which befell the English garrison. Indeed, their distress in this respect was so great, that Edward, in common with the soldiers, was obliged to eat the coarse viands which were found in the castle, and to use for his drink water sweetened with honey. It is said, that a single flagon of wine only remained in the fortress, and this was of course reserved for the king. But he could not be prevailed upon to appropriate it to his own use, and, causing it to be mixed with water, he ordered the liquor to be distributed among the garrison, declaring, with a manly spirit, that necessity had made all things equal to them, and that they should all

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* Polydore Vergil (*Histor. Angl.* p. 332,) attributes the success of the Welsh to a very curious circumstance. He says, that the Welsh were so fortunate, because the English army was hired with money sacrilegiously taken by the king from abbies and other religious places; "So that it was a judgment from above, (as an old Welsh Historian has expressed it) more than the force of the Welsh, which overcame the English."—*Wynne's Hist. of Wales,* p. 307.

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share alike, until God should relieve them.* The consequence of this misfortune might have proved fatal to Edward's ambition, had not a reinforcement of troops, bringing with them a plentiful supply, remedied the evil, and enabled them to hold out the siege with bravery and success. After a short time, the insurgents were driven to the mountains with great loss, and the royal army merrily spent its Christmas in the castle of Conway.

The Earl of Warwick now received orders to explore the recesses of the Snowdon mountains, and to secure the stability of the conquest by putting to death every person found in arms. He obeyed the injunctions of his sovereign but too well. In a pass on the mountain, (the Thermopylæ of Cambria,) he attacked a numerous body of the Welsh, and after a sanguinary conflict, by superiority in numbers and tactics, he vanquished the gallant patriots, who, struggling for the expiring liberties of their fathers, "when they failed to conquer, chose to fall!"†

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* "Rex cum paucibus gentibus (says Henry Knyghton) transivit aquam de Coneway, et fuit in castello suo, sed propter undas maris exercitus ejus non potuit festinanter sequi eum, et impediuntur: sic quod non possint venire ad eum. Wallenses eventum videntes obsiderunt regem in castello suo, et nunquam in totâ vitâ suâ fuerat in tantâ egestate: quia non habuit nisi aquam cum melle mixtam. Nam Wallenses ceperunt omnia victualia ejus, et occiderunt gentes ejus. Et Rex habuit paucum de vino, quasi vix unam lagenam, et fecit miscere in aquâ, et dare omnibus qui cum illo fuerunt; et dixit: In necessitate omnia sunt communia, et omnes habebimus unam diætam donec Deus melius nobis succurrat." *Chronic. de Eventib. Angl.* p. 2471-2.

† An account of this action is given as follows by a quaint but faithful historian:—"Whilst the King remained in Conway, the Earl of Warwick, being informed that a great number of Welsh were assembled, and had lodged themselves in a certain valley betwixt two woods, chose out a troop of horse, together with some cross-bowmen and archers, and set upon them in the night time. The Welsh, being thus surprised, and unexpectedly encompassed about by their enemies, made the best haste they could to oppose them, and so pitching their spears in the ground, and directing the points towards the enemy, endeavoured by such means to keep off the horse. But the Earl of Warwick having ordered his battle, so as betweene every two horses there stood a cross-bowman, so gauled the Welsh with the shot of the quarrels, that the spear-men fell apace, and then the horse, breaking in easily upon the rest, bare them down with so great a slaughter as the Welsh had never received before. After this, King Edward, to prevent any more rebellious attempt of the Welsh, cut down all the woodes in Wales, wherein in any time of danger they were wont to hide

This victory proved almost decisive; but there was yet another act to perform before Edward could ensure to himself the undisputed possession of the principality: and this was the destruction of the *Bards*. The heroic sentiments of freedom and of glory which animated the Welsh, and prompted them so frequently and enthusiastically to attempt the recovery of their lost liberties, were, in a great measure, excited by the inspired lays of their poets,—an order of men, of unlimited influence, and held in the highest estimation by the people. While they existed, to rouse by their wild and soul-stirring songs the dormant energies of their countrymen, no permanent submission to the will of the conqueror could be expected. Their extinction, therefore, became necessary for the security of the conquest, and the stern Edward is said to have ordered their extermination, for the crime of having stirred up the people to disobedience and rebellion.*

It was by measures thus decisive and severe, that Edward the First succeeded in subjugating the Cambro-British. Had he not been gifted with singular sagacity and courage, he could never have accomplished this grand object of his ambition; for we have seen, that his designs were opposed by the Welsh with unabated ardour and bravery. There is something noble and magnanimous even in the downfall of this ancient people. We have shewn that no common calamity could intimidate them; that no privation or suffering could induce them to forsake their country's cause, even when they knew that no advantage could result from the contest. And it was not till they had lost their beloved sovereign, and witnessed the horrible revenge wreaked upon his rightful successor, that they became disheartened and sad, and bowed them to the domination of their ruthless conqueror. "The fall of nations," observes the historian, "distinguished only by misfortunes, or

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and save themselves. And for a further security, he repaired and fortified all the castles and places of strength in Wales, and built the castle of Beaumaris in Anglesey. And so having put all things in a settled posture, and punished those that had been the occasion of the death of Roger de Pulestone, he returned with his army to England." *Wynne's History of Wales*, 308.

* *History of the Gwedir Family*, p. 62; on the authority of which nearly every subsequent historian has chronicled the event. We are inclined, however, to doubt the actual occurrence of the fact. Edward certainly extended towards the Bards the rigorous severity with which he persecuted their countrymen; but we can find no satisfactory proof of their massacre. We shall say no more, however, on the subject at present, as we may, perhaps, be induced to enter more minutely into the question at some future period.

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only illustrious for conquests, may raise for a moment a sigh of pity, or the transient effusions of applause. But a people like the Welsh, satisfied with their mountains, who had been forced into a long and unequal contest in defence of their native rights, with few other resources than their valour and a fond attachment to their liberties, though falling in the ruins of their country, will have a claim on the esteem, and excite the admiration of the world, as long as manly sentiment and freedom shall remain. But, in reflecting on the history of this nation with a just and discriminating spirit, we are frequently led to survey its manners and national character with the opposite emotions of pleasure and disgust. We are not, however, to estimate that character too nicely by the standard of civilized judgement. It is true, that there were traits in the genius of that people, marking in their manners the deepest ferocity; it is true, that caprice, and levity, and the spirit of discord, too often prevailed in their councils, and governed their conduct; and it is also true, that striking defects may be traced in their policy and laws, ruinous to themselves, and disgraceful to a less cultivated period. But the vices of an uncivilized people are in some degree softened, and even balanced by their virtues. A spirit, unsubdued by danger and misfortunes,—hospitable manners and eager friendships,—a high relish for the arts of music and of poetry,—with a principle of justice inherent in their laws,—are qualities to be thrown into the opposite scale. And no doubt, the influence of these, blending the lighter with the darker shades, softened the asperity of ruder features, and tempered into a milder mass the colouring of the whole. But the spirit of freedom, and an ardent love of their country, were the most distinguishing traits in their character. These were the animating springs of their genius, and enabled them to sustain, through a long succession of ages, the most striking reverses of fortune: and it is the collision of such vicissitudes, by calling into exertion public virtue and heroism, which imparts dignity to the character of man, and constitutes the true glory of a nation."*

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* *Warrington*, vol. ii. p. 290-1-2.

ART. III.—*Philosophical Poems, by* Henry More, *Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christ's Colledge, in Cambridge. Cambridge,* 1647.

A Platonick Song of the Soul, treating

Of { *The Life of the Soul;* / *Her Immortalitie;* / *The Sleep of the Soul;* / *The Unitie of Souls, and Memorie after Death.*

Cambridge, 1647.

Dr. Henry More, the Platonist, and the friend of Milton, was a writer of very considerable celebrity in his own day. He was born at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, in 1614, and was sent to Eton School, where he gained more than ordinary distinction. He afterwards proceeded to Christ College, Cambridge, then in the height of its reputation, and eulogized by Milton, for the liberal patronage it extended to men of learning and good morals; of which Mede, Cudworth, and our author, were honourable instances. Of this "courteous and learned*" Society, More subsequently became a fellow. He afterwards took the degree of Doctor in Divinity. He was of a remarkably meditative turn of mind, even in his childhood, as appears from various anecdotes recorded by himself and others; and the insatiable thirst of knowledge by which he was actuated, and especially the deep interest he felt on the subject of religion, induced him to devote himself to a life of study in the seclusion of his own college; nor could the earnest solicitations of his friends, nor successive offers of the most liberal promotion, prevail upon him to abandon his paradise, as he emphatically called it. Attempts were even made (in the words of the writer, from whom this account is principally taken) to *decoy* him into a bishopric. "His friends got him as far as Whitehall, in order to the kissing his Majesty's hand for it; but as soon as he understood the business, which it was then necessary to acquaint him with, and till then had been concealed from him, he could not, by any means, or upon any account, be prevailed upon to stir a step further towards it." He is mentioned by Burnet, in conjunction with Cudworth, Whichcote, and others, as one of the founders of the Cambridge School of Divines, known by the name of Latitudinarians, whose aim it was to restore the old connexion between religion and philosophy, and by a new infusion of learning and active piety, to quicken the decaying energies of the Church of England. Burnet characterises him, with conciseness and felicity, as "an open-hearted and sincere

* Milton.

Christian philosopher;" and describes him as a zealous opponent, both in public and private, of the atheistical opinions, which, from a concurrence of causes, are known to have been at that time extremely prevalent. He is also recorded in the history of philosophy, as one of the earliest assertors of the Cartesian System, and a correspondent of Des Cartes himself; as one of the original members of the Royal Society; and as an opponent of Hobbes, who is reported to have said, "that if his own philosophy was not true, he knew none that he should sooner like than More's, of Cambridge." His works, which were collected by himself in three volumes folio, 1679, have fallen into subsequent neglect, owing partly to the prevalence of contrary opinions, and partly to the real or supposed mysticism which pervades them. He died in 1687.

The character of Henry More is one upon which the mind dwells with peculiar delight. He appears to have combined, in an extraordinary degree, simplicity of heart with independence in thought and life, and an enthusiastic temperament with a logical head, and consummate practical good sense. He was a lover of truth for its own sake, and he pursued it with the intense and unwearied zeal of a Plato or an Anaxagoras. His life was spent in the search after true wisdom and goodness, and in communicating the result of his inquiries to others. These were his food—the element in which he breathed. The loftiness of his views raised him far above "the smoke and stir of this dim spot," above the seductions of interest, or the gratifications of malignity or sensuality, those canker-worms of intellectual as well as moral excellence. It is not wonderful, that a character of so much piety, purity, and benevolence, should have united the suffrages of contemporaries in its behalf, to a degree seldom paralleled.

The "Song of the Soul" is divided into four parts; *Psychozoia*, or the Life of the Soul; *Psychathanasia*, or the Immortality of the Soul; *Antipsychopannychia*, or a Confutation of the Sleep of the Soul after Death; and *Antimonopsychia*, or a Confutation of the Unity of Souls. It is, as the title expresses, an exposition of the nature, attributes, and states of the Soul, according to that system of Christianized Platonism which the writer had adopted. It is evidently written with an enthusiastic love of the subject; and under the full influence of Platonic inspiration. The author's design was the same with that of the great philosophical poet of our own days,

> —— to rouse the sensual from their sleep
> Of death, and win the vacant and the vain
> To noble raptures,

by an exhibition of their own capabilities of excellence and enjoyment. This noble design shines through the whole, and

animates the dulness of his laboured and prosaic argumentation. Not that his doctrines are unpoetical in themselves: whatever opinion may be formed as to the truth of the Platonic philosophy, it will not be denied, that, in its lofty and imaginative tenets, there is something adapted to the purposes of poetry. But Henry More was no Prometheus. He may have perceived the capabilities of his subject, but he wanted the animating touch to waken it into life and beauty. Dry argument, unornamented statements of fact, awkward and ill-sustained fiction, compose the greater part of his poem. His zeal could not, like the indignation of Juvenal, supply the deficiencies of nature. His diction is copious, not select; his versification rugged, and incorrect in the extreme. Notwithstanding all his faults, however, we fully assent to the observation of a writer, whose path we have frequently crossed in our antiquarian researches, and whose opinion on matters of taste, though not always accurate, is generally of some value, that "amidst the uncouth allegory, and still more uncouth language, of this strange series of poems, there are a few passages to be found of extreme beauty."* We shall proceed, without further preface, to gather these flowers into one garland, for the delectation of our readers. We think we may fairly count upon their gratitude, when it is considered that the poem under consideration consists of more than ten thousand lines, and that it is one which no person is ever likely to peruse, except a zealous Platonist, an unwearied reader of poetry, or a Retrospective Reviewer.

The first part, "*Psychozoia*, or the Life of the Soul," consists of a series of obscure allegories, generally inartificial, and sometimes coarse, with an occasional intermixture of noble sentiment or brilliant description. We shall not attempt to follow him through the intricate turnings and miry lanes of his allegory, but shall content ourselves with selecting, from among the happier passages, such as may, with least hazard, be separated from the context. The following is part of a description of the vest of one of his imaginary personages:

> "There you may see the eye-lids of the morn
> With lofty silver arch displaid i' th' east,
> And in the midst the burnisht gold doth burn;
> A lucid purple mantle in the west
> Doth close the day, and hap the sun at rest.
> Nor doth these lamping shewes the azur quell,
> Or other colours: where't beseemeth best
> There they themselves dispose; so seemly well
> Doth light and changing tinctures deck this goodly veil.

* Southey—Notes to *The Curse of Kehama*.

" But 'mongst these glaring glittering rows of light,
And flaming circles, and the grisell gray,
And crudled clouds, with silver tippings dight,
And many other deckings wondrous gay,
As Iris and the Halo," &c.

" I saw pourtrai'd on this sky-coloured silk
Two lovely lads, with wings fully dispread
Of silver plumes, their skins more white than milk,
Their lilly limbs I greatly admired,
Their cheary looks and lusty livelyhed:
Athwart their snowy brest, a scarf they wore
Of azur hew; fairly bespangeled
Was the gold fringe. Like doves so forth they fore."*

He thus speaks of the presiding power of imagination:

" She sees and swayes imagination
As she thinks good; and if that she think good
She lets it play by't self, yet looketh on,
While she keeps in that large strong-beating floud
That makes the poet write, and rave as he were wood.†

" Prophets and poets have their life from hence;
Like fire into their marrow it searcheth deep,
This flaming fiery flake doth choak all sense,
And binds the lower man with brazen sleep:
Corruption through all his bones doth creep,
And raging raptures do his soul outsnatch:
Round-turning whirlwinds on Olympus steep
Do cast the soul, that earst they out did catch:
Then stiller whispering winds dark visions unlatch."

In the second canto, he thus invokes the Deity:

" Now sith my wandring bark so far is gone,
And flitten forth upon the ocean main,
I thee beseech, that just dominion
Hast of the sea, and art true soveraign
Of working phancie when it floats amain
With full impregned billows and strong rage
Enforceth way upon the boyling plain,
That thou wouldst steer my ship with wisdome sage,
That I with happy course may run my watery stage."

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* Fared. † *Wood*, or *wude*, wild.

The description of annihilation, in the same canto, is forcible:

"Their rotten relicks lurk close under ground:
With living weight no sense or sympathy
They have at all; nor hollow thundring sound
Of roring winds, that cold mortality
Can wake, ywrapt in sad fatality.
To horses hoof that beats his grassie dore
He answers not: The moon in silency,
Doth passe by night, and all bedew him o'er
With her cold humid rayes; but he feels not heaven's power."

The portrait of "Old Mnemon," might almost seem intended for a prophetic picture of the author in his old age.

"Old Mnemon's head and beard was hoary white,
But yet a chearfull countenance he had:
His vigorous eyes did shine like starres bright,
And in good decent freez he was yclad,
As blith and buxom as was any lad
Of one-and-twenty cloth'd in forrest green;
Both blith he was, and eke of counsell sad:
Like winter-morn bedight with snow and rine
And sunny rayes, so did his goodly Eldship shine."

Our next extract shall be of greater length. It is truly Spenserian:

"It was to weet, a trimly decked close
Whose grassie pavement, wrought with even line,
Ran from the morn upon the evening-close.
The eastern end by certain steps they climbe
To do their holy things, (O sight divine!)
There on the middle of the highest flore
A large green turf squar'd out, all fresh and fine
Not much unlike to altars us'd of yore
Right fairly was adorn'd with every glittering flower.

"At either end of this well-raised sod
A stately stalk shot up of Torchwort high,
Whose yellow flames small light did cast abroad,
But yet a pleasant shew they yield the eye.
A pretty space from this we did descry
An hollow oak, whose navell the rough saw
Long since had clove: so standing wet and dry

Around the stumped top soft mosse did grow,
Whose velvet hue and verdure cushion-like did show.

" Within the higher hedge of thickn'd trees
A lower rank on either side we saw
Of lesser shrubs even-set with artifice.
There the wood-queristers sat on a row
And sweetly sung while Boreas did blow
Above their heads, with various whistling,
As his blasts hap to break (now high, now low)
Against the branches of the waving pines
And other neighbour plants, still rocking with the winds.

" But above these, birds of more sightly plume
With gold and purple feathers gayly dight
Are rank'd aloft. But th' eagle doth assume
The highest sprig. For his it is by right.
Therefore in seemly sort he there is pight
Sitting aloft in his green cabinet,
From whence he all beholds with awfull sight,
Who ever in that solemn place were met,
At the west end for better view, right stately set."

We give the following as a specimen of our author's powers of satirical description:

" He was fit
With a dry wall-nut shell to fence his wit.
Which like a quilted cap on's head he wore
Lin'd with white taffity, wherein were writ
More trimly than the Iliads of yore
The laws of mood and figure, and many precepts more.

" All the nice questions of the school-men old
And subtilties as thin as cobwebs bet,
Which he wore thinner in his thoughts yrold.
And his warm brains, they say, were closer set
With sharp distinctions than a cushionet
With pins and needles; which he can shoot out
Like angry porcupine, where e're they hit.
Certes a doughty clerk and champion stout
He seem'd and well appointed against every doubt."

The next is from the same canto.

" I was a crank wit, a brisk young boy;
But naturally abhorr'd hypocrisie,

And craft the upshot of experienc'd age;
And more than life I lov'd my liberty,
And much suspected all that would engage
My heart to their own sect, and free born soul encage.

" For I ev'n at those years was well aware
Of man's false friendship, and grown subtilty,
Which made me snuf the wind, drink the free aire
Like a young colt upon the mountains high,
And turning tail my hunters all defie.
Ne took I any guide but th' innate light
Of my true conscience, whose voice to deny,
Was the sole sting of my offended spright:
Thus God and Nature taught their rude cosmopolite.

" I mean not Nature's harsh obdurate light,
The shamelesse eye-brows of the serpent old,
That arm'd with custome will not stick to fight
With God, and him affront with courage bold:
But that sweet temper we may oft behold
In virgin youth as yet immaculate,
And unto drudging policy unsold,
Who do without designe, now love, now hate,
And freely give and take withouten price or rate.

" Dear lads! How do I love your harmlesse years
And melt in heart while I the morning-shine
Do view of rising virtue, which appears
In your sweet faces, and mild modest eyne.
Adore that God that doth himself enshrine
In your untainted breasts; and give no eare
To wicked voice that may your souls encline
Unto false peace, or unto fruitlesse fear,
Least loosened from yourselves harpyes away you bear."

The narrowness of our limits prevents us from quoting the passage in the *Faerie Queene,* of which the following is an imitation:

" 'Twixt two huge walls on solitary green,
Of funerall cypresse many groves there been,
And eke of ewe, eben, and poppy trees:
And in their gloomy shade foul grisly fiend
Use to resort, and busily to seize
The darker phansied souls that live in ill disease.

" Hence you may see, if that you dare to mind,
Upon the side of this accursed hil,
Many a dreadfull corse ytost in wind,
Which with hard halter their loath'd life did spill.
There lives another which himself did kill
With rusty knife, all roll'd in his own blood,
And ever and anon a dolefull knill
Comes from the fatall owl, that in sad mood
With drery sound doth pierce through the death-shadowed wood."

In the succeeding parts, the author's genius, escaping from the incumbrances of his allegory, takes a freer flight, and developes itself more at leisure. The opening of the second part is very fine.

" Whatever man he be that dares to deem
True poets' skill to spring of earthly race,
I must him tell, that he doth misesteem
Their strange estate, and eke himselfe disgrace
By his rude ignorance. For there's no place
For forced labour, or slow industry
Of flagging wits, in that high fiery chace;
So soon as of the muse they quickned be,
At once they rise, and lively sing like lark in skie.

" Like to a meteor, whose materiall
Is low unwieldy earth, base unctuous slime,
Whose inward hidden parts ethereall
Ly close upwrapt in that dull sluggish *fime*,
Ly fast asleep, till at some fatall time
Great Phœbus' lamp has fir'd its inward spright,
And then even of itself on high doth climb;
That earst was dark becomes all eye, all sight,
Bright starre, that to the wise of future things gives light.

" Even so the weaker mind, that languid lies
Knit up in rags of dirt, dark cold and blind,
So soon that purer flame of love unties
Her clogging chains, and doth her spright unbind,
Shee sores aloft; for shee herself doth find
Well plum'd; so rais'd upon her spreaden wing,
She softly playes, and warbles in the wind,
And carols out her inward life and spring
Of overflowing joy, and of pure love doth sing."

The following appears to have been in Milton's eye, when he wrote his noble exordium:

" O thou eternall spright, cleave ope the skie,
And take thy flight into my feeble breast,
Enlarge my thoughts, enlight my dimmer eye
That wisely of that burthen, closely prest
In my straight mind, I may be dispossest:
My muse must sing of things of mickle weight;
The soul's eternity is my great quest:
Do thou me guide, that art the soul's sure light,
Grant that I never erre, but ever wend aright."

The two succeeding extracts are from another canto:

" In silent night, when mortalls be at rest,
And bathe their molten limbs in slothfull sleep,
My troubled ghost strange cares did straight molest
And plung'd my heavie soul in sorrow deep:
Large floods of tears my moistned cheeks did steep,
My heart was wounded with compassionate love
Of all the creatures: sadly out I creep
From men's close mansions, the more to improve
My mournfull plight, so softly on I forward move.

" Aye me! said I, within my wearied breast,
And sighed sad, wherefore did God erect
This stage of misery? thrice, foure times blest
Whom churlish Nature never did eject
From her dark womb, and cruelly object
By sense and life unto such balefull smart;
Every slight entrance into joy is checkt
By that soure step-dame's threats, and visage tart:
Our pleasure of our pain is not the thousandth part.

" Thus vex'd I was 'cause of mortality:
Her curst remembrance cast me in this plight,
That I grew sick of the world's vanity
Ne ought recomfort could my sunken spright,
What so I hate may do me no delight,
Few things (alas) I hate, the more my wo,
The things I love by mine own sad foresight
Make me the greater torments undergo,
Because I know at last they're gone like idle show."

* * * * *

" When th' other part of night in painfull grief
Was almost spent, out of that solemn grove
There issued forth for my timely relief,
The fairest wight that ever sight did prove,
So fair a wight as might command the love
Of best of mortall race; her count'nance sheen
The pensive shade gently before her drove,
A mild sweet light shone from her lovely eyne:
She seem'd no earthly branch but sprung of stock divine.

" A silken mantle, colour'd like the skie
With silver starres in a due distance set,
Was cast about her somewhat carelesly,
And her bright flowing hair was not ylet
By art's device; onely a chappelet
Of chiefest flowers, which from far and near
The nymphs in their pure lilly hands had fet,
Upon her temples she did seemly weare;
Her own fair beams made all her ornaments appear."

Another of the subdivisions opens thus. We need scarcely point out the concluding lines, as the original of a similar comparison or image in *Paradise Lost*.

" Like carpenter entred into a wood
To cut down timber for some edifice
Of stately structure, whiles he casts abroad
His curious eye, he much perplexed is
(There stand in view so many goodly trees)
Where to make choice to enter his rugg'd saw:
My muse is plung'd in like perplexities,
So many arguments themselves do show,
That where to pitch my wavering mind doth yet scarce know.

" One taller than the rest my circling eye
Hath hit upon, which if't be sound at heart
Will prove a goodly piece to raise on high
The heavenly structure of that deemed part
Of man, his soul, and by unerring art
Set his foundation 'bove the bodie's frame
On his own wheels, that he may thence depart
Intire, unhurt. So doth the Scythian swain
Drive his light moving house on the waste verdant plain."

The subjoined passage is very characteristic of the author:

" Can warres and jarres and fierce contention,

Swoln hatred, and consuming envie spring
From piety? No; 'tis opinion
That makes the riven heavens with trumpets ring,
And thundring engine murd'rous balls out-sling,
And send men's groning ghosts to lower shade
Of horrid hell. This the wide world doth bring
To devastation, makes mankind to fade:
Such direfull things doth false religion perswade.

" But true religion sprong from God above
Is, like her fountain, full of charity,
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of good will and meek expectancy,
Full of true justice and sure verity,
In heart and voice; free, large, even infinite,
Not wedg'd in strait particularity,
But grasping all in her vast active spright,
Bright lamp of God! that men would joy in thy pure light!"

There are a few descriptive lines in page 136, which would have done honour to any poet whatever. We can scarcely persuade ourselves that they are from the same hand as the rest of the poem.

" Fresh varnish'd groves, tall hills, and gilded clouds
Arching an eyelid for the gloring morn,
Fair clustred buildings which our sight so crouds
At distance, with high spires to heaven yborn,
Vast plains with lowly cottages forlorn
Rounded about with the low wavering skie,
Cragg'd vapours, like to ragged rocks ytorn."—

We quote the next as a favourable specimen of the general strain of More's poetical ratiocination:

" But this conversion's from the body free;
Begins not thence, nor thither doth return:
Nor is the soul worse than her energie,
If in her acts she be far higher born
Than they should 'pend on this base corse forlorn:
Then also she hath no dependency
Upon this body, but may safely scorn
That low condition of servility,
And blame all that averre that false necessity.

" If she should issue from this nether spring,
Nearer she kept to her originall

She were the stronger, and her works would bring
To more perfection; but alas! they fall,
They fail by near approch. The best of all
Wax weak and faint by too close union
With this foul fount. Might intellectuall
Grows misty by this strait conjunction;
The will is woxen weak, its vigour quite is gone.

" But O! how oft when she herself doth cut
From nearer commerce with the low delight
Of things corporeall, and her eyes doth shut
To those false fading lights, she feels her spright
Fill'd with excessive pleasure, such a plight
She finds that it doth fully satisfie
Her thirsty life. Then reason shines out bright,
And holy love with mild serenity
Doth hug her harmlesse self in this her purity."

The exordium of the third part is as follows:

" Hence, hence unhallowed ears, and hearts more hard
Than winter clods fast froze with northern wind.
But most of all, foul tongue! I thee discard,
That blamest all that thy dark strait'ned mind
Cannot conceive: but that no blame thou find;
Whate're my pregnant muse brings forth to light,
She'll not acknowledge to be of her kind,
Till eagle-like she turn them to the sight
Of the eternall word, all deckt with glory bright.

" Strange sights do straggle in my restlesse thoughts,
And lively forms with orient colours clad
Walk in my boundlesse mind, as men ybrought
Into some spacious room, who when they've had
A turn or two, go out, although unbad.
All these I see and know, but entertain
None to my friend but who's most sober sad;
Although, the time my roof doth them contain
Their presence doth possesse me till they out again.

" And thus possest, in silver trump I sound
Their guise, their shape, their gesture, and array;
But as in silver trumpet nought is found
When once the piercing sound is past away,
(Though while the mighty blast therein did stay,
Its tearing noise so terribly did shrill,

That it the heavens did shake, and earth dismay)
As empty I of what my flowing quill
In heedlesse haste elsewhere, or here, may hap to spill.

"For 'tis of force and not of a set will.
Ne dare my wary mind afford assent
To what is plac'd above all mortall skill;
But yet our various thoughts to represent
Each gentle wight will deem of good intent.
Wherefore with leave th' infinitie I'll sing
Of time, of space; or without leave; I'm brent
With eagre rage, my heart for joy doth spring,
And all my spirits move with pleasant trembeling.

"An inward triumph doth my soul up-heave
And spread abroad through endlesse 'spersed air.
My nimble mind this clammie clod doth leave,
And lightly stepping on from starre to starre
Swifter than lightning, passeth wide and farre,
Measuring th' unbounded heavens and wastfull skie;
Ne ought she finds her passage to debarre,
For still the azure orb as she draws nigh
Gives back, new stars appear, the world's walls 'fore her flie."

The destruction and renovation of all things is thus described:

"As the seas
Boyling with swelling waves aloft did rise,
And met with mighty showers and pouring rain
From heaven's spouts, so the broad flashing skies
With brimstone thick and clouds of fiery bain
Shall meet with raging Etna's and Vesuvius' flame.

"The burning bowels of this wasting ball
Shall gallup up great flakes of rolling fire,
And belch out pitchie flames, till over all
Having long rag'd, Vulcan himself shall tire
And (th' earth an asheap made) shall then expire:
Here Nature laid asleep in her own urn
With gentle rest right easly will respire,
Till to her pristine task she do return
As fresh as Phenix young under th' Arabian morn.

"O happy they that then the first are born,
While yet the world is in her vernall pride:
For old corruption quite away is worn
As metall pure so is her mold well tride.

XUM

Sweet dews, cool-breathing airs, and spaces wide
Of precious spicery wafted with soft wind:
Fair comely bodies goodly beautifi'd."

"For all the while her purged ashes rest,
These relicks dry suck in the heavenly dew,
And roscid manna rains upon her breast,
And fills with sacred milk sweet fresh and new,
Where all take life and doth the world renew;
And then renew'd with pleasure be yfed.
A green soft mantle doth her bosome strew
With fragrant herbs and flowers embellished,
Where without fault or shame all living creatures bed."

The sensual and the spiritual life are thus contrasted:

"As when a lamp, that men do sitten by,
In some wide hall in a clear winter night,
Being blown out or wasted utterly,
Unwares they find a sly still silver light;
The moon, the wall, or pavement, with mild rayes hath dight:

"So when the oyl of this low life is spent,
Which, like a burning lamp, doth waste away;
Or if blown out by fate more violent,
The soul may find an unexpected ray
Of light."

Again:

"Fear, anger, hope, fierce vengeance, and swoln hate,
Tumultuous joy, envie, and discontent,
Self-love, vain-glory, strife, and fell debate,
Unsatiate covetise, desire impotent,
Low-sinking grief, pleasure, lust violent,
Fond emulation, all these dim the mind
That with foul filth the inward eye yblent,
That light that is so near it cannot find.
So shines the sunne unseen on a tree's rugged rind.

"But the clean soul by virtue purifi'd,
Collecting her own self from the foul steem
Of earthly life, is often dignifi'd
With that pure pleasure that from God doth streem,
Often's enlightn'd by that radiant beam,
That issues forth from his divinity,
Then feelingly immortall she doth deem

Herself, conjoyn'd by so near unity
With God, and nothing doubts of her eternitie.

" Nor death, nor sleep, nor any dismall shade,
Of low contracting life she then doth fear,
No troubled thoughts her settled mind invade
Th' immortall root of life she seeth clear,
Wisheth she were for ever grafted here:
No cloud, nó darknesse, no deficiency
In this high heavenly life doth e'er appear;
Redundant fulnesse, and free liberty,
Easie flowing knowledge, never-weary energy.

" Broad open sight, eternall wakefulnesse,
Withouten labour or consuming pain:
The soul all these in God must needs possesse,
When there deep-rooted life she doth obtain."

The following picture of the wanderings of a distempered fancy will not appear tame, even after that which has been executed by the wonder-working pencil of a later dreamer:

" Then the wild phansie from her horrid wombe
Will senden forth foul shapes. O dreadfull sight!
Overgrown toads, fierce serpents thence will come,
Red-scaled dragons with deep burning light
In their hollow eye-pits: with these she must fight;
Then thinks herself ill wounded, sorely stung.
Old fulsome hags with scabs and skurf bedight,
Foul tarry spittle tumbling with their tongue
On their raw lether lips, these near will to her clung,

" And lovingly salute against her will,
Closely embrace, and make her mad with wo:
She'd lever thousand times they did her kill,
Than force her such vile basenesse undergo.
Anon some giant his huge self will show,
Gaping with mouth as vast as any cave,
With stony staring eyes, and footing slow:
She surely deems him her live-walking grave,
From that dern hollow pit knows not herself to save.

" After a while, tost on the ocean main
A boundlesse sea she finds of misery;
The fiery snorts of the Leviathan
(That makes the boyling waves before him flie)
She hears, she sees his blazing morn-bright eye:

If here she scape, deep gulfs and threatning rocks
Her frighted self do straightway terrifie;
Steel-coloured clouds with rattling thunder knocks,
With these she is amaz'd, and thousand such like mocks."

One more extract, and we take leave of our worthy Platonist:

" Like to a light fast lock'd in lanthorn dark
Whereby, by night our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rayes through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side.
But when we've past the perill of the way,
Arriv'd at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyfull beams as bright as summer's day.

" Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confin'd to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate.
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence,
Here tasts, there smels; but when she's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphear,
And round about has perfect cognoscence
What ere in her horizon doth appear:
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear."

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Captain John Creichton, from his own Materials, drawn up and digested by* Dean J. Swift. 1731.

The disastrous and disgraceful period of the Anglo-Scottish history, of which these *Memoirs* principally treat, has been recently rendered familiar to the generality of readers by the admirable novel of *Old Mortality*, which has transported us back into the administration of Lauderdale and his worthless colleagues—placing before our eyes the wild and fanatic devotions of the persecuted whigs; proscribed, outlawed, hunted down like wild beasts; lurking in dens and caves; and lifting up their voices in enthusiastic devotion on the hill side or the desert, beneath the inclement skies, or amidst the roar of the waterfall; clinging, amidst want, and famine, and torture, to their covenant, with a constancy and single-mindedness which almost tired the malice of their enemies, and which commands our sympathy and admiration, while we detest

their fanaticism and the sanguinary spirit which it engendered. Balfour of Burley, Macbriar, Mucklewrath, and Kettle-drumle, are portraits which have all the freshness and verisimilitude of life; and which, having been once contemplated, never fade from the mind's eye. A page of *Old Mortality* is more instructive than a folio of history. Drumclog and Bothwell Brig are become classic spots; and the dissonant names which offended the ear of Milton, have been naturalized in our common discourse.

> —— Gordon,
> Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
> Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
> That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

The memoirs before us are the production of an active and enterprising officer, written in the 83d year of his age, (assisted by an eminent literary character, as we shall afterwards have occasion to mention), detailing his personal adventures in a round, unvarnished manner. Captain Creichton chiefly distinguished himself in Scotland by his zeal and sagacity in hunting the outlawed preachers; and was a worthy imitator and follower of the "bloody Clavérse." No one, among the subaltern agents of tyranny, appears to have acted his part with a more unaffected love of the pursuit, or to have a greater respect for the honourable employment of hunting and murdering his misguided fellowmen. He relates his exploits in this way with the greatest possible complacency, and exults in the terror and detestation with which his name was pronounced by a considerable part of the Scottish nation. Without any appearance of religious feeling himself, he was a bigot to church and state; and did, from hate, what more ignoble persecutors did for hire. Yet his feelings as a man appear to have been warm and kindly; and where his spirit of military subordination did not interfere, not devoid of liberality.

Captain Creichton was introduced to Dean Swift, then on a visit to Sir Arthur Acheson, as a cavalier who had distinguished himself by his loyalty and bravery in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. but who was now closing an active and honourable life in indigence and obscurity. The Dean made him a handsome present; and, understanding that his adventures were numerous and extraordinary, and that he had preserved a written account of them, suggested the publication of his memoirs as a means of rendering him comfortable for life. The Captain said that he had memoranda of the incidents of his life, but that no one could understand them but himself. Swift desired him to bring his papers to him, and he would prepare his memoirs for the press; which he accordingly did, arranging them in a

regular narrative, and correcting the style. By the Dean's interest and recommendation, the subscription for the work exceeded two hundred pounds, and made the veteran comfortable for the remainder of his life.

Creichton was of a Scotch family, which had settled in Ireland. His father was an officer in the army, and distinguished himself as a brave and zealous soldier for Charles I. against the parliament. The following account is given of his rescuing his relation, Captain Irvin, and Mr. Stuart, who had been taken prisoners and lodged in the gaol in Derry.

" My father having received information that Sir Charles Coote, governor of Derry, had publicly declared that Captain Irvin and his companion should be put to death within two or three days, communicated this intelligence to seven trusty friends; who all engaged to assist him, with the hazard of their lives, in delivering the two gentlemen from the danger that threatened them. They all agreed that my father and three more, at the hour of six in the morning, when the west gate stood open, and the drawbridge was let down for the governor's horses to go out to water, should ride in, one by one, after a manner as if they belonged to the town, and there conceal themselves in a friend's house till night; at which time my father was to acquaint Captain Irvin and his fellow-prisoner with their design, which was to this purpose: that, after concerting measures at the prison, my father should repair to a certain place on the city wall, and give instructions to the four without, at twelve at night; accordingly, next morning, as soon as the gate was open, my father, with his three comrades, got into the town; and the same night, having settled matters with the two gentlemen that they should be ready at six next morning, at which hour he and his three friends should call upon them; he then went to the wall, and directed the four, who were without, that as soon as they should see the gate open, and the bridge drawn, one of them should walk up to the sentry, and secure him from making any noise, by holding a pistol to his breast; after which, the other three should ride up, and secure the room where the by-guard lay, to prevent them from coming out: most of the garrison were in their beds, which encouraged my father and his friends, and much facilitated the enterprise: therefore, precisely at six o'clock, when the by-guard and sentry at the western gate were secured by the four without, my father, and the other three within, being mounted on horseback, with one spare horse, in the habit of town's people, with cudgels in their hands, called at the gaol door, on pretence to speak to Captain Irvin and Mr. Stuart. They were both walking in a large room in the gaol, with the gaoler, and three soldiers attending them; but these not suspecting the persons on horseback before the door, whom they took to be inhabitants of the town, my father asked Captain Irvin whether he had any commands to a certain place, where he pretended to be going; the captain made some answer, but said they should not go before they had drank with him; then giving a piece of money to one of the soldiers to buy a bottle of sack at a tavern a good way off, and pretend-

ing likewise some errand for another soldier, sent him also out of the way. There being now none left to guard the prisoners but the gaoler and the third soldier, Captain Irvin leaped over the hatch-door, and as the gaoler leaped after, my father knocked him down with his cudgel. While this was doing, Mr. Stuart tripped up the soldier's heels, and immediately leaped over the hatch. They both mounted, Stuart on the horse behind my father, and Irvin on the spare one, and in a few minutes came up with their companions at the gate, before the main guard could arrive, although it were kept within twenty yards of the gaol door.

"I should have observed, that as soon as Captain Irvin and his friend got over the hatch, my father, and his comrades, put a couple of broad swords into their hands, which they had concealed under their cloaks, and at the same time drawing their own, were all six determined to force their way against any one who offered to obstruct them in their passage; but the dispatch was so sudden that they got clear out of the gate before the least opposition could be made. They were no sooner gone than the town was alarmed; Coote, the governor, got out of his bed, and ran into the streets in his shirt, to know what the hubbub meant, and was in a great rage at the accident. The adventurers met with the governor's groom coming back with his master's horses from watering; they seized the horses, and got safe to Sir Robert Stuart's, about four miles off, without losing one drop of blood in this hazardous enterprise."

John, who was the eldest of twenty children, of whom only three other sons and two daughters arrived to maturity, was born in 1648, at Castle Fin, in the county of Donegal. He went to school at Dungannon; but, when only eighteen, he imprudently married his schoolmaster's daughter, and this engagement compelling him to have immediate recourse to some employment, he determined to embrace the profession of arms. He got admitted into the horse guards, a troop composed chiefly of gentlemen, who were sent to Scotland to assist in putting down the conventicles, and in pursuing the seditious preachers. In this service Creichton particularly distinguished himself; and displayed great zeal, courage, and address in discovering the hiding places of this persecuted race.

We shall extract an account of one of his expeditions in search of conventicles. Creichton and a comrade, disguised in grey coats, travel into the mountains, and observing three men on the top of a hill, whom they conjecture to stand there as spies, to give intelligence to a conventicle, they attack and take them prisoners. The relation then proceeds thus:—

"We then led our prisoners down the hill, at the foot of which there was a bog, and on the other side a man sitting on a rock; when we advanced near him, leaving our prisoners in the keeping of my friend, I ran up toward the man, who fled down on the other side. As

soon as I had reached the top of the rock, there appeared a great number of people assembled in a glen, to hear the preaching of mas John King, as I understood afterward; whose voice was so loud that it reached the ears of those who were at the greatest distance, which could not, I think, be less than a quarter of a mile; they all standing before him, and the wind favouring the strength of his lungs. When my friend had brought the three prisoners to the top of the rock, where I waited for him, they all broke loose, and ran down to the conventicle; but my friend advancing within about forty yards of that rabble, commanded them, in his majesty's name, to depart to their own homes. Whereupon about forty of their number, with poles in their hands, drew out from the rest, and advanced against us two, who had the courage, or rather the temerity, to face so great a company, which could not be fewer than a thousand. As this party of theirs was preparing with their long poles to attack me and my friend, it happened, very luckily, that a fine gelding, saddled and bridled, with a pillion likewise upon him, came up near us in search of better grass. I caught the horse, and immediately mounted him, which the rest of the conventiclers observing, they broke up, and followed as fast as they could, some on horseback, and the rest on foot, to prevent me from going off with the horse; but I put him to the gallop, and suffering him to choose his own way through the mountain, which was full of bogs and hags, got out of reach. My friend kept up with me as long as he could, but having run a mile through such difficult places, he was quite spent, and the conventiclers hard at his heels; whereupon he called to me for assistance, and I alighting put him upon the horse, bidding him to make the best of his way to the laird of Poddishaw's, about two miles off. By this time we saw twelve covenanters on horseback, who advanced toward us by a shorter cut, and blocked up a gap, through which we were of necessity to pass. I undertook to clear the gap for my friend, and running toward the rogues, with my broad-sword and pistol, soon forced them to open to the right and left: my comrade got through, and was pursued a good way; but he so laid about him with his broad-sword, that the pursuers, being unarmed, durst not seize him. In the mean time, I, who was left on foot, kept the covenanters, who followed me, at a proper distance; but they pelted me with clods, which I sometimes returned, till, at last, after chasing me above a mile, they saw a party of troopers in red passing by at some distance: and then gave over their pursuit.

"The troopers observing my friend galloping and pursued, imagined he was some frantic preacher, till they came to an old woman on a hill, whom my friend had desired to deny his being gone that way; upon which they went off to their quarters, and he got safe to Poddishaw's, whither I soon after arrived. The laird of Poddishaw had been that day to church, from whence, returning with the laird of Pocammock, who lived about a mile off, they both wondered how the horse got thither: for Pocammock was the owner of the horse, and his lady had rode on it that day to the conventicle, without her husband's knowledge, having been seduced thither by some fanatic neighbours, for she had never been at their meetings before. My friend and I

acquainted the two lairds of the whole adventure of that day; and, after dinner, Pocammock requested to let him have the horse home, thereby to stifle any reflection his lady might bring upon him, or herself, by going to a conventicle; he likewise invited us to dine next day at his house, where the horse should be again delivered to me, as justly forfeited by the folly of his wife. We went accordingly, with the laird of Poddishaw, and dined at Pocammock's; where the horse was ordered to be led out into the court, in the same accoutrements as I found him the day before: but observing the lady in tears, I told her, that, if she would give me her promise never to go to a conventicle again, I would bestow her the horse, and conceal what had passed: she readily complied, and so the matter was made up. However, the laird, her husband, assured me that no horse in Scotland should be better paid for; and being a leading man in the country, and his lady discovering the names of those who had been at the conventicle, he sent for them, and persuaded them, as they valued their quiet, to make up a purse for me and my friend, which they accordingly did; and we both lived plentifully a twelvemonth after on the price of that horse."

Among the characters to which we are introduced, are Francis Stuart, (the Serjeant Bothwell of the novelist,) and the redoubted Balfour of Burley.

"For, the seditious humours in the west still increasing, it was thought proper that three independent troops of horse, and as many of dragoons, should be raised to suppress the rebels. Whereupon Mr. Francis Stuart, grandson to the Earl of Bothwell, a private gentleman in the horse-guards like myself, and my intimate acquaintance, was sent for, in haste, by the general; because the council of Scotland was then writing to the king, that his majesty would please to grant commissions to those persons whose names were to be sent up to London that very night. Mr. Stuart gave me notice of this: whereupon, although I was not sent for, I resolved to go up with him to Edinburgh, and solicit for myself. When I arrived there, and attended the general, his first question was, in a humourous manner, "Wha the deel sent for you up?" I answered, that I hoped his excellency would now make good his promise of preferring me, since so fair an opportunity offered at present. On this occasion the general stood my firm friend; and although the sons and brothers of lords and baronets, and other persons of quality, solicited to be made lieutenants and cornets in these new-raised troops, yet the general, in regard to my services, prevailed with the council that I might be appointed lieutenant to Mr. Stuart, who was then made captain of dragoons.

"Soon after this, the archbishop of St. Andrew's was murdered by the laird of Hackston and Balfour, assisted by four poor weavers.*

* "One of them fired a pistol at him, which burnt his coat and gown, but did not go into his body: upon this, they fancied he had a magical secret to secure him against a shot, and they drew him out of

Hackston, before this horrid action, was reputed an honest and gallant man, but his friendship for his brother-in-law, Balfour, drew him in to commit this inhuman murder. Balfour, who had been the archbishop's chamberlain, (for so in Scotland we call a great man's steward), whether by negligence or dishonesty, was short in his payments to his lord; and the fear of being called to an account was a principal motive to assassinate his master: however, he pretended likewise a great zeal for the kirk, whereof he looked upon the archbishop as the greatest oppressor. It is certain that the lower people mortally hated the archbishop, on pretence that his grace had deserted their communion: and the weavers, who were accomplices of Balfour, believed they did God service in destroying an enemy of the kirk; and accordingly all the murderers were esteemed and styled saints by that rebellious faction."

Creichton accompanies Graham of Claverhouse in his expedition against some straggling parties who were making head against the government.

"The rebels at Drumclog were eight or nine thousand strong: their leader, as I have said before, was Robert Hamilton, second brother to the royal house of Preston, but a profligate who had spent all his patrimony. There were likewise among them the lairds of Knockgray and Fruah, with many other gentlemen of fortune, whose names I have forgot. Clavers's men, with the addition of some few that came in to him, did not exceed one hundred and eighty; yet, pursuant to his orders, he was forced to fight the enemy; but being so vastly outnumbered, was soon defeated, with the loss of cornet Robert Graham, and about eight or ten private troopers. The rebels finding the cornet's body, and supposing it to be that of Clavers, because the name of Graham was wrought in the shirt neck, treated it with the utmost inhumanity, cutting off the nose, picking out the eyes, and stabbing it through in a hundred places.

"Clavers, in his flight toward Hamilton and Glasgow, rode a horse that trailed his guts for two miles from the place where the engagement happened; but overtaking his groom with some led horses, he mounted one of them, and with the remains of his small army escaped to Glasgow. The rebels, pursuing as far as Hamilton, advanced that evening within a mile of Glasgow, where they encamped all night. As Clavers was marching after his men up the hill, where he had left mas John King under the guard of a dragoon (who ran off with the first that fled), King, in a sneering way, desired him to stay and take his prisoner with him."

The insurgents make a desperate attack on Clavers, in Glasgow, but are beaten off with great loss; but continuing to

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his coach, and murdered him barbarously, repeating their strokes till they were sure he was quite dead." — *Burnet's History*, vol. ii. 8vo, p. 102.

increase in numbers, the Duke of Monmouth was sent, to take the command, with a reinforcement. General Dalzell refused to serve under him, and remained at Edinburgh until the Duke was superseded.

The affair of Bothwell Bridge followed, when the rebels having neither "the grace to submit, nor the sense to run away, nor the courage to fight it out," presented a cheap conquest to the royal army.

"The pursuers were no sooner returned, and the whole action over, than General Dalziel arrived at the camp from Edinburgh, with a commission renewed, to be commander in chief, which he received that very morning by an express. This commander having learned how the duke had conducted the war, told him publicly, and with great plainness, that he had betrayed the king; that he heartily wished his commission had come a day sooner, 'for then,' said he, 'these rogues should never have troubled his majesty or the kingdom any more.'"

We shall here introduce Creichton's characteristic portrait of this singular veteran:

"Thomas Dalziel, among many other officers, was taken prisoner at the unfortunate defeat at Worcester, and sent to the Tower; from whence, I know not by what means, he made his escape, and went to Muscovy; where the czar then reigning made him his general:* but some time after the restoration of the royal family, he gave up his commission, and repairing to King Charles the Second, was, in consideration of his eminent services, constituted commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Scotland; in which post he continued till his death, excepting only one fortnight, when he was superseded by the Duke of Monmouth, some days before the action at Bothwell Bridge, as I have already related. He was bred up very hardy from his youth, both in diet and clothing. He never wore boots, nor above one coat, which was close to his body, with close sleeves, like those we call jockey coats. He never wore a peruke; nor did he shave his beard, since the murder of King Charles the First. In my time, his head was bald, which he covered only with a beaver hat, the brim of which was not above three inches broad. His beard was white and bushy, and yet reached down to his girdle. He usually went to London once or twice in a year, and then only to kiss the king's hand, who had a great

* "He served the emperor of Russia, as one of the generals of his forces against the Polanders and Tartars, till the year 1665, when he was recalled by King Charles the Second; and thereafter did command his majesty's forces at the defeat of the rebels, at Pentland hills in Scotland; and continued lieutenant-general in Scotland, when his majesty had any standing forces in that kingdom, till the year of his death, 1685." *Granger*, iii. 380.

esteem for his worth and valour. His unusual dress and figure, when he was in London, never failed to draw after him a great crowd of boys, and other young people, who constantly attended at his lodgings, and followed him with huzzas, as he went to court, or returned from it. As a man of humour, he would always thank them for their civilities, when he left them at the door, to go in to the king; and would let them know exactly at what hour he intended to come out again, and return to his lodgings. When the king walked in the park, attended by some of his courtiers, and Dalziel in his company, the same crowds would always be after him, showing their admiration at his beard and dress, so that the king could hardly pass on for the crowd; upon which his majesty bid the Devil take Dalziel, for bringing such a rabble of boys together, to have their guts squeezed out, while they gaped at his long beard and antique habit; requesting him, at the same time, (as Dalziel used to express it), to shave and dress like other Christians, to keep the poor bairns out of danger. All this could never prevail with him to part with his beard; but yet, in compliance to his majesty, he went once to court in the very height of the fashion; but as soon as the king, and those about him, had laughed sufficiently at the strange figure he made, he reassumed his usual habit, to the great joy of the boys, who had not discovered him in his fashionable dress."

Creichton, immediately after the affair of Bothwell, is eager to return to his old amusement of preacher-hunting.

"On Sunday morning, when the army was to march for Glasgow, I desired the General's leave to go with twelve dragoons, in search of some of the rebels, who might probably pass the Clyde, about Dunbarton, to shelter themselves in the Highlands. With these dragoons, clad in grey coats and bonnets, I made haste down the side of the river; and about midnight, after travelling twenty-four miles, I came to a church, and while the soldiers stayed to refresh their horses in the church-yard, I spied a country fellow going by, and asked him in his own dialect, 'Whither gang ye this time of night?' He answered, 'Wha are ye that speers?' I replied, 'We are your ane fo'ke.' Upon this the fellow came up, and told me, there were eighteen friends with horses, at an old castle, waiting for a boat to pass over into the isle of Arran. I mounted the man behind one of the dragoons, and went toward the place: but the rebels, not finding a boat, were gone off, and the guide dismissed. There was a great dew on the grass, which directed me and my party to follow the track of their horses, for three or four miles, till the dew was gone off; I then inquired of a cow-herd on a hill, whether he saw any of our 'poor fo'ke' travelling that way? he answered, that they had separated on that hill, and gone three several ways, six in a party; adding, that in one party there was 'a braw, muckle kerl, with a white hat on him, and a great bob of ribands on the cock o't.' Whereupon I sent four of my dragoons after one party, four more after another; and myself, with the remaining four, went in pursuit of him with the white hat. As I went forward, I met

another cow-herd, who told me that the fellow with the hat, and one more (for as the rogues advanced farther into the west, they still divided into smaller parties) were just gone down the hill, to his master's house. The good man of the house returning from putting the horses to grass in the garden, was going to shut the door: whereupon myself and two of the dragoons commanded him, with our pistols at his breast, to lead us to the room where the man lay who wore a white hat. We entered the room, and before he awaked, I took away his arms, and commanded him to dress immediately: then finding his companion asleep in the barn, I forced him likewise to arise, and mounting them both on their own horses, came at nine o'clock in the morning, with my two prisoners, to the other dragoons, at the place where we appointed to meet. From thence we rode straight to Glasgow, and arrived there about eight in the evening, after a journey of fifty miles since we left the army at Bothwell the day before."

Our author had a strange faculty of dreaming where he should find certain proscribed preachers, and his dreams were usually verified in the sequel. He thinks proper, however, to apologize for having put faith in such illusions, and endeavours to explain the association of ideas which produced them.

About a month after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, he was sent with eighty horsemen under his command, in pursuit of one hundred and fifty of the Covenanters, who still kept in a body; and after a pursuit of several days, brought them to action, and succeeded in killing, capturing, or dispersing them. In pursuing some stragglers into a morass, he received several severe wounds, and narrowly escaped with his life. One of his wounds, owing to the carelessness of his surgeon, in allowing the tent to slip into it, remaining unhealed for seven months, he returned to Ireland for the benefit of his native air, and there, by as great an accident as when it got in, he was relieved from the tent, and soon perfectly recovered. He accordingly returned to Scotland, and resumed his dreaming of rebels, and displayed his accustomed dexterity in catching them.

One of his enterprises is related in the ensuing extract:

"I shall here occasionally relate an unfortunate accident, which happened this summer in Scotland.

"M'Donnel, laird of Cappagh in the Highlands, within eight miles of Inverlochy, was unjustly possessed, as most men believed, for many years of an estate, which in right belonged to the laird of Mackintosh. Both these gentlemen were well affected to the king. The laird of Cappagh, after sowing-time was over, had gone that summer, as it was his custom, to make merry with his clans, on the mountains, till the time of harvest should call him home. But in his absence, Mackintosh, and his clans, assisted with a party of the army, by order of the Government, possessed himself of Cappagh's estate: whereupon M'Donnel, and his clans, returning from the mountains,

set upon the enemy, killed several gentlemen among them, and took Mackintosh himself prisoner. M'Donnel had given strict orders to his men, not to kill any of the army; but Captain M'Kenzie, who commanded on the other side, making a shot at one of M'Donnel's men, who was pursuing his adversary, the man, discharging his pistol at the captain, shot him in the knee, who, after having been carried fifty miles to Inverness, to a surgeon, died of his wound.

" Soon after, the Government ordered me to detach sixty dragoons, with a lieutenant, cornet, and standard, and to march with Captain Streighton, and two hundred of the foot guards, against the M'Donnels; to destroy man, woman, and child, pertaining to the laird of Cappagh, and to burn his houses and corn. Upon the approach of our party, M'Donnel, laird of Cappagh, dismissing his prisoners, retired farther into the mountains; whereupon we who were sent against him continued to destroy all the houses and corn, from the time of Lammas to the 10th of September: and then we advanced toward the borders, to join the Scotch army, which at that time was marching toward England, against the Prince of Orange, who then intended an invasion."

What must we think of the Government which could issue such an order!

On the expected invasion of the Prince of Orange, the forces were recalled to England, whither Creichton accompanied Claverhouse, now Viscount Dundee, who was one of the few who stood by James, even after he had deserted himself; and, had his advice been followed, the Revolution might have cost a severe struggle. After James's flight, Dundee waited on William; but, meeting with a cool reception, he speedily retired into Scotland. His regiment was given to Sir Thomas Livingston, who, however, was as much devoted to James as his predecessor; and when Dundee appeared in arms, these dragoons were sent, among others, to attack him, under the command of General M'Kay. The officers of this corps were almost all jacobites, and intended, with their men, to go over to Dundee the first opportunity. Creichton was their agent in this treachery, and found means privately to inform Lady Dundee of their intention.—— The General, however, got some intimation of their design, and sent Creichton and several of his companions prisoners to Edinburgh. He was committed to a dungeon in the Tolbooth, and was examined before the Council, in the hope of getting him to inform against his more important colleagues; but Creichton stoutly denied all knowledge of the plot. Finding him obstinate, it was given out that he was to be hanged; but Dundee hearing of it, sent them word, " that if they hanged Captain Creichton, or touched a hair of his tail, he would cut the laird of Blair and the laird of Pollock joint by joint, and

would send their limbs in hampers to the Council." The Council knew Dundee would be as good as his word, and Creichton was reprieved for the present. After the death of Dundee, and the dispersion of his forces, a more lenient system was adopted; but Creichton's character as a desperate jacobite was so well known, that it was deemed prudent to keep him in confinement. After remaining three years in the Tolbooth, he was allowed, through the solicitation of his friends, to remove to a private lodging, on giving bail for one hundred pounds, and having a sentry to attend him. Some of his quondam companions being soon after arrested, he became alarmed, and, with the privity and consent of his bail, escaped to Ireland. He settled in the County of Tyrone, with his wife, two daughters, and his father (who died two years afterwards), and made a shift to maintain them, by industry and manual labour, for twelve years, till his wife died, and his daughters were married, when he made over to them what little property he had, and resided with them.

ART. V.—*Des. Erasmi Epistolæ, Lugduni Batavorum,* 1703. *Tom. 3tius. Op. Erasm. Clerici.*

Among the voluminous and valuable writings of Erasmus, his Letters occupy a very distinguished station, both in respect of their bulk and importance. It frequently happens, that the *Epistolæ* of the old scholars, who flourished during the revival and the early stages of modern literature, now form the only, at least the most interesting part of their works. Other of their compositions produced the effect intended at the time; and, having done this, are no longer to be regarded, except with that feeling of respect and attachment which ought always to be paid to an old and valued servant, who has survived his usefulness; while the letters of these men still continue to deserve, if not receive, a considerable share of the modern student's attention, inasmuch as they eminently tend to illustrate the history of literature, during a most remarkable period. Though the writings of Erasmus can by no means be said to be grown into disuse, for they still retain much of that beauty and freshness with which genius never fails to inspire its productions, and will do so as long as the charms of exquisite humour and elegant composition continue to exert their power; yet we may still be allowed to say, no part of them are so intrinsically valuable to us as the bulky volume of his *Epistolæ*. The vast number of

interesting notices of the lives, works, and manners of his contemporaries they contain, not to mention their value merely as admirable specimens of epistolary composition, renders them a fund of important information, which affords the reader, who is familiar with them, a complete insight into the literary history of the times. They are, however, of too voluminous a nature to be thoroughly discussed here; but we think, we can turn our attention to a particular part of them with both profit and amusement. It is well known, that Erasmus, in the reign of Henry VIII., spent a considerable time in England, of which and of its inhabitants we find frequent mention scattered through his writings. Of these notices, we propose to select a few of the most remarkable, which we shall translate for the benefit of that numerous class of readers who feel more at their ease in perusing English than Latin.

We will first quote his description of England, written to the physician of Cardinal Wolsey.

"I often grieve and wonder how it happens, that Britain has now for so many years been afflicted with a continual plague, and chiefly with the sweating sickness, which is a malady that seems almost peculiar to the country. We have read of a state being delivered from a long continued pestilence by changing the style of building, upon the advice of a philosopher. If I am not deceived, England may be freed in a similar manner. In the first place, the English have no regard to what quarter of the heavens their windows or doors are turned; in the next, their sitting rooms are generally so constructed, as to be incapable of being ventilated, which is a thing that Galen particularly recommends. Furthermore, a great part of the wall is made transparent by glass plates (or squares) which admit the light, but exclude the wind; and yet through the small crevices they admit the air to be strained, which becomes somewhat more pestilent by staying there a long time. The streets too are generally covered with clay and rushes, which are so seldom renewed, that the covering sometimes remains twenty years, concealing beneath, a mass of all descriptions of filth, not fit to mention. Hence, upon a change in the atmosphere, a certain vapour is exhaled, in my opinion not at all wholesome for the human body. Added to this, England is not only surrounded by the sea on every side, but is also, in many places, marshy, and intersected by salt streams, to say nothing at present of the salt food, of which the common people are amazingly fond.

"It is my firm opinion, that the island would become much more wholesome, if the spreading of rushes on the ground were not used, and if the chambers were so built as to be exposed to the heavens on two or three sides, the windows of glass being so made as to open altogether, and close in the same way, and to shut so as not to admit noxious winds through the crevices. Since, as it is sometimes wholesome to admit the air, so it is sometimes as much so to keep it out. The common people laugh if a person complain of the cloudy

sky. If, even twenty years ago, I had entered into a chamber which had been uninhabited for some months, I was immediately seized with a fever. It would contribute to this object, (to render the island more healthy) if more sparing diet could be more generally recommended, and a more moderate use of salt provisions; and if certain public officers were commissioned to keep the roads more free from nuisances. Those parts too should be looked to more particularly, which are in the neighbourhood of a town. You will laugh at my having time to trouble myself about these matters. I love the country which has for so long a time given me an hospitable abode, and in it, should circumstances allow, I would willingly spend what remains of life.

"I have no doubt from your character for wisdom, that you know these matters better than myself; I resolved however to mention them to you, that you may, if my opinion coincides with yours, recommend these hints to the notice of the great. For in former days, kings were wont to interest themselves in such things," &c. &c.—*Epist.* 432.

Another curious notice of a now obsolete custom occurs.

"I too in England have made some small improvement.—That Erasmus, whom you know, is now almost a good hunter, not the worst horseman, no unskilful courtier; he salutes with a little more grace, and smiles more agreeably, and all this he does without any natural talent for it—how are my affairs? you will ask, they go on pretty well.—You too, if you are wise, will fly hither.—Why should you who are a man of such nice taste choose to grow old in the midst of Gallic filth?—But your gout prevents you: I wish it was at the devil provided you did not go with it.

"Although, Faustus, if you well knew the advantages of Britain, truly you would hasten hither with wings to your feet, and if your gout would not permit, you would wish you possessed the art of Dædalus. For, just to touch on one thing out of many, here there are lasses with heavenly faces, kind, obliging; and you would far prefer them to all your muses. There is, besides, a practice never to be sufficiently commended. If you go to any place, you are received with a kiss by all; if you depart on a journey, you are dismissed with a kiss; you return, kisses are exchanged; they come to visit you, a kiss the first thing; they leave you, you kiss them all round: do they meet you any where? kisses in abundance: lastly, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses. And if you, Faustus, had but once tasted them, how soft they are, how fragrant, on my honour you would wish not to reside here for ten years only, but to take up your abode in England for life. We will enjoy the rest of our month together, for I shall see you, I hope, soon.—*To Faustus Andrelinus, Poet Laureate.*"—*Ep.* 65, *dated* 1499.

We solicit the reader's attention to the following elaborate and interesting portrait of the famous Sir Thomas More.

"Your warm regard, I had almost said, your enthusiastic love for

the genius of Thomas More, excited by his writings, than which as you say with truth, nothing can be at once more learned or more agreeable, is a feeling, believe me, most distinguished Huttenus, common to you with many, and reciprocal with More himself. For he too, on his part, is so delighted with the genius of your writings, that I almost envy you myself. This is in truth that Platonic wisdom, of all most amiable, which excites amongst mankind attachments far more warm than all the most lovely charms of the body. True, it is not discerned by the bodily eyes, but the mind too has its eyes, and to these as truly as to the former may that sentiment of the Greeks be applied, Ἐκ τοῦ ὁρᾶν γίνεται ἀνθρώποις ἐρᾶν. By these it sometimes happens that those are united in the closest ties of affection, who have neither seen nor conversed with one another. And as in ordinary life it happens that different persons are captivated with different forms, for reasons which they cannot define,—so too there seems to be some mysterious kindred among minds, which leads us to find the richest pleasure in some, while with others we are but little affected.

" But, with regard to your request, that I would paint as it were on a canvas the whole character of More, I wish that I could perform the task with an accuracy corresponding to the earnestness with which you ask it. For to me too it would be a not undelightful labour, to dwell upon the contemplation of a friend dearer to me than all besides. But in the first place, it is not in the power of every man to see at once through all the rich qualities of More. In the next place, I know not whether he could endure that he should be drawn by *any* artist. For I feel that to produce a picture of More is a task equal to that of painting an Alexander or an Achilles,—nor were even these heroes more worthy of immortality than this great man. Such a subject loudly calls for the hand of an Apelles:—I fear that I shall be found much more like a Fulvius or a Rutuba. Yet I will make an attempt to give you the outline rather than the portrait of the whole man, as far as a daily and domestic intercourse enabled me to observe him, or my memory retains the impressions. But should it ever happen that any embassy should bring you together, you will then find, how inefficient an artist you have chosen for this task, and I verily fear, lest you should accuse me either of envy or of blindness, when I shall seem out of so many excellencies, either from my blindness to have seen so few, or from my envy to have recorded them so sparingly.

" To begin with that part in which More is least known to you;—in stature he is not tall, yet not remarkably low. But so exact is the symmetry of all his limbs, that in this respect you have nothing to desire:—being fair, his face is rather white than pale,—but far removed from freshness of complexion, except that all over it there glistens a very slight tinge of red. His hair is of a blackish red, or rather perhaps, a reddish black: his beard thin; and his eyes grayish, speckled with a few spots, a species of eye which usually expresses the most happy genius, and in Britain is esteemed indicative of an amiable disposition, though *we* have a greater partiality for black eyes. The British are of opinion, that no eye is less accompanied with moral vices, than the kind I have described. His countenance is a transcript of his mind, ever

expressing an agreeable and friendly cheerfulness, and somewhat inclined to an habitual smile:—indeed, to confess the truth ingenuously, it is formed for the expression of mirth, rather than of gravity or dignity, though far as possible removed from folly or buffoonery. His right shoulder appears a little higher than his left, especially when he walks, no natural defect, but a habit, like many that are wont to cling to us. In the rest of his person there is nothing to offend the eye, his hands are indeed a little coarse, but this only from comparison with the rest of his person.

"From a boy he was always very careless of every thing connected with dress, so much so, that he does not usually much regard even those things which alone, according to Ovid, are worthy of the attention of men. What was the elegance of his youthful person, we may even now conjecture from that which still remains, though I myself knew him when he was not more than twenty-three, he is yet little more than forty. His constitution is rather happy than strong; equal to the fatigue of such labours as are becoming a citizen of rank, and subject to none or very few diseases. One may hope that he will be long lived, for his father is very far advanced in years, yet happy in a wonderfully green and vigorous old age. I have never seen a man less capricious in his choice of meats. Up to the age of manhood he preferred the use of water, his father's beverage: but, to give offence to no one, he deceived his guests by drinking out of a tin cup sometimes beer almost as weak as water, and often water itself. As it is the custom in England when they drink wine, successively to pledge one another out of the same cup, he occasionally just sipped the wine with his lips, that he might not seem to have an utter dislike for it, and that he might grow accustomed to ordinary things. He preferred beef, salt meats, bread of a secondary quality, and much fermented, to those meats which the generality of mankind delight in. In other respects he is by no means averse to any thing that affords an innocent pleasure to the body. He is very fond of juicy fruits, and considers eggs a luxury.

"His voice is neither strong, nor very weak, but easily audible; without any thing musical or soft, but articulate and distinct: for he does not seem to have a natural talent for vocal music, though he takes pleasure in hearing all kinds. His pronunciation is remarkably plain and articulate, without any thing hurried or hesitating. He is fond of dressing plain, and uses neither silks, nor purples, nor gold chains, except on those occasions when he is not at liberty to go without them. He is surprisingly regardless of ceremonies, which the mass of mankind consider as the essence of good breeding: but though not ignorant of them, when he chooses to practise them, he neither exacts them from others, nor is anxious about offering them himself, as on meeting his friends either in the street or at table, but thinks it effeminate and unworthy of a man, to spend much time on trifles such as these. Formerly he was a stranger to court and to the society of Princes, and the more so, because to him tyranny was always especially hateful, as liberty was most dear. Seldom indeed is there a court, which has not much bustle and ambition, much hypocricy and profligacy, or which is totally free from every species of tyranny. Yet not even into the court of Henry the Eighth

could he be dragged without much trouble, though than this Prince nothing can be wished for more courteous or more correct.

" Naturally fond of liberty and ease, he gladly enjoys retirement whenever he can, yet when occasion demands, no one is more vigilant or persevering. He seems born and fashioned for friendship, which he cultivates with sincerity, and long retains with fidelity. Nor does he dread that πολυφιλία, which meets so little favour with Hesiod. No one is denied the privilege of close intimacy with him. Far from capricious in the choice of his friendships, most obliging in improving them, most constant in retaining them. If he ever does meet with any one, whose faults he is unable to correct, he gradually drops him, gently untying the bond of friendship, not bursting it asunder. Of those whom he finds sincere, and of minds congenial with his own, he is so delighted with the society and conversation, that he seems to consider these the chief pleasure of his life, for he is an utter enemy to tennis, dice, cards, and other games, with which the generality of noblemen usually beguile the tediousness of time.

" Careless of his own concerns, he is actively diligent in looking to the affairs of his friends. But why should I add more ? if any one desire a perfect model of what a true friend should be, from no one could he seek it better than from More.

" In company, so uncommon is his affability and sweetness of manners, that he never fails to impart cheerfulness to the most saddened spirit :—and dissipates the tedium of a condition the most melancholy.

" From his very boyhood he took such delight in a jest, that he might seem born for pleasantry: yet in this he never either ran into buffoonery, or indulged in virulence. When a young man, he wrote farces and acted them. If ever any thing was said with humour, even if turned against himself, he loved it: to such a degree does he take pleasure in a witty remark that is smart and shews genius. Hence in his younger days he amused himself with epigrams, and with Lucian he was especially delighted: he too it was who advised me to write my *Encomium Morias*, that is, to dance the camel. But, in short, nothing can occur around him, whence he does not derive some pleasure, even in things the most serious. If he is among the learned and the men of talent, he is delighted with their powers;—if with the unlearned and simple, he extracts enjoyment from their folly. Even with professed jesters he is not offended, accommodating himself with wonderful versatility to the feelings of all. With ladies generally, and even with his wife, he confines himself to playfulness and merriment. You would call him a second Democritus, or rather that Pythagorean philosopher, who, in vacancy of mind sauntering through the market, contemplates the tumults of buyers and sellers. No one is less led by the opinion of the vulgar, yet no one is less deficient in common sense.

" It is a favorite amusement of his to examine the forms, the capacities, and the dispositions of different animals: hence there is scarcely any species of bird, or any other animal commonly esteemed rare, such as the monkey, the fox, the ferret, the weasel, and such like, which he does not keep and feed in his house. Besides these, if any foreign or other curiosity falls in his way, he eagerly purchases it, and

has his house on all sides furnished with things of this kind, so that there is in every corner some object to arrest the eyes of visitors: and thus in the gratification of others he constantly enjoys a renewal of his own.

" When his age permitted it, he was not indifferent to the charms of the fair sex, yet ever kept within the bounds of honour:—and so as to derive more pleasure from the favors that were offered, than those that were sought. * * * *

" Literature he had indulged in even from his earliest years: when a young man he applied himself to the study of Greek and of philosophy, and so little was he aided by his father, a man otherwise of worth and prudence, that he even deprived him of every thing that could assist him in his pursuits: and almost disinherited him, because he seemed to be deserting his paternal studies, the profession of the law. This profession, though very unfavorable to the study of true learning, is yet so valued in England, that those who have gained a name in it, are held among the highest in honor and in dignity, nor can any road be found among the English more likely to lead to fame and fortune. To this branch of learning indeed the greatest portion of their nobility owe their elevation: no one, they say, can be a master of it, unless he have toiled for many years upon it. Although therefore, his youthful mind turned with just disrelish from this study, born as he was for better things, yet, after a taste of the learning of the schools, he became such a proficient in the law, that no one was more eagerly consulted by clients; no one even of those who devoted their whole time to it, enjoyed more profitable practice—so great was the force and the rapidity of his mind. But besides this he applied with some diligence to the perusal of the volumes of the orthodox clergy. When little more than a youth, he lectured to a crowded audience on Augustine's work *De Civitate Dei:* nor did the clergy or the old men feel either shame or regret to learn divinity from a young man and a layman.

" In the mean time he devoted his mind to the study of piety, meditating carefully upon the watchings, fastings, prayers, and other similar exercises of the church. And in this subject indeed he was much more skilled than most of those who precipitately rush into that arduous profession, without first making trial of themselves. Nor was there any obstacle to his embracing this profession, except that he could not shake off the desire he had to be married. He thought it better therefore, to be a chaste husband, than an impure clergyman. He married a lady of good family, but little accomplished, having lived with her parents and sisters in the country, and very young, that so he might be at liberty to form her to his own taste and manners. He had her instructed in literature, made her an adept in all kinds of music, and in short had so prepared her, that he could have been happy to live with her all his life, had not a premature death snatched her away. She had however given birth to several children, of whom there are yet living three girls, Margaret, Alice, and Cecilia, and one boy John. He could not, however, remain long a widower, though contrary to the advice of his friends. A few months after the funeral of his wife, he

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married a widow, more to take charge of his family, than to give pleasure to himself, for she was neither very handsome, nor very young, as he is fond of saying to her in joke, but a sharp and vigilant housewife. Yet he lives with her just as cordially and affectionately, as if she was a woman of the most captivating charms. Perhaps no husband gains so much from his wife by harshness and command, as this man does by kindness and good humour. For what cannot that man obtain, who has already accomplished such a task as this: a woman already verging towards age, of a spirit by no means tame, and above all, most attentive to the household; has learnt to play on the harp, the lute, the monochord, and the flute, and daily performs at the request of her husband a prescribed lesson in these studies. With the same good humour he rules his whole family, in which no disturbance nor quarrelling ever occurs. Should any arise, he immediately restores good order and good humour. Never did he dismiss any one with a hostile feeling on either side. But indeed there seems to belong to this house a sort of fated happiness: for no one ever lived in it, who did not rise to better fortune; no one, who ever contracted one spot upon his fame.

"Then you will scarcely find one who agrees so well with his mother, as this man with a stepmother, for his father had married a second wife: he regarded each of them as a mother. He lately married a third: More declares he never saw a better woman. Towards his parents, his children, and his sisters, his affection is such, that he neither annoys them with impertinent love, nor fails in one duty of regard.

"His mind is perfectly free from the sordidness of avarice. For his children he has laid by, out of his property, what he thinks will be enough for them: the rest he liberally spends. As long as he derived his support from his practice at the bar, he gave to every one upright and friendly counsel, much more considering their interest than his own: he used to persuade most of them to compromise their disputes, as, in this way, least expense would be incurred. If he did not succeed in this, he then pointed out the mode of prosecuting the cause at the least charge, for there are some men of minds so constituted that litigation is their delight. In London, his native city, he for some years presided as a judge in civil suits, (he was under sheriff):—an office, which, while it is very little laborious (for they only sit on the morning of every Thursday) is esteemed highly honorable. In this station, no one ever decided more causes, nor ever conducted himself with more integrity, remitting in most cases that fee, which clients have, according to prescription, to pay. For before the trial comes on, the prosecutor and the defendant each puts down 3 drachmas [2*s.* 3*d.*], it is unlawful to exact more. By conduct such as this, he gained the distinguished regard of his native city.

"He had resolved to remain satisfied with this condition, which was at once accompanied with sufficient dignity, and removed from any severe or trying duties. More than once he was forced to go abroad on an embassy, in which he acted with such prudence, that the king, Henry the Eighth of the name, could not rest till he dragged him to court. For why should I not say dragged?

"Never, certainly, did a man more earnestly seek admittance to

a court, than he did to escape it. But as it was this excellent king's desire to have his household filled with men of learning, wisdom, and integrity, he brought about him many of this character, but especially More, whom he treats with such intimate familiarity, that he never suffers him to leave him. If serious business demands attention, his counsel is the best: if it please the king to relieve his mind with more amusing conversation, he is the cheerfulest companion. * * *

"Happy states! if every where the Prince would put in authority such men as More. Yet in all this time no haughty feeling was engendered in his heart. Amidst business so vast and so important, he forgets not his former familiar friends,—and occasionally he returns to the literature he loves so well. All the influence his dignity procures him, all the favor he possesses with a most mighty king, he employs on the service of his country and of his friends. At all times indeed he had a mind anxious to deserve well of all men, and wonderfully disposed to clemency and compassion: now he exerts it more, as his power is greater. Some he assists with money: some he protects with his influence: others he advances by his recommendation: those whom he has no other means of serving, he assists with his advice;—no one ever left him in sorrow. You would say, that More is the public patron of all the needy. He thinks he has gained much, if he has relieved the oppressed, if he has extricated from his difficulties the embarrassed: if he has reconciled him that was estrayed. No one more gladly confers a favour: no one makes it less the subject of future reproach. And yet, while he is so happy in so many respects, and though pride is wont to attach itself to happiness and prosperity, never has it been my fortune to see a man, more completely removed from this vice.

"But I return to the mention of those studies which chiefly produced the mutual and close friendship of More and myself.

"In the earlier part of his life he principally exercised himself in verse; afterwards, for a long time he labored to render his prose more smooth, practising his style in every species of writing, with what success I need not say, especially to you who have his book constantly in your hands. He was most partial to declamations, and in them of defending opinions opposed to those generally entertained, because they demand a sharper exercise of the mind. Hence, while yet a young man, he attempted a dialogue, in which he defended Plato's system of community, even that of wives. He composed an answer to the Tyrannicide of Lucian, in which question he wished me to be his opponent; that he might make a more certain trial of the proficiency he had made in these *exercises*. He published his Utopia to point out the circumstances which diminish the happiness of states in general, but the British he chiefly had in view, the constitution of which he knows and understands thoroughly. The second book had been written some time, during his leisure: he afterwards, as occasion served, wrote the first off hand. Hence there is some inequality of style. Yet you will find few, who are so happy in expressing themselves extempore: so happy is his genius, and so happy the language it employs. His mind is present and anticipates you every where: his memory ready, and having every

thing deposited in exact order, it promptly and unhesitatingly supplies whatever the time or the subject requires. In discussion, nothing can be imagined more acute: so that he often contends, and upon their own ground, with the most consummate theologians. John Colet, a man of keen mind and exact judgment, sometimes observes, that there is but one genius in Britain: although this Island is rich in so many admirable minds.

" He is a careful observer of the duties of true piety, though far removed from all superstition. He has certain hours, in which he supplicates the Deity in prayer, not of the lips, but of the heart. With his friends, his conversation on the life of the world to come is such as shews him to speak from the heart, and that with a lively hope. Such a man is More;—even in a court. And after all this, there are still some who think that Christians are to be found in monasteries only. Such men this wisest of kings not only admits, but even invites, not only invites, but even draws by force into his family and into his closet. These he takes for the witnesses and habitual observers of his actions, these are his counsellors, these are the companions of his journies. By these he loves to be surrounded, rather than by young men abandoned to profligacy, or by mistresses, or faithless officers, of whom one would call him away to foolish pleasures, another inflame him into a tyrant, a third prompt him to new arts of *fleecing* his people.

" If, my dear Hutten, you had lived in such a court as this, I know well, you would have given another picture of a court, and cease to be a court-hater (Μίσαυλος) although you too live with such a Prince, as cannot be excelled in virtue. Nor are there entirely wanting those who have the best dispositions, a Stromerus and a Coppus. But what is that scanty catalogue to the swarm of great men here, Montjoy, and Linacer, and Pace, and Colet, and Stocksley, and Latimer, and More, Tonstall, Clarke, and others such as these? of whom, whatever name you mention, you mention at once a world of virtues and of accomplishments. Yet I flatter myself with a hope that Albert, the only ornament of our beloved Germany in these times, will choose into his family more like to himself, and become a great example to Princes, that they too, each in his own household, may study to do the same.

" You have now a picture, after the best *model* indeed, but sketched in the rudest manner, and by the worst of artists. It will still less please you, if it shall be your fortune to know *More* more nearly," &c.

We shall next extract a remarkable character of a man, not so celebrated as More, but yet one of high virtue and considerable importance in his day, Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's school.

" I have given you a picture of our truly invaluable Vitrarius, a man unknown indeed to the world, but high and distinguished in the kingdom of Christ. Now take a sketch of Colet, who was much like him. I had described them to each other, and each of them had a

strong desire to see the other; and with this object, Vitrarius had gone over into England. Colet told me afterwards, that he had been visited by a Friar Minor, with whose sensible and pious conversation he had been unusually delighted, but that another stoic of the same order was present, who by the impatience which he plainly manifested, interrupted their Christian discourse. Perhaps the praise which Colet has merited is enhanced by the consideration, that neither by the favours of fortune, nor by the bent of his natural disposition, which would have led him into very different pursuits, could he be withdrawn from his devotion to a Gospel life. For his parents were opulent and distinguished, even in London: his father having twice borne the highest office among his fellow citizens, that of Lord Mayor. His mother, who is yet alive, a woman of singular excellence, was the parent of eleven sons, and as many daughters. Of all these, Colet was the eldest, and consequently, according to the laws of Britain, sole heir to his father, even if all the rest had lived: but when I first knew him, he alone survived. To these advantages of fortune was added a person tall and graceful. While yet a youth, he diligently studied whatever of school philosophy his countrymen possess, and obtained the degree, which marks a knowledge of the seven liberal arts. Of these, there was not one which he had not cultivated with diligence and success: for with eager avidity, he had devoured the writings of Cicero; those of Plato and Plotinus he had perused with considerable care,—and there was no branch of mathematics unknown to his researches. Afterwards, with all the eagerness of a merchant in quest of riches, he visited France, and soon after Italy. There he gave his whole mind to the perusal of the sacred writers; but though he had previously, with the greatest zeal, travelled through all the fields of literature, he found his highest delight in those early authors, Dionysius, Origen, Cyprian, Ambrose, and Jerome. Augustine was, of all the older writers, the least his favorite: yet he did not refuse to read Scotus and Thomas, and others of that class, if occasion demanded. He was well read in both the canon and the civil law. In short, there was not a book, that treated of the history or the constitutions of our forefathers, which he had not examined.

Britain is possessed of men, who have done for it what Dante and Petrarch have done for Italy. And Colet, by the study of the writings of such men as these, polished his language, with a view even then to prepare himself for the preaching of the gospel.

"On his return from Italy, he did not long remain with his father, but preferred residing at Oxford. There he publicly and gratuitously read lectures on the Epistles of St. Paul. At Oxford, I first became acquainted with him, for thither some chance had also driven me. He was then about thirty years old, I was two or three months his senior. In Divinity, he had neither obtained, nor sought any degree: and yet was there no Doctor, either of Divinity or of Law, no Abbot, or other Dignitary, who did not listen to him, and even take notes of what he said:—a fact which does honour both to the superiority of Colet, and to the zeal of those, who, though old men, and Doctors themselves in Divinity, were not ashamed to learn of one who was young and dis-

tinguished by no such title:—afterwards, however, the degree of Doctor was voluntarily conferred upon him, which he accepted, more from a willingness to comply with the desires of the University, than from any inclination of his own.

"From these holy labours he was called back to London by the favour of King Henry, the seventh of that name, and made Dean of St. Paul's,—that he might preside over the College of him, whose writings he so greatly loved.

"This dignity is the highest of that order in England, though there are others more richly endowed. But this excellent man, as if he had been called to an office of labour, rather than of dignity, set himself to reform the shattered discipline of his College, and what was a novel thing at that time, he determined to preach in his own church on every Festival, besides the extraordinary sermons which he delivered, sometimes at court, and occasionally in other places. In his own church it was his practice to take for his subject, not some isolated text of the Gospel, but some one topic, the Gospel of St. Matthew for instance, the Creed, or the Lord's prayer, and this he pursued through several sermons to its conclusion. His auditory was crowded, and among them most of the principal men of the city and of the court.

"He reduced within the limits of frugality the Dean's table, which, under the name of hospitality, had in reality served the cause of luxury. For, having himself, for several years before, entirely abstained from taking supper, he dispensed with all evening guests: besides, as he dined late, he had even at that meal not so many visitors:—but the number was diminished, because the table, though neat, was frugal; the time of sitting at dinner short,—and the conversation such as could please none but the learned and the good. After the first grace, a boy, with a clear voice, distinctly read a chapter out of the Epistles of Paul, or the Proverbs of Solomon. Then the Dean himself repeated some chosen passage of it, and took occasion to discourse upon it, asking of the learned, or the ingenious though unlearned, present, what they considered the force of this or that expression. And he so tempered his conversation, that, although pious and serious, it had nothing in it of dulness or supercilious severity.

"Again, at the end of the repast, when, if not luxury, the wants of nature at least, were satisfied, he started another subject, and then dismissed his friends so refreshed in mind and body, that they went away better than they came, and carried with them a stomach free from an unwholesome load of food. He was exceedingly delighted with the conversation of his friends, which he often protracted till a late hour:—but all his discourse was on the subject of letters or on religion.

"If he had not an agreeable companion at hand (for he was not pleased with every one) a boy used to read to him out of the Bible. He sometimes made me the companion of his journeys:—then nothing could exceed his cheerfulness and good humour.

"Never, however, did he omit to take a book with him, and all his conversation was about Christ. He had a dislike to every thing slovenly,—to such a degree, that he could not bear a solecism or impurity in language. In all his domestic furniture, and all his table

apparatus, in his clothes and in his books, he studied neatness,—but disregarded splendor. He wore none but black clothes, although even in common the Priests and Divines of England are arrayed in purple. His upper vestment was always woollen and single;—if the cold required it, he fortified himself with inner clothes made of some skin.

"Whatever money he derived from his preferments, he left in the hands of his steward to spend upon domestic purposes. All his patrimony (and it was very ample) he himself distributed in pious uses. For on the death of his father, he inherited a large fortune; but, lest a hoard of riches should produce in him some moral disease, he built a new school, in St. Paul's Church Yard, dedicated to the Boy Jesus, and on a scale of great magnificence: he added handsome houses for the residence of two masters, to whom he appropriated ample salaries, that they might teach gratuitously, and yet so that the scholars should not exceed a fixed number. He separated it into four parts. The first apartment as you enter contains those who may be called the catechumens: but no one is admitted, who has not already learnt to read and write. The second apartment contains those whom the under master teaches. The third is under the care of the upper master. One apartment is separated from another by a sort of curtain which is drawn open or close, at pleasure. Over the chair of the master sits the Boy Jesus, executed in beautiful workmanship, in the attitude of a teacher,—and this figure, the whole body of scholars salute with a hymn, both on entering and on leaving the school. Over this is the face of the Father, saying, 'Hear ye him:'—these words he added at my suggestion. The fourth and last part is a chapel, in which divine service may be performed. The whole school is without *angles*, corners, or recesses, so that there is neither eating nor sleeping apartment.—Each boy has his own proper place on steps gradually ascending, and distinct from all others. Each class contains sixteen, and he who is first in the class has a seat a little higher than the rest. They do not admit every one indiscriminately: but the disposition and talents of each boy are examined. A man of such discernment was well aware, that on the right instruction of its youth in sound principles rested the best hopes of the state.

"Although such an undertaking can only be accomplished at a vast expense, Colet permitted no one to share the burden with him. A certain person had left £100 sterling towards the building. Colet having found that on this ground the city were in the habit of claiming to themselves certain privileges, he, by the permission of his Bishop, expended the money on the sacred vestments of the church. Over the rents and the entire administration of his school he appointed as trustees, not the Clergy, not the Bishop, nor the Chapter as it is called, not noblemen, but some citizens of good repute associated together. To one who asked the reason of this he said, that though there is no certain dependence on any thing human, yet in men of this kind he had found the least corruption. While no one withheld his approbation from this work, many expressed their wonder, at his erecting a very magnificent building within the precincts of the monastery of the Carthusi-

ans, which is not far from the Palace of Richmond. He said that he was there preparing a retreat for his old age, when, unequal to his duties or broken by disease, he should be compelled to withdraw from society. There he intended to lead a philosophic life with two or three choice friends, among whom he used to number me:—but death prevented the execution of his plan. Some years before, he had been attacked by the sweating sickness, a disease which particularly infests Britain; having recovered from this three times, he continued indeed to live, but from the remains of the disease a *tabes viscerum* was brought on, of which he died. One physician thought it was a dropsy. The dissection of his body discovered nothing new, except that his liver was found covered at its extreme points with tufts of long hair. He was buried on the north side of the choir in his own church, in a humble tomb, which he had chosen for that purpose some years before, with this inscription, *Joan. Col.*" &c.

To this Dean Colet, we have a curious letter, which gives us a pretty forcible idea of the humiliating necessities to which the great and learned Erasmus was compelled to submit in England.

" For your offer of pecuniary assistance, I heartily thank you, and consider it one additional proof of the kindness I have so often before experienced. Let me add that there was one expression in this part of your letter, which, though doubtless not intended seriously, left a painful impression on my mind: " so as you beg with humility." It may be, that by these words you mean to intimate (what is perfectly true) that the impatience with which I endure my present poverty arises from a want of that Christian meekness and submission, which accommodates itself to all circumstances. If such be the case however, I am at a loss to know what connection you can have discovered between humility and assurance. Your words are, " So as you beg with humility and proper assurance.*" If by humility you mean what is commonly implied in that term, how is the above to be reconciled? But if, by a humble deportment, you mean an abject and servile one; your notions on the subject differ greatly from those of Seneca, who maintains that nothing is so dearly bought, as that which stands in need of a request to obtain it; and that he is not worthy of the name of a friend, who will put another to the necessity of asking a favour. Socrates said once, in a conversation with some of his friends, I had intended to purchase a cloak this morning, but means were wanting. He who offered his assistance after this (observes Seneca) offered it too late.—I have heard of another person, who, when one of his friends was in poverty and sickness, which, from delicacy, he was unwilling to own, took an opportunity of secretly depositing a sum of money beneath his pillow. I met with this story

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* The word *assurance*, though a tolerably accurate translation of *inveseumde*, is nevertheless somewhat stronger than the original. It was difficult to find an expression exactly tantamount.

when a boy, and I remember being wonderfully delighted with the refined feeling of the one friend, and the true generosity of the other. —What, after all, can be more abject, or more incompatible with feelings of punctilious delicacy, than my situation in this country, even as it is? I can regard myself in no other light than as a dependant on public charity. From the Archbishop (Warham) I have received so much assistance already, that it would be the extreme of indelicacy in me to accept any thing more, even though spontaneously offered. To N— I have applied for relief, and have met with a refusal more unceremonious than my request. Even Linacer* seems to regard me as encroaching, though he knows as well as myself that I had only six angels in my purse when I left London, and though he is aware of the precarious state of my health, which is not likely to be improved by the approach of winter: yet notwithstanding all this, he is urgent on me to be sparing in my demands on the Archbishop and Mountjoy.† I shall be told, perhaps, that I ought to accommodate myself to my circumstances, and bear my poverty with fortitude; friendly advice, no doubt, and such as costs the givers little—but alas! this is the very misery of my present condition, that it cannot by any shifts be made endurable—that I must ask assistance, or starve. As long as my health lasted, there was a possibility of concealing my distress; but it is no longer practicable now, unless I would risk the preservation of my life. Not that I have even yet overcome my natural repugnance to solicitation so far, as to ask all favours indiscriminately from all. From some I dread a refusal; to yourself I have scarcely the confidence to apply, indebted to you as I am for so much previous kindness, and knowing that you are not yourself overstocked with money. As, however, you have declared yourself an enemy to bashfulness, I shall conclude by saying, that though I am not so devoid of shame, as to trespass upon your goodness without a sufficient claim; yet neither am I so proud as to refuse any aid which such a friend might of himself offer, especially considering the present state of my finances.

" Cambridge, Oct. 29, 1513."—*From Ep.* 150.

He gives but a very unpromising account of his Cambridge residence, where he was appointed Greek reader, and had apartments in Queen's College.

" As for myself, I have been living in my study these many months, wrapt up in my books like an oyster in his shell. This is a dull place even at fullest, and at present it is almost entirely deserted, the fear of the plague having driven the inhabitants away. My expenses are enormous, and my emoluments next to nothing. As to accumulating, it is absolutely out of the question. I have not been here five

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* The celebrated physician and grammarian of Oxford.

† Lord Mountjoy.

months, and my charges already amount to sixty nobles; while the only profit I have ever reaped from my lectures, is the offer of a single noble from certain of my audience, which, after many refusals, and with much unwillingness, I consented to accept. My case is becoming desperate. I must positively make a vigorous effort, this winter, to better my condition in some way or other. Should I succeed, I shall provide myself somewhere a comfortable place of retreat; at any rate, I am determined to leave Cambridge; for this is not a place which I can even die in with comfort.

"Cambridge, Nov. 28, 1511."—*From Ep.* 131.

In an elegant and polished letter to the Cardinal Grimani, at Rome, he gives a description of his situation in England, which concludes with the character of Archbishop Warham, who was then waning before the rising fortunes of Wolsey.

"You wish to know, why, after my first interview with your Excellency, (which was destined to be my last) I forbore repeating my visit, according to your request and my own promise. I answer—it was not owing to neglect on my part, but rather (paradoxical as it may seem) to the extraordinary kindness and courtesy manifested by yourself during that interview. The circumstance which, in the ordinary course of things, would have had most weight in inducing me to return, was, in fact, the sole cause of my absence. You demand an explanation of this enigma; I will give it with the frankness of a German. The truth is then, that at the time I saw your Excellency, I had already determined on a journey to England. My motives to this were various; the desire of revisiting my old connections—the liberal promises of powerful friends—and, above all, the favour of the most powerful prince in Europe. So that I had adopted this island as a kind of second country, and as a peaceful resting-place for my old age. I had received several invitations, and even pressing requests, accompanied by large and even extravagant promises. I was led to expect an amount of treasure equal to a dozen Pactoluses. With these views and these expectations in my mind, it was natural that I should dread the result of a second interview with your Excellency. I remembered how greatly my resolution had been shaken in the course of a single conversation, and feared to trust myself to the effects of a longer and more intimate communication. What firmness of purpose could have resisted such courtesy of manner, and such a persuasive address—not to mention your profound learning, and the sincerity and affection of your counsels? Who, in fine, could be otherwise than deeply affected by such kindness from such a quarter? I felt my determination giving way; I already began to repent of my design, and yet felt ashamed of appearing undecided. The local attachments which I had struggled to shake off, insensibly regained their power; and had I not torn myself forcibly from Rome, I sincerely believe I should have remained there for life. I flew, rather than travelled, to England. You will ask me whether I have not, by this time, changed my mind, and whether I do not repent of having

rejected friendly advice? I will not dissemble it—my mind is in a state of great fluctuation. It is impossible not to regret Rome, when I think of the numerous advantages and opportunities afforded me by living there; when I think of the city itself, the glory of the world, and the theatre of literary and scientific emulation; the delightful feeling of independence associated with my residence there; the numerous and ample libraries; the society and conversation of men of learning and genius; the noble monuments of antiquity; the concentration, in short, of all the various lights of the world in one spot. I take particular delight in recollecting the behaviour of many of the Cardinals towards me; especially the exemplary kindness of the Cardinal of Nantes, the politeness of the Cardinal of Bologna, and the more than politeness, the really affectionate attentions, of Cardinal S. Giorgio; and, above all, that interview with which you honoured me, and which left me so strongly impressed with your goodness and piety. With such recollections, it is impossible that any present good fortune, however great, can ever eradicate from my mind the feelings of desire and regret with which I look back upon the period of my stay at Rome. My situation in this country, on the other hand, though in some respects highly agreeable, and certainly above my merits, has fallen short of my wishes, and the promises of my friends. Nor is this owing so much to any failure on their part, as to the misfortune of the times. The king himself, a prince of pre-eminent liberality on general occasions, and who, as I have abundant reason to know, as well from his own letters to me as from the reports of my friends, both feels and expresses the highest regard for me, has been almost entirely prevented from paying any attention to my concerns by the late unexpected breaking out of war. His mind was engrossed by preparations for a contest, which appeared to involve the supremacy of the church, and which therefore possessed no ordinary interest for a youthful prince of his piety and spirit. William Mountjoy (who is my oldest patron, next to the Bishop of Cambray) has been so distressed by the burthens consequent upon the war, as to be incapable of affording me any assistance beyond his good wishes. He is of an ancient and noble family, and a sincere friend to literature; he is however, for an English baron, not rich, except in intellectual possessions. I ought, indeed, to lay part of the blame on my own want of exertion; for I have so little of ambition in my temper, that I have need of the fortune of Timotheus, which filled his nets while he was sleeping. I consider, however, the troubles of my journey hither well repaid by my introduction to William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of England, not in name only, but by merit; a character altogether incomparable, and who may be considered as the principal ornament and support of this kingdom; in wisdom, learning, judgement, and reputation, unrivalled; and superior even to himself, insomuch as his exemplary modesty renders him insensible to his own merits. The purity of his life is equalled only by the capaciousness and indefatigable activity of his mind. His skill and experience in public affairs is very great, as he has been for a number of years employed in the most important embassies, and weightiest affairs of this

and other states; so that he is not only equal to the discharge of a weight of public business, sufficient to engross the whole attention of several men of inferior abilities, but has a portion of his time to spare for literary pursuits, and the society of his friends. (In addition to the duties of a bishop, he discharges the office of Lord Chancellor, or Chief Judge of the kingdom.) His Grace has testified so much friendship and liberality towards me personally, has exerted his influence so zealously in my behalf, and has proved himself altogether so excellent a patron, that I could scarcely have expected more indulgence from a father or a brother. So that my loss in the society of so many illustrious cardinals, accomplished prelates, and learned men, appears to be repaired to me in this one individual."—*From Epist.* 167.

Such are a very few specimens of the *Letters of Erasmus,* on subjects perhaps the most interesting to Englishmen, of any to be found in them; should, however, the above extracts induce any scholar to pursue his examination of them farther, we can promise him an abundant supply of entertainment and instruction.

ART. VI.—*Enigmaticall Characters, all taken to the life, from several Persons, Humours and Dispositions. By* Rich. Fleckno. *Anno Dom.* 1658. *pp.* 125.

Epigrams of all sorts, made at divers times, on several occasions. By Richard Flecknoe.

A nostris procul est omnis vesica libellis. *Mart.*

London: Printed for the Author and Will. Crook, *at the Green-Dragon without Temple Bar,* 1670. *pp.* 92.

Those who know no more of this person, than that he is the subject of Dryden's celebrated satire of *Mac Flecknoe,* the poetical monarch who

> " In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute,
> Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute,"

may perhaps be a little scandalized at our venturing to review an author who was knocked down by such authority, and who never afterwards recovered from the blow. The man who is once sealed, although undeservedly, with a bad name, must be contented to retain it for life; it fixes the eye, like a stain on a fair garment, and is as difficult to be obliterated. If an evil report be once put in circulation, his enemies confirm it, his

friends have not moral courage to deny it, and strangers will not take the trouble to investigate its correctness. It is part of our design, however, to raise obscure worth—to rescue talent or ingenuity from unmerited obloquy, and to award the meed of praise to those, who, either from injustice or misfortune, have been improperly deprived of it; and it is a branch of our prerogative, in the exercise of which we feel peculiar pleasure. Not that we have any wish to canonize "anointed Dulness," nor to fill a conspicuous niche in the Temple of Fame with a statue of Richard Flecknoe; but we do feel a desire to mitigate the harshness with which he has been censured, and we think, with considerable confidence, that the extracts we shall make from these two small volumes will have that effect, and convince our readers, that he is not the contemptible scribbler he has been generally represented; at least, that he could write, and has written, some things which merit praise, and ought to be preserved. Flecknoe is said to have been originally a Jesuit, and appears to have moved in a superior circle of society. Langbaine informs us, that his acquaintance was more with the nobility than with the muses, and he says himself, that his *Characters* were made "with all the advantages and helps, the noblest company, divertisements and accommodation, could afford to quicken the wit, heighten the fancy, and delight the mind, whose main design is to honour nobility, praise virtue, tax vice, laugh at folly and pity ignorance." He wrote to avoid idleness, and printed to avoid the imputation of it. "There is none," says he, "prints more nor publishes less than I, for I print only for myself and private friends."

He was the author of five plays, one of which only, according to Langbaine, with all his industry, he succeeded in bringing upon the stage, and that had the misfortune to be *damned*. To compensate, however, for two other of his plays not being performed, he cast the characters, and opposite the *dramatis personæ* printed the names of the actors he designed should represent them, in order, as he observes in his preface to one of them *(the Demoiselles à la mode)*, "that the reader might have half the pleasure of seeing it acted, and a lively imagination might have the pleasure of it all entire." Either Langbaine is mistaken in affirming, that this play was never acted, or Flecknoe was very anxious to have it supposed that it had been, for besides printing the names of the actors, he has, in his collection of Epigrams, published three years after the play, inserted a "Prologue on the revival of his *Demoiselles à la mode*." However this may be, the last thing that Flecknoe would think of as the cause of his plays being rejected, was his own want of merit. It is probable, he had not the slightest suspicion of such a thing. He seems, indeed, to have been a vain busy cox-

comb, who thought it genteel "rather to affect," to use his own expressions, "a little negligence, than too great curiosity" in his writings. He attempted to write smartly, rather than tersely; wittily, rather than seriously; ingeniously, rather than profoundly. But although he has not the slightest claim to be considered a man of genius, we cannot deny him the praise of fancy and ingenuity; and that he had these two qualities, we shall proceed to adduce our proofs.

His character of "A valiant man" is in the following words.

"He is only a man, your coward and rash being but tame and savage beasts; his courage is still the same, and drink cannot make him more valiant, nor danger less: his valour is enough to leaven whole armies, and he is an army himself worth an army of other men: his sword is not always out like children's daggers, but he is always last in beginning quarrels, though first in ending them: he holds honour (though delicate as chrystal) yet not so slight and brittle to be broke and cracked with every touch; therefore (though most wary of it) is not querulous nor punctilious; he is never troubled with passion, as knowing no degree, beyond clear courage, and is always valiant, but never furious. He is the more gentle i'th' chamber, more fierce he's in the field; holding boast (the coward's valour) and cruelty (the beast's) unworthy a valiant man: he is only coward in this, that he dares not do an unhandsome action. In fine, he can only be overcome by discourtesy, and has but one defect; he cannot talk much, to recompence which, he does the more."

"A make-bate" is described thus.

"She is a tattling gossip that goes a fishing or groping for secrets, and tickles you under the gills, till she catches hold of you; only the politick eel escapes her hand, and wrigles himself out again: she tells you others' secrets, only to hook yours out of you, and baits men as they do fishes one with another still. She is as industrious as a bee in flying about and sucking every flower; only she has the spider's quality of making poison, instead of honey, of it. For she has all her species of arithmetic, multiplication, addition, and detraction too, only at numeration she is always out, making every thing more or less than 'tis indeed; whilst they blame flatterers for wanting their *sicut erat* to their *gloria*, she wants both her *gloria* and *sicut erat* too. In fine, you have divers serpents so venomous, as they infect and poison with their very breaths; but none have breaths more infectious nor poisonous than she, who would set man and wife at dissention the first day of their marriage, and children and parents the last day of their lives; nor will innocence ever be safe, nor conversation innocent, till such as she be banished human society; the bane of all societies where they come; and if I could afford them being any where with Ariosto's discord, it should be only amongst mine enemies: meantime, tis my prayer, God bless my friends from them."

But Flecknoe succeeds best in the portraiture of female excellence, in which he appears to have taken peculiar pleasure. In speaking of the society to which he had been accustomed, he adds, that "in the conversation of ladies, as in an academy of virtue, I learnt nothing but goodness, saw nothing but nobleness, and one might as well be drunk in a christal fountain as have any evil thoughts whilst they were in their company, which I shall gladly always remember as the happiest and innocentest part of all my life."

One or two of his female characters, we shall extract. "Of a lady of excellent conversation."

"You would not only imagine all the muses, but all the graces were in her too, whilst for matter, words, and manner, she is all that is delightful in conversation; her matter not stale and studied, but recent and occasional; not stiff, but ductile and pliable to the company; high, not soaring; familiar, not low; profound, not obscure; and the more sublime, the more intelligible and conspicuous. Her words not too scanty, nor too wide, but just fitted to her matter, not intricately involving, but clearly unfolding and explicating the notions of her mind. In manner, majestick, not imperious; conversation that's a tyranny with others, being a common-wealth with her, where every one's discourse and opinions are free; she never contradicting, but when any speak impertinently, only blushing for them, and saying no more: (a greater reprehension to those who understand blushing, than can be exprest in words.) Having too much reason to call passion to her aid, and disdaining to use force and violence (the ordinary arms of falsehood) to defend the truth, so if you yield not, she does, rather than contend, leaving you the shame of a victory, when, with more honour, you might have yielded and been overcome: nor does she rashly take up argument, and abruptly lay it down again; but handsomely assume it; delightfully continue it, and, like an air in musick, just then, when the ear expects, it comes unto a close: all in her being sweet, delightful and harmonious, even to the very tone and accent of her voice, it being more musick to hear her speak than others sing. Then she's withal so easy company, and far from all constraint, as 'tis pleasure to be in it: whilst others, like uneasy garments, you cannot stir in without pain, which renders her conversation far cheerfuller than theirs who laugh more, but smile less, spending more spirits with straining for an hour's mirth, than they can recover in a month again; which renders them so unequal company, whilst she is always equal and the same. True joy being a constant serious thing, as far different from light and gigling mirth, as elemental fire from squibs and crackers; whence she, Prometheus-like, inspires all who converse with her, with noble flame and spirit, none ever departing from her company but wiser and far better than they came. It being virtue to know her, wisdom to converse with her, refinest breeding to observe her, joy to behold her, and a species of the beatitude of t'other life, only to enjoy her conversation in this."

And again, of "An all-admirable person."

"Beauty alone is too secular a theme for praise, and virtue too monastical an one; together they make an excellent conjunction, so they are accompanied with goodness and obligingness; disobliging beauty else repelling as fast as it attracts (and losing all its graces by infusing them into vessels disobligingness makes bottomless); neither is virtue ever so honoured, when its goodness is contracted in itself, as when 'tis diffusively good to all: to speak separately then of all these perfections, which she has jointly to admiration: for her beauty, all you call sweet and ravishing is in her face; a cheerfulness 'tis joy for to behold, and a perpetual sun-shine without any clouds at all, joined with such attractive virtue, as she draws all to a certain distance, and there detains and suspends them, with reverence and admiration; none ever daring to approach her nigher, nor having power to go farther off; whence that beauty, which in the days of Ethnicisme, had excited to idolatry, now only excites to piety and devotion, sufficient alone to fill the place with votive tables, and even in picture to work miracles; she being still the greater miracle herself, and so all surprising as a disease, but as taking as her eyes would be epidemical, and soon depopulate all the world. Then she's so obliging, civil, and courteous, as obligingness, civility, and courtesy, seem to be born with her, and it is feared will die and be buried with her in the same grave when she dies: her speech and behaviour being all so gentle, sweet, and affable, as you may talk of magick, but there is none charms but she, nor has complacency and observance more ready at a beck: she (to the shame and confusion of the proud and imperious) doing more with one gentle intreaty than they with all their loud iterated commands. Whence she alone with her sweetness and gentleness, would tame fierce lions, and civilize barbarousest savages; and if there be any fierceness and savageness in the world, 'tis only where she is not, and because she cannot be everywhere: whence heaven seems only to have made her so beautiful, to make virtue more lovely in her, the one serving to adorn the other; as her noble obligingness and goodness does for the ornament of both."

Amongst his Epigrams, too, we find several sketches of a similar kind; as, for example, that "On the death of Lady Jean Cheynée," which is very prettily written.

"The softest temper, and the mildest breast
Most apt to pardon, needing pardon least;
Whose blush was all her reprehension,
Whilst none ere heard her chide, nor saw her frown:
All sweetness, gentleness, and dovelike all,
Without least anger, bitterness, or gall;
Who scarce had any passion of her own,
But was for others all compassion:

A saint she liv'd, and like a saint she dy'd,
And now is gone where only saints abide.
What will she be when she's with angels, when
She even was one whilst here she was with men?
What will she be in heaven when she comes there,
Whose life and manners were so heavenly here?
Make much of her, you saints, for God knows when
Your quires will ever have her like again."

Also, the one "On Mary Dutchess of Richmond."

"Whether a cheerful air does rise
And elevate her fairer eyes;
Or a pensive heaviness
Her lovely eye-lids does depress;
Still the same becoming grace
Accompanies her eyes and face;
Still you'd think that habit best,
In which her countenance last was drest.
Poor beauties! whom a look or glance
Can sometimes make look fair by chance;
Or curious dress, or artful care,
Can make seem fairer than they are;
Give me the eyes, give me the face,
To which no art can add a grace:
Give me the looks, no garb nor dress
Can ever make more fair, or less."

The portrait which succeeds is gently touched off:

"Her innocence is the pure white garment that she wore in baptism, which in others loses gloss, and is quickly sullied; but in her holds colour, and conserves its candour still: it is no witless, but guiltless innocence, such as was our first parents' in Paradise; of which, had they been but as wary and tenacious, they had not lost it so easily, nor had paradise been lost so soon. She knows no harm, and therefore does, nor imagines none, her ignorance being a far better and surer guard for her innocence than others' knowledge. She hates vice almost as much by nature as by grace; nor is there any more beholding to both than she. She is virtue's white-paper, whilst others are only blotted, or coarse blotting-paper at the best; and is only fit to write Heaven's dictates on. Her innocent soul being of the same stuff and piece your angels are made of; which, could she conserve like them, but unblemished and unspotted, she might go to Heaven in it without translation, which her noble birth and breeding promises for her in her infancy; nor is there any doubt but her high honour and virtuous mind will fully perform, when she comes to age, all that they have promised."

XUM

And so is this poem:

"Now, lovers, in a word to tell
What noble love is, mark me well.
It is the counterpoise that minds
To fair and virtuous things inclines;
It is the gust we have and sense
Of every noble excellence:
It is the pulse, by which we know
Whether our souls have life or no;
And such a soft and gentle fire,
As kindles and inflames desire;
Until it all like incense burns,
And into melting sweetness turns."

And these lines:

"What you'll be in time we know
By the stock on which you grow,
As by roses we may see
What in time the buds will be:
So in flowers, and so in trees,
So in every thing that is;
Like its like does still produce,
As 'tis nature's constant use;
Grow still then till you discover
All the beauties of your mother:
Nothing but fair and sweet can be
From so sweet and fair a tree."

The following character "Of one who troubles himself with nothing," will make an excellent study:

"He suffers none but gay and pleasant thoughts to enter his imagination, putting the rest off till to-morrow still; saying, 'To-day is too soon:' and then, quite dismissing them, saying, 'It is too late.' He is as great a master in the art of consolation, as he who, when he lost his eyes, comforted himself that there was so much saved in candle-light, was but a bungler at it, compared to him. He accounts nothing in this world his own, whence he is never afflicted for the loss of any thing; and, for the world itself, counts it but as a pilgrimage, and himself a pilgrim, that has no other business in it but only to pass through it unto the next, to which since all ways equally conduce, he laveers not by sea, but ever sails before the wind, and makes for the next port, be it where it will; and by land, knows all his easiest passages, and all his turnings to avoid uneasy ones; whilst, to beguile the tediousness of the way, he has still choice of the best company, and at relay. So passes he this vale of miseries, so easily, he scarcely feels its miseries; neither contracting so much wealth nor guiltiness in living, as may make him apprehend to leave the one behind him in

this world, when he dies, nor find the punishment of the other in the next. Mean time, that neither the revolution of things, nor inconstancy of persons, may transport or trouble him, he has no tie to any thing, nor person; beauty, riches, nor honours, having never yet the power to make him quit his liberty, nor has the world chains strong enough to make him a slave, he wondering as much at courtiers as at galley-slaves; and for those who, for a little profit, sell their liberties, whilst they call it fishing for a golden fish, he calls it angling with a golden hook. So the splendour of a palace, and obscurity of a cottage, equally take his eyes; nor sees he any thing in the riches of the one to envy, nor in the other's poverty to pity, more than the means that the one has more than the other. Thus having provided against all trouble without himself, that nothing within himself may trouble him, (holding still the mean betwixt idleness and too great employ); he cultivates his mind rather like a garden than a field, delightfully, not laboriously; with studies which may rather render it gay and cheerful, than melancholy and sad: shunning all by-ways of doctrine, to avoid error; and all highways of the vulgar, to avoid ignorance and viciousness; nor puts he his mind so on the rack of hope to extend them farther than to possible and easy things; which, failing his expectation, he is no more troubled than at seeing juglers play fast and loose. Lastly, not to live stranger nor enemy to himself, he first makes compact with his genius to lead him to no ill, and then follows it, whatsoever it leads him to; doing just by it as by his horse, which he is not still putting upon new ways, but only spurs it when it goes on slowly in the old. So constituting his pleasure rather in content than voluptuousness, and in nothing fruition may lessen and destroy, or that may be rendered impotent by age. He can never be without pleasure in himself, nor can any thing out of himself ever molest and trouble him. Nor is this a happiness to be attained to but by long accustomance, and by doing by our mind just as we do by our bodies in time of pestilence, that is, by carefully avoiding all commerce with those that are sick; else, being once infected, all council is in vain, and you may as well bid one that is sick, be well, as one that is sad and grieved, be merry and comforted."

His epigram on a rich miser is very good:

"Thou boasts thy money, and if that be all,
Thy praise and commendations are but small;
For every cobler may, with industry
And pains, in time, boast that as well as thee:
Money's like muck, that's profitable while
'T serves for manuring of some fruitful soil.
But on a barren one, like thee, methinks
'Tis like a dunghill, that lies still and stinks."

And the one "On Friends and Foes" is well turned:

"Two painters, friend and foe, once went about
To paint Antigones, whose one eye was out,

Which t'one to shew, and t'other for to hide,
That turn'd his blind, and this his better, side.
Just so 'twixt friends and foes men are exprest,
By halves set forth, whilst they conceal the rest;
None, as their friends or foes, depaint them wou'd,
Being ever half so bad, or half so good."

The following rural dialogue is spirited and pointed:

Chorus. " Once a nymph and shepherd meeting,
Never past there such a greeting;
Nor was heard 'twixt such a pair,
Plainer dealing than was there:
He play'd women, and she men;
He slights her, she him again.
Words with words were over thwarted,
Thus they meet, and greet, and parted.

Shepherd. He who never takes a wife,
Lives a most contented life.
Nymph. She her whole contentment loses,
Who a husband ever chooses.
Shepherd. I, of women, know too much,
Ere to care for any such.
Nymph. I, of men, too much do know,
To care whether you do or no.

Shepherd. Since you are resolv'd, farewell;
Look you lead not apes in hell.
Nymph. Better lead apes thither, than
Thither to be led by men.
Shepherd. They to Paradise would lead you,
Be but rul'd by what they bid ye.
Nymph. To fool's paradise, 'tis true,
Would they but be rul'd by you.

Chorus. Thus they parted as they met,
Hard to say who best did get;
Or of love was least afraid,
When, being parted, either said:
Ambo. Love, what fools thou mak'st of men
When th' are in thy power! but when
From thy pow'r they once are free,
Love, what a fool men make of thee!"

"The Commutation of Love and Death's Darts" is well worth a place here:

> "Love and Death o'th' way once meeting,
> Having past a friendly greeting,
> Sleep their weary eye-lids closing,
> Lay they down themselves reposing.
> Love, whom divers cares molested,
> Could not sleep, but whilst Death rested,
> All in haste, away he posts him,
> But his haste too dearly costs him;
> For it chanced, that going to sleeping,
> Both had given their darts in keeping
> Unto Night, who, Error's mother,
> Blindly knowing not one from t'other,
> Gave Love Death's, and ne'er perceiv'd it,
> Whilst as blindly Love receiv'd it.
> Since which time their darts confounding,
> Love now kills instead of wounding:
> Death our hearts with sweetness filling,
> Gently wounds instead of killing."

The last extract, for which we can allow space, is also the best, and occurs in the play which was *damned:*

> "Sacred silence, thou that art
> Flood-gate of the deeper heart;
> Offspring of a heavenly kind;
> Frost o'th' mouth, and thaw o'th' mind.
> Admiration's readiest tongue,
> Leave thy desert shades among
> Reverend hermit's hallow'd cells,
> Where retir'd Devotion dwells,
> With thy enthusiasms come,
> Cease this nymph, and strike her dumb."

ART. VII.—*The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinall: divided into three parts; his Aspiring, Triumph, and Death. By* Thomas Storer, *Student in Christchurch, Oxford.* 1599.

We hope, that the very interesting extracts from *Cavendish's Life of Wolsey,* which graced our last number, have left an impression on the minds of our readers so agreeable, as to

render a recurrence to the subject far from being unacceptable. The private history of every man who, during life, has fixed the eyes of the world upon his public actions, can never fail to attract the notice and rivet the attention of the curious observer of mankind. It is from Cavendish and from similar works, alone, that a true idea of the "great Cardinal" can be formed; for, during his life and after his life, so various and powerful were the interests which, on either side, distorted every truth respecting him, that it is not surprising that, up to this time, there should be much of error connected with the popular opinions of both himself and his master. This, however, is matter of history, and the number of facts and details to be taken into consideration too numerous to be discussed here. The character of Wolsey is a noble subject for biography, and we regret to say, that it has not been taken up by abler hands than some of those who have already been employed upon it. The bulky life of Fiddes is a dry detail, interspersed with dull and trite remarks. Wolsey has since been much more fortunate in Mr. Galt, who, in 1812, published a quarto volume on *The Life and Administration of Wolsey*. But our business is at present with Storer. Poetry, in the time of Storer, still retained many marks of its original destination, for, when applied to matters of fact, the poet seems to have thought his duty was rather to record than to embellish; that his verse was rather intended for an assistance to the memory, than a pleasure to the imagination. We are not inclined to quarrel with this adherence to truth, but we have a right to find fault with the poet for chusing a subject, in which such adherence is necessary. To write a life in verse, is merely to say that in rhyme which had much better be said in prose. The real poetry which a man can introduce into such a subject must be small; and we conceive it no recommendation of a fact, to find it wrapped up in smooth lines, which depend upon expletives for their ease; or rugged metre, which mangles the story it would relate. These poems, however, when of ancient date, and nearly contemporary composition, acquire an adscititious value; and though the lover of poetry may turn from their uncouth measures, and coarse and even ludicrous expressions, with disgust, the antiquarian and historian find them valuable assistants. They sometimes convey the feeling of the times, and, at any rate, that of a single contemporary individual; they supply new facts, or confirm old ones; and when the historian has given them up, the antiquarian hunts them for ancient customs, and the grammarian for obsolete words. We are inclined to treat the little work before us in none of these characters. In this volume, as in many others, equally neglected, we discover indications of poetical feeling, rudiments of noble images, and

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occasional rays of imagination. For those who, whether lovers or writers of poetry, view the world with a poetical eye, our extracts will not be without their interest. We should premise, that Storer appears to have taken all his facts from Cavendish, and this serves as a proof, if proof were wanting, of the authenticity of that work. The whole poem is divided into three parts; the first describes the rise of Wolsey, the second his prosperity, the third his fall; — Wolsey himself is supposed to be speaking from first to last.

" To thee, first sister of the learned nine,
Historian's goddesse, patronesse of fame,
Entombing worthies in a living shrine,
Celestiall Clio! Clio, peerelesse dame,
My storie's truth and triumph I will frame;
My storie's simple truth, if ought remaine,
Enrich my legend with thy sacred veine.

The sad discourse of my untimely fall,
O tragique Muse, shall pierce thy sullen eares,
Melpomene! though nothing can apall
Thy heart, obdurate in contempt of feares;
My, my laments shall make thee write in teares,
If, 'mong thy scrolles of antique majestie
Thou deigne to place a Prelate's tragedie.

Perchance, the tenor of thy mourning verse
May leade some pilgrim to my toomblesse grave,
Where neither marble monument nor hearse
The passenger's attentive view may crave;
Which honors now the meanest persons have:
But well is me, where e're my ashes lie,
If one teare drop from some religious eie."

He then commences his narrative, and thus commemorates the founder of his college, Wainfleet.

" Thrice sweete remembrance of that holy man,
Reverend erector of those stately tow'res,
That worthy college where my youth beganne
In humane artes to spend the watchfull houres,
That fruitfull noursery, where heav'nly show'res
To me, poore country-plant, such grace did yeelde,
As soon I prooved the fairest of the field."

He gives an account of the motives which led him to

aspire to greatness, among which occurs that of the power of eloquence with which he found himself endowed.

" This silver tongue, me thought, was never made
With rhetoricke skill to teach each common swaine,
These deep conceits were never taught to wade
In shallow brookes, nor this aspiring vaine,
Fit to converse among the shepheard's traine:
I could not girt me, like a worthlesse groome,
In courser garment woven of country loome.

Just cause I saw my titles to advance—
Vertue my gentry, priesthood my discent,
Saints my allies, the Crosse my cognisance,
Angells my guard, that watcht about my tent,
Wisedome that usher'd me where ere I went;
These are our honors, though the world withstand;
Our lands and wealth are in another land.

Yet, as through Tagus' faire transparent streames
The wandring marchant sees the sandy gold;
Or, like as Cynthia's halfe obscured beames
In silent night the pilot doth behold,
Through misty clowdes and vapors manifold;
So, through a mirror of my hop'te-for gaine
I saw the treasure which I should obtaine."

When he has determined upon plunging into the world, he still finds his spirit fluctuate between his hopes and fears.

" Wolsey, are these the hopes of thy desarts?
Are these the fruites of wits? is this to know?
O vaine philosophie, and bootless artes,
Such seedes of learned ignorance to sow,
Where skilles disgrace, and wisedomes folly grow!
Grow where you list, in me your roots unknit,
A setled braine is worth a world of wit."

He contrasts the blessings of the humble life of a country clergyman, with the hollow and precarious greatness of a courtier.

" O, rather yet embrace thy private lot
With honest fame, and riches purely got.

Each perfect sense must things repugnant do:
Thy eyes must watch, but never seeme to see;

Thy tongue must brave, but learn to flatter too;
Thy eares must heare, yet deaf and carelesse be:
Affection fast and loose, thoughts bond and free;
Vaine, yet precise; chaste, but to maidens kinde;
A saint in sight, a Machivel in minde.

Thy present calmes these stormy waves surpasse
As pearles indeede the things which precious seeme;
Thy glebe brings corn, thy pasture plenteous grasse;
For thee thy toiling oxen joine in teeme,
And after, with their death, thy life redeeme:
Thy sheepe (a pleasant flocke) their fleeces vaile,
And from their dugges yeeld nectar to thy paile.

At home, what duty neighbors yeeld to thee,
Creeping to others, now thou must resigne;
Attend their diet, ever waiting be,
When with lesse plentie in a shadie vine,
But greater pleasure, thou wer't wont to dine:
Nature hath powr'd enough in each man's lappe,
Could each man learne to use his private happe."

He arrives at the court of Henry VII., and gives this fine character of the favourite old minister of the king,* Fox, bishop of Winchester:

"*A man made old to teach the worth of age,*
Patriarke-like, and grave in all designes;
One that had finish'd a long pilgrimage;
Sparing in diet, abstinent from wines,
His sinews small as threeds or slender lines;
Lord of the citty, where, with solemne rites,
The old Prince Arthur feasted with his knights."

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* Mr. Park, in his notes to the reprint of this poem, assigns this character to Sir John Nafont; and says, of the *citty*, "probably Calais," where Sir John held the treasurership. The "citty" is clearly Winchester, and he, whom Wolsey has just mentioned as

"The pillar of his state,
That next in council to his sovereign sate,"

was undoubtedly Fox, who, at that time, held the privy seal, and who first raised Wolsey at Court.

" He saw my gifts were such as might deserve,
He knew his life were drawing to an end,
He thought no means so likely to preserve
His fame, with time and envy to contend,
As to advance some faithful-serving friend,
That, living, might in time to come record
Th' immortall praise of his deceased lord."

At court he soon learns the art of rising; and the poet gives an ingenious description of that peculiar kind of conduct which there pleases most and longest, where it is dangerous to please too much; where, to raise a passing shade of disgust is to be ruined;—where tediousness is a crime, and the successful candidate for favour must preserve himself in a state of perpetual equilibrium between pleasing his master and offending his rivals.

" Tis not huge heapes of figurative devises,
Nor luxury of metaphors or phrases,
Nor fineness of connexion that intices
Court-learned eares, and all the world amazes;
But depth with pleasure craving all the graces
Of art and nature curiously precize,
Serenely modest, excellently wise.

" It is not learning, for the courtiers know it;
Nor folly, but for councellors most fit;
Nor grave demeanor, for we must bestow it
On ladies toyes; nor quintessence of wit,
For that is most unstaide; nor doth it sit
With courtiers majestie to be reputed
Too learn'd, too grave, too fine, or too conceited.

" A skill transcendent over every art,
Yet subject or essentiall unto none,
Unperfect too, yet having every part,
And thus, though strange, unperfect and but one;
Yet all admire and reverence it alone,
Unknowne and undefin'de, save in discerning;
By practise to be got, but not by learning."

The poet, tired of drily recording the successive steps of Wolsey's promotion, indulges himself and his hero in a dream. Theology, personified, passed as a vision before him:

" Pearles may be foild, and gold be turn'd to drosse,
The sun obscur'd, the moon be turn'd to bloud,
The world may sorrow for Astrea's losse,
The heav'ns be darkned like a dusky wood,
Waste deserts lie where watry fountaines stood;
But faire Theologie (for so she hight)
Shall never lose one sparkle of her light.

" Such one she was, as in his Hebrew song
The wisest King for fairest creature prooves;
Embracing her the cedar-trees among,
Comparing her to roses and to doves,
Preferring her before all other loves;
Such one she was, and every whit as faire;
Beside these two was never such a paire.

" Her handmaids, in Amazon-like attire,
Went chaste and modest, like Dianae's traine;
One, by her gazing lookes, seem'd to aspire
Beyond the moone, and in a high disdaine
To deeme the world and worldly treasures vaine:
She hight Astrology, on whose bright lawne
Spheres, astrolabes, and skillful globes are drawne."

Again:

" The third, a quicke-ey'd dame of piercing sight,
That reason's worth in equall ballance way'd;
The truth she lov'd above all earthly wight,
Yet could not tell her love; but what she saide
Was certain true, and she a perfect maide:
Her garment short tuckt up, to worke prepar'd,
And she cal'd Logicke, without welt or gard.

" Next these, whose outward lookes I knew aright,
And had some portion of their endlesse treasure,
Faire Algebra, with figures richly dight,
Sweete Musicke! foundresse of delightsome pleasure,
Earth-scanning nimph, directresse of all measure:
These humbly did her soveraigne highnesse greete,
And meekely laid their garlands at her feete.

" From every one she pluckt a speciall flower,
And laid each flower upon a severall part;
Then from her owne, a stemme of wondrous power,
Whose leaves were beames, whose stalke a fi'ry dart,
And that she laid upon my trembling heart:

Those were the buds of art, this plant of blisse,
This gave them life, they yielded grace to this."

From the second and third part, which are called *Wolseius Triumphans* and *Wolseius Moriens*, there is little to extract. In the second canto he thus facetiously describes the long vacation:

" Now at such times as lawyers walke the streets,
Without long rowles of papers in their hands;
When friendly neighbour with his neighbour meetes,
Without false chalenge to each others lands,
The counsellor without his client stands!
When that large capitoll lies voide and waste,
Where senators and judges late were plac't."

In the third part, Wolsey mourns his fall. There occurs a beautiful idea in the following stanza:

" All as my chrysom, so my winding-sheete,
None joy'de my birth, none mourn'd my death to see;
The short parenthesis of life was sweete,
But short; what was before unknown to me,
And what must follow, is the Lord's decree:
The period of my glory is exprest;
Now of my death; and then my muse take rest."

The second of these two stanzas contains an image almost as fine as any to be found in poetry:

" I did not meane, with predecessors' pride,
To walke on cloth, as custome did require;
More fit that cloth were hung on either side
In mourning wise, or make the poor attire;
More fit the dirige of a mournfull quire
In dull sad notes all sorrowes to exceede,
For him in whom the prince's love is dead.

" I am the tombe where that affection lies,
That was the closet where it living kept:
Yet wise men say, affection never dies;—
No, but it turnes; and when it long hath slept,
Looks heavy, like the eie that long hath wept.
O could it die, that were a restfull state;
But living, it converts to deadly hate."

Such is the life and death of the great Cardinal; which, though we cannot recommend to any of our readers to read, we trust that our extracts will be found valuable—some of them beautiful: if, on no other account, yet certainly as a specimen of a poem which appeared before the play of Shakespear, in which the Cardinal occurs as a character, and who, perhaps, was indebted to our author for the idea of moulding this part of history into a drama. With the exception of a few lines, and some single expressions, which we cannot quote, we think we have exhausted the poem of all that a reader of taste would wish to peruse. Before we close, we beg leave to direct the reader's attention to the versification, which appears to us remarkably easy, smooth, and felicitous, for the time in which it was composed; and to do justice to a pomp and solemnity of thought which well befits the poet's subject.

ART. VIII.—D^ris^ Martini Lutheri *Colloquia Mensalia, or* Dr. Martin Luther's *Divine Discourses, at his table, &c., which in his life-time he held with divers learned men (such as were* Philip Melancthon, Casparus Cruciger, Justus Jonas, Paulus Eberus, Vitus Dietericus, Joannes Bugenhagen, Joannes Forsterus, *and others) containing Questions and Answers touching Religion, and other main points of Doctrine; as also many notable Histories, and all sorts of learning, comforts, advises, prophesies, admonitions, directions, and instructions. Collected first together by* Dr. Antonius Lauterbach, *and afterward disposed into certain common places by* John Aurifaber, *Dr. in Divinity. Translated out of the High Germane into the English tongue, by Captain* Henrie Bell, *London,* 1652.

The history of this remarkable book is almost as extraordinary as its contents. It seems, from the preface of the translator, that nearly all the copies of the original work were destroyed by order of Pope Gregory the Thirteenth; and that a gentleman in 1652, on digging the foundation of a house, on a site occupied by his ancestors, turned up a book carefully wrapped in coarse linen cloth and covered with bees-wax, which proved to be the "Divine Discourses" of Luther, as buried by his grandfather, in order to evade the edict of the Pope. As at that time Ferdinand the Second filled the imperial throne, a bitter enemy of the Protestants; the gentleman, Caspar Von Sparr by name, only thought of getting the book safely out of his hands without destroying it. He happened to have an intimate friend in England, one Captain Henry Bell, well versed in the German language: to him, therefore, he despatches the sacred deposit, and accompanies it with strict charges to translate the work for

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the benefit of the protestant church. These injunctions appear to have made a serious impression on the mind of the Captain; for, neglecting to obey them for a time, he was visited by a phantom, who repeated the commands of his friend Sparr, and added a threat which was but too shortly after carried into execution.

"Then about six weeks after I had received the said book, it fell out, that I being in bed with my wife, one night between twelve and one of the clock, she being asleep, but myself yet awake, there appeared unto me an ancient man, standing at my bedside, arrayed all in white, having a long and broad white beard, hanging down to his girdle-steed, who, taking me by my right ear, spake these words following unto me. 'Sirrah! Will you not take time to translate that book which is sent unto you out of Germanie? I will shortly provide for you, both time and place to do it.' And then he vanished away out of my sight."

About a fortnight after this, Captain Bell was imprisoned in the Gate-house, Westminster, where he spent ten years of captivity. Five of these he employed on the translation of the work before us. It happened to reach the ears of Archbishop Laud, that he was so occupied, who sent his chaplain to demand the loan of the translation. This he kept about two years, and then declared that he had perused it with the utmost satisfaction, and promised that he would interfere in behalf of one who had employed his time to such good purpose. Soon after, the prisoner was set at liberty with a present from Laud; and the House of Commons in 1646, having notice that so valuable a work was completed, ordered it to be printed, which was accordingly done, though it did not make its appearance until after the death of the worthy translator.*

The contents of this book were chiefly collected from the mouth of Luther by Antony Lauterbach and John Aurifaber, more particularly the latter, who was much with Luther towards the latter end of his life. They consist of notes of his discourses with his various friends and disciples, his opinions, his cursory observations and familiar conversations in society, in the intercourse of private friendship, in his walks, during the

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* The order of the House of Commons runs thus: "Whereas, Captain Henry Bell hath strangely discovered and found a book of Martin Luther's, called his *Divine Discourses*, which was for a long time marvellously preserved in Germanie: the which book, the said Henry Bell, at his great cost and pains, hath translated into English out of the German tongue," &c.

performance of his clerical duties and at table. To use the words of an eloquent letter to the translator prefixed to this volume, "Herein is a full character of the free and zealous spirit of Martin Luther, who was a man of God raised in his generation with invincible courage to beat down the strongest holds of Satan, wherein for manie generations he had captivated the spirits of our forefathers under poperie. The depth and soliditie of his judgment may be discovered in the writings which he himself did publish in his life-time: but in this collection of his extemporary discourses published since his death, the fullness of his affection, and genuine readiness of his spirit, may be seen, which did incline him to advance the truth of the gospel, and manifest the testimonie of Jesus upon all occasions. And truly, I have met, (in that which I have looked upon) with many excellent and fundamental truths, necessarie to be minded in this age, as well as in that wherein he spake them; and the gracefulness which they have in their familiar and careless dress doth make them the more commendable to all men of ingenuitie, not only of popular capacities, but even of more raised thoughts. Whence I do probably conjecture that the plainness and great variety of matters contained in these discourses, did in the first reformation ingratiate the delivery and insinuate the consideration of most eminent truths with acceptance into all men's apprehensions, so far, as to cause the enemies of those truths to endeavour the suppressing of this book, which they found to be so much taking with every body, and so full of deadly blows given to their superstition and hierarchie, to their profaneness, hypocrisie, and impietie."

It is, however, to the "full character of the free and zealous spirit of Luther," herein contained, that we chiefly intend to direct our attention; for such is the nature of its contents, that we should in vain seek elsewhere for more striking and interesting specimens of the talents, the disposition, and the manners of the great Reformer, than in this volume of his "*Table-Talk*." And certainly if the personal character of any individual deserves to be dwelt upon, it is that of Luther. In no other instance have such great events depended upon the courage, sagacity, and energy, of a single man, nor can there be found a more profitable study than the temper and peculiarities of one, who, by his sole and unassisted efforts, made his solitary cell the heart and centre of the most wonderful and important commotion the world ever witnessed; who, by the native force and vigour of his genius, attacked and successfully resisted and at length overthrew the most awful and sacred authority that ever imposed its commands on mankind.

In perusing the extracts we shall make from this book, it must always be recollected that they shew the Reformer in his

undress, and are not to be taken as specimens of what he wrote or preached when girded up for great occasions;—though it may be observed that, like most men of genius, there was less difference in the language and manner of Luther in private and public, than is the case with those who cannot afford to be free, homely, and familiar:—a great peculiarity of both his preaching and writing was, that, despising all form and authority, he went straight to the hearts of his hearers and readers, and never hesitated to use an image or impression, however coarse or homely, provided it conveyed his meaning with liveliness and force. —We will commence our quotations by his occasional observations on this subject of preaching, which will confirm our remark.

Luther's Preaching and Opinions of Preachers.

"When I (said Luther) am in the pulpit, then I resolve to preach onely to men and maid-servants. I would not make a step into the pulpit for the sakes of Philip Melancthon, Justus Jonas, or the whole Universitie; for they are alreadie well seen in Scripture. But when preachers will direct their sermons to the high learned and deep understanding, and will breathe out altogether *Rabinos* and master-pieces, then the poor unlearned people present do stand like a flock of kine."—p. 289.

"Luther's wife said unto him—Sir, I heard your cousen John Palner (who attended on Luther) preach this afternoon in the parish church, whom I better understood than Doctor Pommer, that is held to be a very excellent preacher. Whereupon Luther made her this answer, John Palner preacheth as ye women use to talk; for what cometh in your mindes, the same ye also speak. A preacher ought to remain by the propounded text, and should deliver that which he hath before him; to the end, people may well understand the same. But such a preacher as will speak every thing that cometh in his minde, I liken to a maid that goeth to market, when another maid meeteth her, then they make a stand, and hold together a goose-market, &c."—p. 284.

"The defects in a preacher are soon spied; let a preacher be endued with ten virtues, and have but one fault; yet the same one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times. Doctor Justus Jonas hath all the good virtues and qualities that a man may have; yet by reason that he onely often hummeth and spitteth; therefore the people cannot bear with that good and honest man."—p. 284.

"Thereupon, answered Luther, and said, I use not to collect and fasten every point in particular, but onely the chief and head points on which the contents of the whole sermon depend, as, namely, in this sermon, I directed the admonition to God's chiefest service, as the hearing of his word. Afterwards in speaking, such things fall into my minde, of which before I never thought; for if I should com-

prehend every word which I deliver, and, in particular, should speak of every point, then I should not so briefly run thorow. I much commend the expertness in Doctor Casparus Creutziger, who excellently comprehendeth and catcheth up his words: I hold (said Luther) that he goeth far beyond me."—p. 283.

"No divine in this our time (said Luther) declareth and handleth the Holie Scripture in such sort, as Brentius, insomuch that oftentimes I very much admire his Spirit, and despair of my abilitie. I verily believe none among us were able to perform what he did, in the exposition of John's Gospel, howsoever now and then he somewhat hangeth upon his cogitations, yet he remaineth in the true and upright sense and meaning, and strideth not over the plain simplicitie of God's Word; therefore, he is well to be born withall touching the other, and the same in no wise to bee upbraided."—p. 510.

The plainness and strength of the style of Luther's conversation is very evident in these extracts; the force and richness of his language, and the homeliness and beauty of his illustrations, will appear in the quotations which follow.

The Reconcilement of Fear and Love.

"I (said Luther) would fain see one that could make these two agree together: [*To bee joieful*] and [*to be affraid*]—I cannot behave myself in that manner towards God; but my little son John can shew himself so towards me; for when I sit in my studie and write, or do something else, then my boye sings me a song, and when he will be too loud, then I check him a little, yet nevertheless he singeth on, but with a more milde and softer voice, and somewhat with fear and reverence. Even so will God likewise have us to do, that we should alwaies rejoice in him, yet with fear and reverence."—p. 18.

The Bible compared to an Orchard.

"The Bible or Holie Scripture (said Luther) is like a fair and spacious orchard, wherein all sorts of trees do grow; from which we may pluck divers kinde of fruits; for in the Bible we have rich and precious comforts, learnings, admonitions, warnings, promises, and threatnings, &c. There is not a tree in this orchard on which I have not knock't (said Luther) and have shaken at least a couple of apples or pears from the same."—p. 1.

Schenck's Preaching characterized.

"Anno 1538, the 18 of September, Luther (having notice that the preaching of Jacob Schenck everie where was extolled and praised) said, O! how acceptable were these sayings and reports to me, if with his preaching he brought not in such sweet-mouthed, smooth and stately words (of which St. Paul complaineth to the Romans) whereby the hearers most of all are deceived. They are like to the winde Cecias, which bloweth so mildely and still, so soft and warm, that thereby the blossoms of trees and other herbs and flowers are

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enticed to spring forth to their destruction. Even so likewise doth the Divel, who when he preacheth Christ in his ministers, even then he intendeth therein to destroie Christ; and although he speaketh the truth, yet even therewith he lieth. An honest man may well go up the stairs, when a knave lieth hid behinde them: for the devil can well endure that Christ sitteth upon the tongue, when in the mean time he lieth hid thereunder; insomuch that the people's ears are tickled and enflamed with what they willingly hear: But (said Luther) such smooth tattling lasteth not long; for Satan through the Gospel will pervert the Gospel, in regard presumptuous and secure spirits acknowledge not their sins. And where no matter or tinder is to make it apt to catch, there Christ hath no room or place wherein he may work; for he onely is come to them that are of perplexed, broken hearts and spirits, as he saith." *To the poor is the Gospel preached.* —p. 429.

Why Luther liked Chymistry.

" The upright Art of Alchimie (said Luther) liketh me very well, and indeed, it is the Philosophie of the antient. I like it not only for the profit's sake which it bringeth in melting of the metalls, in excocting, preparing and extracting, also in distilling herbs, roots, and in subliming. But also, I like it for the sake of the Allegorie and secret signification, which is surpassing fair; namely, touching the Resurrection of the dead at the last daie. For like as in a furnace the fire extracteth and separateth that which is the best out of the matter, yea it carrieth upwards the spirit, the life, the sap, and strength, so that it possesseth the uppermost part of the Still, it cleaveth thereon, and then trickleth downwards; insomuch, that the fat swimmeth above, and the best thereof hovereth alway uppermost; but the unclean matter, or the dregs, is left at the bottom like a dead carcase and worthless thing."—p. 480.

Luther compares the Preaching and the Gray Friers.

" Luther took in his hand a young sparrow, and said, Thou bare-foot frier with thy graie coat, thou art the most mischievous bird. I would wish that some one would write a declamation of a passage that happened at Erfurt, in the time of my being there in the monasterie, namely, a preaching frier and a bare-foot wandered together into the countrie to beg for the brethren, and to gather alms. These two plaied upon one another with unprofitable words in their sermons. The bare-foot frier preaching first, said, Loving countrie people, and good friends! Take heed of that bird the swallow, for it is white within, but upon the back it is black; it is an evil bird, alwaies chirping, but profitable for nothing; and when it is angred, so is it altogether mad; it pricketh the kine, and when it fouleth, so maketh it people blinde, as in the book of Tobit ye read thereof. This bare-foot frier hereby intended to paint out the preaching friers that wear on the outside black coats, inward they wear white bandillions. Now as in that afternoon the preaching frier came into the pulpit, he plaied likewise upon the bare-foot frier, and said,—Indeed (loving friends!) I neither

may nor can well defend the swallow, but the graie sparrow is far a worse and more hurtful bird; for he robbeth, stealeth, and devoureth all he can get, as, oats, barlie, wheat, rie, apples, pears, peas, cherries, &c.; moreover he is a lustful and leacherous bird; his greatest art is to crie, *Scrip, scrip, scrip,* &c."—p. 416.

Luther worn out.

"At Coburg, I went about and sought me out a place for my burial, I thought to have been laid in the Chancel under the Cross, but now I am of another minde; I know I have not long to live, for my head is like a knife from which the Steel is wholly whetted away and is become merely Iron, the Iron will cut no more, even so likewise it is with my head; Now loving Lord God, I hope my hour is not far, God help, and give mee a happy hour, I desire to live no longer."—p. 472.

Luther of Popery, Law, and Lawyers.

"The Papists differ among themselves, they cannot agree in their own pedleries. For Anno, 1530, in the proceeding at Auspurg, they made no mention (no, not so much as one word was spoken) of the Article of the Pope's Primacie, or Vicarage of St. Peter, which was wont to be the chiefest Article of whole Popedom. We ought (said Luther) to set upon such an evil, such an ungodly and insolent creature, we ought to preach, to teach, and to write against him. If God spare me life and health but only one half year, so will I fetch a dance with that bride over block and stone. I would wish that the lawyers also appeared in the game, so would I thoroughly tug and teach them, what *Subjectum juris* is. I ackowledge *Jus* is altogether a fair spouse, so long as she remaineth in her own bed; but when she strideth into the bed of another, (and will rule divinitie in the church) then she becometh a great strumpet and a whore, therefore, *Jus* must stand uncovered before divinitie. Luther (still continuing his discourse touching this Cardinal and other Bishops) said, I never read such fundamental and fearful examples of hearts hardening as even in them; they far surpass the Jews, Pharaoh, and others; in a word, they are next neighbours to the Divel, my heart panteth and quaketh when I think on them."—p. 418.

In the course of this volume there occurs a great number of hints and anecdotes of the life of Luther—more particularly of the circumstances which led him into his great contest—of the spirit and magnanimity which maintained him in it—as well as little notices of his personal character, habits, and opinions.—To these we shall turn.

Luther's Resolution.

"I Martin Luther, am called out and constreined against my will to be a preacher; when I received that office, I vowed and sware to my dearest beloved, the sacred Scripture, purely and truly to preach and teach the same; upon teaching whereof, Popedom fell in my waie, in-

tending to hinder me; therefore it is come to that pass with the Pope, as now apparently doth appear, and it shall go still worse and worse with him; he shall not be able to resist me. In the name of God, and of my vocation and calling, I will go upon the lion and adder, and with feet will tread under the young lion and the dragon. And the same shall begin in my life time, and after my death it shall be accomplished."—p. 537.

Luther's joyful Opposition to the Pope.

"When I (said Luther) write against the Pope, I am not melancholie; for then I labor with the brains and understanding, then I write with joie of heart; insomuch, that not long since Doctor Reisenpusch said unto mee, I much marvel that you can be so merrie; if the case were mine, it would go near to kill me. Whereupon I answered him, and said, Neither the Pope, nor all his shaven retinue, can make me sad; for I know that they are Christ's enemies; therefore I fight against him with joiful courage."—p. 388.

Luther's History, by himself.

"Neither Philip Melancthon nor no man living (said Luther) shall make me believe, that Astrologie is a sure acknowledgment and an Art, the whole business concerning Astrologie, is opposite to Philosophie: I oftentimes have discoursed with Philip Melancthon, and in order have related unto him the course and manner of my whole life, and how I have lived. I am the son of a Farmer; my father, my grandfather and great-grandfather were Farmers, but my father left his farm, and went towards Mansfield, and there he became a Miner in the Silver Mines, one mile from which place (at Eisleven) I was born and bred. But insomuch as I became a Baccalaureus, a Batchelor in Arts, a Magister, or Master, a Frier, &c. the same was not written in the Planets. Did not I (said Luther) purchase a great shame, in that I laid aside my brown beard and became a nastie Frier, which much vexed my father, and it was very grievous unto him, yet nevertheless, I fell to buffets with the Pope, and he again with me. I took a wife (a fled Nun) and on her I begat certain children; now I demand, who saw these things in the Stars? who told me before, that thus and thus it should happen with me. An Astrologer or a Star-peeper, is to be likened to one that selleth dice, and saith, Behold here I have dice that alwaies run upon twelve, the rest of the fiftie casts, they run upon 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. Even thus is it with the Astrologers, when once or twice their conceits and fantasies do hit and happen, then they cannot sufficiently extol and praise the Art, but touching the other so oftentimes failing, of the same they are altogether still and silent. I accept of Astronomie (said Luther) it pleaseth me well for the sake of her manifold profits."—p. 505.

Luther was much attached to music, and almost always listened to it during dinner. This taste, together with his merry and jovial disposition, gave the adherents of papacy a handle which they did not fail to use. Every calumny which

industrious malignity could invent was heaped upon him, and the most innocent action of his life distorted into the most abominable wickedness. We only need, in proof of this, to refer to Bayle, who, instead of writing the life of Luther, amused himself with answering the charges that had been made against him. Most of them refute themselves, but, as some of the accusations are curiosities in the history of human depravity, they were well suited to catch the attention of Bayle.

Luther's Attachment to Music.

"Musick (said Luther) is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemie;—therewith many tribulations and evil cogitations are hunted away. It is one of the best arts, the notes give life to the text, it expelleth melancholie, as we see on King Saul. Kings and Princes ought to preserve and maintain Musick, for great Potentates and Rulers ought to protect good and liberal Arts and Laws, and although private people have lust thereunto and love the same, yet their abilitie cannot preserve and maintain it. We read in the Bible, that the good and godly Kings mainteined and paid singers.

"Musick (said Luther) is the best Solace for a sad and sorrowful minde, through which the heart is refreshed and settled again in peace, as is said by Virgil, *Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus:* Sing thou the Notes, I will sing the Text. Musick is an half Discipline and School-mistress, that maketh people more gentle and meek-minded, more modest and understanding. The base and evil fidlers and minstrels serve thereto, that we see and hear, how fine an Art Musick is, for white can never be better known, than when black is held against it.

"Anno 1538, the 17. of December, Luther invited the singers and musitians to a supper, where they sung faire and sweet *motetæ*, then he said with admiration, Seeing our Lord God in this life (which is but a meer Cloaca) shaketh out and presenteth unto us such precious gifts, what then will be done in the life everlasting, when every thing shall be made in the most compleat and delightfullest manner, here is onely *materia prima*, the beginning. I alwaies loved Musick, (said Luther) whoso has skill in this Art, the same is of good kinde, fitted for all things, we must of necessitie maintein Musick in Schools, a School-master ought to have skill in Musick, otherwise I would not regard him, neither should we ordain young fellows to the office of preaching, except before they have been well exercised and practised in the School of Musick. Musick is a fair gift of God, and near allied to Divinitie, I would not for a great matter (said Luther) be destitute of the small skill in Musick which I have. The youth ought to be brought up and accustomed to this Art, for it maketh fine and expert people."—p. 500.

Luther displeased with his Brethren.

"I should (said Luther) now in my old age (in reason) have some rest and peace, but now those that should be with and for me, do

fall upon me; I have plague enough with my adversaries, therefore my brethren should not vex me. But who is able to resist all? They are fresh, lustie, and young people, have lived in idleness; I am now aged, have had much labor and pains. Nothing causeth Osiander's pride more than his idle life; for he preacheth but twice in the week, and hath an yearly stipend of four hundred gilders."—292.

"When I began first to write against the Pope's indulgences, (said Luther) then we neither heard nor knew any thing of Grickle or of Jeckle, nor of any other, then they drew in their pipes; for the space of three years I was utterly forsaken and left alone, no man offered unto me the helping hand, they all suffered me to wrestle alone with the Papists. But now when the business is finished to their hands, they will all triumph, and shew their nodheads in writing books. Therefore, Solomon rightly said, *Non est finis scribendi librorum.* When I once lie in the dust, then there will be old writing of books."—p. 292.

How Luther learned Divinity.

"I (said Luther) did not learn my Divinitie at one onely time; but I was constrained to search deeper and deeper, to which my temptations brought me: for no man, without trials and temptations, can attain to the true understanding of the Holie Scriptures. Saint Paul had a divel that beat him with fists, and with temptations drove him diligently to studie the Holie Scripture. I (said Luther) had cleaving and hanging on my neck the Pope, the Universities, all the deep learned, and with them the divel himself; these hunted me into the Bible, wherein I diligently read, and thereby (God be praised) at length I attained to the true understanding of the same. Without such a divel, we are but onely speculators of Divinitie, and according to our vain cogitations we dream, that so and so it must be, as the Monks and Friers in Monasteries do. The Holie Scripture, of itself, is certain and true enough; but God grant me the grace, that I may catch hold on the right use thereof; for when Satan disputeth with me in this sort; namely, whether God be gracious unto me or no: then I must not meet him with this text:—*Whoso loveth God with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength, the same shall inherit the Kingdom of God;* for then the divel presently objecteth, and hitteth me in the teeth, and saith: Thou hast not loved God with all thy heart, &c. which indeed is true, and my own conscience therein witnesseth against me; but at such a time I must arm myself, and encounter him with this text; namely, that *Jesus Christ died for me, and through him I have a gracious God and Father: Christ hath made an atonement for me,* as Saint Paul saith: *He is of God, given unto us for wisdom, for righteousness, for holiness, and for redemption.*"—p. 30.

Luther's Labour and Disinterestedness.

"If (said Luther) the great pains and labor which I take, were not done by me for the sake of him that died for me, the world could not give me monie enough to write onely one book, or to translate

the Bible. I desire not to be rewarded and pai'd of the world for my work; the world is too too poor and simple to give me satisfaction; I have not desired the value of one pennie of my master the Prince Elector of Saxon, so long as I have been in this place. The whole world is nothing else, but a turned about *Decalogue*, or, the Ten Commandements backwards, a vizard, and a picture of the Divel. All contemners of God, all blasphemers, all disobedient, whoredom, pride, theft, murder, &c. are now almost ripe for the slaughter; neither is the Divel idle, with Turk and Pope, heresies and other erroneous sects."—p. 81-2.

Luther's Superstition.

"Anno 1521, as I departed from Worms (said Luther) and not far from Eisenach was taken prisoner. I was lodged in the castle of Wartburg, my Patmos, in a chamber far from people, where none could have access unto me, but onely two boyes that twice the daye brought me meat and drink; now, among other things they brought me hasel-nuts, which I put into a box, and somtimes I used to crack and eat of them. In the night times, my Gentleman the Devil came and got the nuts out of the box and cracked them against one of the bed-posts, making a very great noise and a rumbling about my bed, but I regarded him nothing at all, when afterwards I began to slumber, then he kept such a racket and rumbling upon the chamber stairs, as if many emptie hogs-heads and barrels had been tumbled down; and although I knew that the stairs were strongly guarded with iron bars, so that no passage was either up or down, yet I arose and went towards the stairs to see what the matter was, but finding the door fast shut, I said, Art thou there? so be there still; I committed myself to Christ my Lord and Saviour, of whom it is written, *Omnia subjecisti pedibus ejus*, and then laid me down to rest again."—p. 381.

Luther invariably speaks of Satan as one of whose existence he had had ocular demonstration, and in terms which another would use of an old and cunning mortal enemy, with whom he had frequent personal struggles.

Another Instance of Superstition.

"At such time (said Luther) when I could not be rid of the Devil with uttering sentences out of the Holie Scripture, then I made him often flie with jeering and ridiculous words and terms; I have recorded my sins in thy register; I said likewise unto him, Divel! if Christ's blood, which was shed for my sins, be not sufficient, then I desire thee, that thou wouldest praie to God for me. When he findeth me idle (said Luther) and that I have nothing in hand, then he is very busie, and before I am aware he wringeth from me a bitter sweat; but when I offer him the pointed spear, that is, God's Word, then he flieth, yet before he goeth, he maketh me bloodie armed, or else giveth me a grievous hurrycane. When at the first I began to write against the Pope, and that the Gospel went on, then the Devil laid himself strongly therein, he ceased not to

rumble and rage about, for he willingly would have preserved Purgatorie at Magdeburg, and *discursum animarum.* For, there was a citizen, whose childe died, for which he refused to have Vigilia and Soul-masses to be sung; then the Devil plaid his reaks, came every night about twelve of the clock into the chamber where the childe died, and made a whining like a young childe. The good citizen beeing therewith full of sorrow, knew not what course to take. The Popish Priests cried out and said,—O, now, you see how it goeth when Vigils are not held and solemnized, &c. Whereupon, the Citizen sent to me (said Luther) desiring my advice therein, (for my Sermon which lately before I preached touching this sentence, *They have Moses and the Prophets,* was gone out in print, which the Citizen had read,) then I wrote unto him from Wittemberg, and advised him not to suffer any Vigils at all to be held, for he might be fully assured, that those were meerly pranks of the Devil, whereupon, the children and servants in the house jeered and contemned the Devil, and said, What doest thou, Satan? Avoid, thou cursed Spirit, and get thee gone to the place where thou oughtest to be, into the pit of hell, &c. Now, as the Devil marked their contempt, he left off his game and came there no more,—*Quia est superbus Spiritus, et non potest ferre contemptum sui.*"—p. 381.

Luther's story of a Ghost-Wife.

"A Gentleman had a fair young wife which died, and was also buried. Not long after, the Gentleman and his servant lying together in one chamber, his dead wife in the night time approached into the chamber, and leaned herself upon the Gentleman's bed, like as if she had been desirous to speak with him. The servant (seeing the same two or three nights one after another) asked his master, whether he knew, that every night a woman, in white apparel, came unto his bed? The Gentleman said, No: I sleep soundly (said he) and see nothing. When night approached, the Gentleman, considering the same, laie waking in bed. Then the woman appeared unto him, and came hard to his bed-side. The Gentleman demanded who she was? She answered, I am your wife. He said, My wife is dead and buried. She said, True: by reason of your swearing and sins I died; but if you would take me again, and would also abstein from swearing one particular oath, which commonly you use, then would I be your wife again. He said, I am content to perform what you desire. Whereupon his dead wife remained with him, ruled his house, laie with him, ate and drank with him, and had children together. Now it fell out, that on a time the Gentleman had guests, and his wife after supper was to fetch out of his chest some banqueting stuff: she staying somewhat long, her husband (forgetting himself) was moved thereby to swear his accustomed oath; whereupon the woman vanished that instant. Now seeing she returned not again, they went up into the chamber to see what was become of her. There they found the gown which she wore, half lying within the chest, and half without; but she was never seen afterwards. This did the Divel, (said Luther) he can transform himself into the shape of a man or woman."—p 386.

Luther's account of a Changeling.

"Eight years since (said Luther) at Dessaw, I did see and touch such a changed childe, which was twelve years of age; he had his eies and all members like another childe: he did nothing but feed, and would eat as much as two clowns, or threshers, were able to eat. When one touched it, then it cried out: when any evil happened in the house, then it laughed, and was joyful; but when all went well, then it cried, and was very sad. I told the Prince of Anhalt, if I were Prince of that countrie, so would I venture *Homicidium* thereon, and would throw it into the river Moldaw. I admonished the people dwelling in that place, devoutly to praie to God to take away the Divel; the same was done accordingly, and the second year after, the changeling died."—p. 387.

Luther's account of the disappearance of another Killcrop.

"In Saxonia, near unto Halberstad, was a man that also had a Killcrop, who sucked the mother and five other women drie; and besides, devoured very much. This man was advised that he should in his pilgrimage at Halberstadt, make a promise of the Killcrop to the Virgin Marie, and should cause him there to be rocked. This advice the man followed, and carried the changeling thither in a basket; but going over a river, being upon the bridge, another Divel that was below in the river called, and said, Killcrop, Killcrop! Then the childe in the basket (which never before spake one word) answered, Ho, ho. The Divel in the water asked further, Whither art thou going? The childe in the basket said, I am going towards Hocklestad, to our loving mother, to be rocked."—p. 387.

The Devil a Doctor of Divinity.

"Indeed (said Luther) although the Divel be not a commenced Doctor, yet he is both deeply learned and well experienced; he hath been in practice, hath used his art, his trade, and occupation, now almost six thousand years. No humane creature can prevail against him, but onely Christ, yet nevertheless he hath made trial of his art and trade also on Christ, as when driely he said unto Him, *If thou wilt fall down and worship me, I will give thee all the kingdoms of the whole world*, &c. He saith not as before, *Art thou the Son of God*, but saith, I am God, thou art my creature, for all the power and glorie of the world is mine, I give the same to whom I please: therefore wilt thou worship me, so will I give them unto thee. This blaspheming of God, Christ could not endure, but calleth him by his right name, and saith, *Avoid Satan*, &c."—p. 376.

It cannot be supposed that Luther, in spite of the native fortitude and buoyancy of his spirit, passed through the struggle of his life, without experiencing moments of despondency, when he found nearly all the world leagued against him—when his courage misgave him at the sight of the tremendous obstacles which were arrayed before him. It is true, that at these

times the best of consolations was in his power, and that he availed himself of it; yet the man must be more than human, who can withstand imminent peril of life and fame, desertion of friends, intense labour of body, the utmost stretch of mind, without occasionally feeling his heart die within him.

Luther's Despondency.

"I have found by myself (said Luther,) that in my highest tribulations (which tormented and exhausted my bodie in such sort, that I could scarcely pant and take my breath,) I went dried up and pressed out like a sponge. No creature was able to comfort me; insomuch that I said, Am I alone the man that must feel such tribulations in the spirit? But ten years past, I beeing solitarie and alone, God comforted me again through his holie Angels, and enabled me to strive and fight against the Pope."—p. 395.

"Doctor Jeronymus Weller being deeply plunged into melancholie fits and humors, Luther said unto him, Be of courage, you are not alone that suffereth tribulation, I am also one, and have greater sins upon me, than you and your father have; for I blasphemed my God fifteen years together with celebrating that abominable idol the Mass, insomuch that I wish from my heart, I had been at that time rather a pandor or a thief."—p. 395.

Luther compares the Human Heart to a Mill-stone.

"Even so (said Luther) when I am in heavie tribulations, then I rather go to my swine-herd and swine, than to be or remain alone. The heart of an humane creature is like a mill-stone in a mill, when corn is shaked thereupon, it runneth about, rubbeth and grindeth it to meal, but if no corn be present, (the stone nevertheless running still about) then it rubbeth and grindeth itself thinner and becometh less and smaller; even so, the heart of an humane creature will bee occupied; if it hath not the works of its vocation in hand to be busied therein, then cometh the Divel and shooteth thereinto tribulations, heavie cogitations and vexations, as then the heart consumeth itself with melancholie, insomuch that it must starve and famish. Many a one therewith grieveth and perplexeth himself to death, as Syrach saith, 'Sorrow killeth many people, and melancholie consumeth marrow and bone, it produceth no profit at all.'"—p. 397.

Luther's Resource in Melancholy.

"Oftentimes (said Luther) I took business in hand, thereby intending to drive away the Divel; but all would not do, he would neither depart nor surcease. For Satan (as a founder of death) hath so spoiled and fouled our nature, that we refuse to be comforted. Therefore, he that feeleth such divellish cogitations and spiritual temptations, him I truly advise, that soon and quickly he expel them. Let him think on somewhat else that is pleasant, let him take a merrie cup, let him jest or plaie, or let him take in hand some other honest and civil matter, and as much as possibly he may, let him seriously

meditate thereon. But above all things, let him use the principal and chiefest physic, namely, let him stedfastly believe in Jesus Christ; for he came to comfort and to revive, and will destroie the works of the Divel. And inasmuch as all melancholie and heavie cogitations proceed from the Divel, so must we praie to God for his Holie Spirit, who is a stout and a courageous contemner of death and all danger: he is the daring champion."—p. 396.

In such moments he seems to have had a disgust for his own works.

"It will shortly come to pass, that the world willingly would give much for an upright preacher, but shall not get him; instead of whom they shall honor and worship liers and deceivers. Therefore (said Luther) a little thing would make me to help Popedom up again, and to exalt Monks and Friers; for the world cannot live without such vizards and shrovetide-fools."—p. 283.

When exasperated by ignorant and prejudiced opposition in the most sacred of causes, and still more indignant at the hollow support of lukewarm and temporizing friends, the sturdy reformer often breaks out into intemperate language. Princes and potentates sink into insignificance in the mind of him who is surveying the stupendous power of the Deity. The prophet who is denouncing the wickedness of a blinded world, does not stop in the moment of inspiration to measure his phrase—the more powerful the obstacle to the accomplishment of good, the stronger and more impetuous the language he wreaks upon it. Added to a mind of the greatest vigour, and a frame of the most sensitive feeling, Luther naturally possessed all the passions of the human frame in their wildest energy, which the religious discipline, to which he submitted them, could not break. His birth was low, his education in a monastery, and that a German one, and his first study, controversy against virulent advocates; so that we must not be surprised to meet with coarseness, and even fierceness of expression, spread over his numerous and admirable writings.

Luther speaking of Henry VIII.

"I am lately advertised (said Luther) that Henrie King of England is fallen from the Gospel again, hath commanded upon pain of death that the people shall receive the Sacrament onely under one kinde, and that spiritual persons, Friers and Nuns, shall perform their Vows, and tear in pieces their marriages, whenas formerly he had done quite the contrarie. At this the Papists will jeer, will be joyful and boast: Indeed (said Luther) it is a great offence, but let it go: That King is still the old Hintz, as in my first book I pictured him; he will surely finde his judge; I never liked his resolutions, in that he would kill the Pope's bodie, but preserve his soul; that is, his false doctrine."—p. 464.

Luther bitterly hated the coldness and duplicity of Erasmus, who, while he confessed that the reformer was right, durst not adopt his opinions. It is true, that he ingenuously confessed that he was not made of the stuff which befits a martyr; but Luther, who was every instant ready to die for the truth, and who could not understand how any interests could overbalance those of religion, was not a man to make allowances for the infirmities of that elegant but timid scholar.

"Erasmus can do nothing but cavil and flout, he cannot confute. If (said Luther) I were a Papist, so would I easily overcome and beat him. For although he flouteth the Pope with his ceremonies, yet he neither hath confuted nor overcome him; no enemie is beaten nor overcome with mocking, jeering, and flouting."—p. 432.

"I hate Erasmus from my heart (said Luther), for he useth and carrieth even the same argument which Caiaphas advised, when he said, *It is expedient that one man should die for the people.* Even so saith Erasmus and all Epicures, It is expedient and better that the Gospel go down, or be not preached, than that whole Germanie, with all the Princes, should go together by the ears, and that all Christendom should be moved."—p. 432.

"Luther (with great and earnest zeal of heart) said to Doctor Jonas and to Pommer, I charge you in my will and testament, that you hate and loath Erasmus that viper. I regard not his words, indeed they are well adorned, but they are meerly Democritical, Epicurian things, for he speaketh of every matter doubtfully with diligence and of set purpose, his words are wavering, or (as we used to saie) screwed words which he may construe as he pleaseth, which beseemeth not a Christian, yea such words (equivocating) beseem no honest humane creature. For behold what poison he spitteth out in his *colloquiis* under feigned persons, *and finely applieth himself according to the humor of the youth,* thereby to infect them. So soon (said Luther) it shall please God to help me on my legs again, so will I write against him and cut his throat, I will put on and use against him the sentence of Isaiah, concerning the eggs of the Basilisk, the same are fitly dressed for Erasmus's tooth."—p. 432.

Luther thus speaks of Sir Thomas More, the friend of Erasmus, on being asked whether he might be considered a martyr in the cause of religion.

"Luther answered, No, in no wise; for he was a notable Tyrant: He was the King's chiefest Counsellor, a very learned and a wise man: He shed the blood of many innocent Christians that confessed the Gospel, those he plagued and tormented with strange instruments like an Hangman or an Executioner; First he examined them in words under a green tree, afterwards with sharp torments in prison. At last, he leaned himself against the Edict of the King and whole Kingdom, was disobedient, and so punished."—p. 464.

Luther's Opinion of Melancthon, Erasmus, and Carolostadius.

" Anno 1536, Luther wrote upon his table these words following. *Res et verba* Philipus; *verba sine re* Erasmus, *res sine verbis* Lutherus; *nec res, nec verba* Carolostadius; that is, what Philip Melancthon writeth, the same hath hands and feet, the matter is good, and also the words are good; Erasmus Roterodamus maketh many words, but to no purpose; Luther hath good matter, but the words are not good; Carlstad hath neither good words nor good matter. Philip Melancthon unawares coming to Luther at that time, reading the same, he smiled upon Doctor Basil and said, Touching Erasmus and Carlstad it was well judged and censured, but too much is attributed unto me, also good words ought to be ascribed to Luther, for he speaketh exceeding well, and hath substantial matter."—p. 510.

Luther of the world's Blindness.

" I am persuaded (said Luther), if at this time St. Peter in person should preach all the Articles of Holie Scripture, and but onely should denie the Pope's Authoritie, Power, and Primacie, and should saie, that the Pope were not the chief head of all Christendom, then surely they would cause him to be hanged. Yea, if Christ himself were yet on earth, and should preach, then without all doubt the Pope would crucifie him again. Therefore (said Luther) let us expect the same entertainment; better it is to build upon Christ, than upon the Pope. If (said Luther) from my heart I did not believe that after this life there were another, then I would sing another song, and would laie the burthen on another's neck."—p. 353.

Luther's Humility.

" I (said Luther) am an old Doctor of Divinitie, yet to this daie I am not come out of the children's learning; that is, the Ten Commandements, the Creed, and the Lord's Praier. I confess seriously, that as yet I understand them not so well as I should: for if I rightly understood and did believe but onely these few words [*Father which art in heaven*] that God (who made heaven and earth, and created all creatures, and hath all things in his hand and power) were my Father, then I should certainly conclude by myself, that I also am a Lord of heaven and earth, that Christ is my brother, that Gabriel is my servant, that Raphael is my coachman, that all the Angels in my necessities are my attendants; for they are given unto me of my heavenly Father, to keep me in all my waies, that unawares I should not dash my foot against a stone. To conclude, it must needs follow, that everie thing is mine. But to the end our faith may be exercised and confirmed, our heavenlie Father therefore suffreth some of us to be cast into the dungeon, some to be drowned in water, &c."—p. 6.

Luther sticks at Ego.

" I oftentimes (said Luther) have had devout meditations of the Ten Commandements; and when I came to the first word, *Ego (I am the Lord,* &c.) then I stuck fast at *Ego*, as being at a *Non-plus.* I cannot as yet sufficiently understand this word *Ego.*"—p. 184.

In what Luther's whole Divinity consisted.

"The Divel (said Luther) was much offended at the slight and foolish actions of our Lord God, in sending down from heaven his onely begotten Son into the world, and laid him in the Virgin Marie's bosom. The Divel thought, that he far better and wiser could have contrived such a business; for the Divel is squint-eied, he cannot look downwards; he gazeth at high and pompous things; he goeth on looking upwards. Then our Lord God casteth in his waie a Preacher, whereover the Divel stumbleth, and falleth down to the ground: then the Divel riseth again, and still gapeth upwards, and stumbleth at somthing or other which our Lord God casteth in his waie; so that at last it fareth with him as it went with Thales Milesius, who gazed after the stars, and thereover fell into a pit. Even so likewise all Hereticks are squint-eied, like their Captain the Divel. But I (God be thanked) have learned this Art, that I believe and know, God is wiser than I am. All my Divinitie consisteth onely in this, that I believe Christ onely is the Lord, touching whom the Holie Scriptures speak: neither my Grammar nor my Hebrew tongue taught it me, but it is the work of the Holie Spirit."—p. 531.

How to learn German.

"A certain English gentleman, very learned, at Wittemberg, was much conversant with Luther at his table: but the gentleman had not his Dutch language well; therefore Luther said unto him;—I will give unto you my wife for a school-mistris, she shall teach you finely and readily to speak Dutch, for she is very eloquent, and so perfect therein, that she far surpasseth me: *Howsoever, when women are readie in speaking, it is not to be commended, it becomes them much better when they keep silence and speak little.*"—p. 72.

Luther makes his own Epitaph.

"Anno 1546, the 16 of Februarie, Luther, being at Eisleven, said, when I come again to Wittemberg, I will lie in a coffin, and will give unto the worms a fat Luther to eat. And so it fell out; for two daies after this he died at Eisleven, and three hours before his death he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote these words following:

Pestis eram vivens, moriens ero mors tua, Papa.

Living, I was a plague to thee;
Dying, O Pope! thy death I'll be."

We will conclude our very copious extracts from this large volume, with Luther's own account of his appearance before the Diet at Worms. It is not nearly so full or so interesting a narrative of this, perhaps, the noblest scene, in which a single man was the hero, that ever took place, as might be collected from different sources; but it possesses a certain value from being taken from his own mouth. In this story, if rightly told, we should have an example of each of all the glorious characteristics of this resolute reformer. His fearless-

ness, his readiness, his resolution, his eloquence, his acuteness, his fervency, his uprightness, his unshrinking, unyielding, straight-forward determination to proceed, to grasp and to gain the object which his heart told him was above all price.

Luther's journey to Worms, and appearance before the Diet.

" On Tuesdaie in the Passion Week, (said Luther) I was cited by the Herald to appear at the Diet; he brought with him a safe conduct from the Emperor, and many other Princes (but the safe conduct was soon broken, even the next day, Wednesdaie, at Worms, where I was condemned and my books burned.) Now, when I came to Erfurt, I received intelligence that I was cast and condemned at Worms, yea, and that in all cities and places thereabout, it was published and divulged; insomuch that the Herald asked me, Whether I meant to go to Worms or no?

" Although I was somewhat astonied at the news, yet I answered the Herald, and said, *Although in Worms there were as many Divels as there are tiles on the houses, yet, God willing, I will go thither.*

" When I came to Oppenheime, in the Palatinate, not far from Worms, Bucer came unto me, and dissuaded me from entering into the town; for (said he) Sglapion, the Emperor's confessor, had been with him, and had entreated him to warn me, not to go thither, for I should be burned; but rather that I should go to a gentleman there near at hand, Francis von Sickingen, and remain with him, who willingly would receive and entertain me. This plot the wicked wretches (said Luther) had devised against me, to the end I should not appear; for if I had detracted the time, and staid away three daies, then my safe conduct had been expired, and as then they would have locked the town gates, and without hearing, I should have been condemned and made away. But I went on in all simplicitie, and when I saw the citie, I wrote presently to Spalatine, and gave him notice of my coming, and desired to know where I should be lodged. Then they all wondered at my coming, which was so far from their expectation; for they verily thought I would have staid away, as scared through their threatnings. There were two worthy gentlemen (John von Hirshfield, and Sr John Schott) who received me by the Prince Elector's command, and brought me to their lodging.

" No Prince came unto me, but onely Earls and Gentlemen, who earnestly looked upon me, and who had exhibited four hundred articles to his Imperial Majestie against those of the spiritualtie, and desired a redress and a removing of those their grievances; otherwise they themselves should be constrained to remedie the same; from all which grievances they are now delivered through the Gospel, which I (God be praised) have brought again to light. The Pope at that time wrote to the Emperor, that he should not perform the safe conduct; for which end all the bishops also pressed the Emperor; but the Princes and States of the Empire would not consent thereunto: for they alleged that a great tumult thereupon would arise. I received of them a great deal of courtesie, insomuch that the Papists were more afraid of me, than I was of them.

" For the Landgrave of Hessen (being then but a young Prince) desired that I might be heard, and he said openly unto me, Sir! is your cause just and upright? Then I beseech God to assist you. Now, being in Worms, I wrote to Sglapion, and desired him to make a step unto me, but he would not. Then being called, I appeared in the Senate House before the Council and State of the whole Empire, where the Emperor, the Princes Electors in person, were assembled.

" Then Doctor Eck (the Bishop of Tryer's Fiscall) began, and said unto me,—Martine, thou art called hither to give answer, whether thou acknowledgest these writings to be thy books or no? (the books lay on a table which he shewed unto me.) I answered, and said, I believe they be mine. But Hierome Schurfe presently thereupon said, Let the titles of them be read. Now when the same were read, then I said, Yea, they are mine. Then he said, Will you revoke them? I answered and said, Most gracious Lord and Emperor, some of my books are books of controversies, wherein I touch my adversaries, some on the contrarie are books of doctrine, the same I neither can nor will revoke; but if in case I have in my books of controversies been too violent against any man, then I am content therein to be better directed, and for that end, I desire respite of time; then they gave me time, one day and one night. The next day I was cited by the bishops and others, who were appointed to deal with me touching my revocation. Then I said, God's word is not my word, therefore I know not how to give it away; but whatsoever is besides the same, therein I will shew obedience. Then Marquis Joachim said unto me, Sir, Martin, so far as I understand, you are content to be instructed (excepting onely) what the holy writ may concern. I said, Yea. Then they pressed me to refer the cause to his Imperial Majestie; I said, I durst not presume to do so. Then they said, Do you not think that we are also Christians, who with all care and diligence would finish and end such causes? you ought to put so much trust and confidence in us, that we would conclude uprightly. To that I answered, and said, I dare not trust you so far, that you should conclude against your selves, who even now have cast and condemned me, being under safe conduct; yet nevertheless that ye may see what I will do, I will yield up into your hands my safe conduct and refuse it, do with me what ye please; then all the Princes said, Truly he offereth enough, if not too much. Afterwards they said, Yield unto us yet in some articles. I said, in God's name, such articles as concern not the Holie Scriptures, I will not stand against. Presently hereupon, two Bishops went to the Emperor and shewed him, that I had revoked. Then the Emperor sent another Bishop unto me, to know if I had referred the cause to him, and to the Empire? I said, I had neither done it nor intended so to do. In this sort (said Luther) did I alone resist so many, insomuch that my Doctor and divers others of my friends were much offended and vexed by reason of my constancie, yea, some of them said, if I had referred the Articles to their consideration, they would have yielded and given waie to those Articles which in the Council at Costnitz had been condemned. Then came Cocleus upon me, and said,—Sir, Martin, If you will yield up your

safe conduct, then I will enter into dispute with you. I for my part (said Luther) in my simplicitie would have accepted thereof. But Hieronimus Schurfe earnestly entreated me, not to do the same, and in derision and scornful sort, he answered Cocleus, and said, O brave offer, if a man were so foolish as to entertain it!

"Then came a Doctor unto me, belonging to the Marquis of Baden, assaying, with a strain of high carried words, to move me, admonished me, and said,—Truly (Sr Martin) you are bound to do much, and to yield for the sake of fraternal love, and to the end peace and tranquillitie among the people may be preserved, lest tumults and insurrections should be occasioned and raised. Besides, it were also greatly befitting you to shew obedience to the Imperial Majestie, and diligently to beware of causing offenses in the world; therefore I would advise you to revoke. Whereupon (said Luther) I said, For the sake of brotherly love and amitie I could and would do much, so far, that it were not against the faith and honor of Christ. When all these (said Luther) had made their vain assaults, then the Chancellor of Tryer said unto me,—Martin Luther, you are disobedient to the Imperial Majestie, therefore you have leave and licence to depart again with your safe conduct. In this sort departed I again from Worms, with a great deal of gentleness and courtesie, to the wondring of the whole Christian world, insomuch that the Papists wished they had left me at home. Afterwards that abominable Edict of proscribing was there at Worms put in execution after my departure, which gave occasion to every man to revenge himself upon his enemies, under the name and title of Protestant heresie. But the tyrants were not long after constrained to recal the same again."—p. 344-5-6.

ART. IX.—*Fragmenta Regalia, written by* Sir Robert Naunton, *Master of the Court of Wards, printed Anno Dom.* 1641.

Sir Robert Naunton, the author of this pamphlet, received his education at Cambridge, and in 1601 was elected Public Orator of that University. Having attracted the notice of James the First, by a speech which he delivered before him, he made his first step in court preferment, having the situation of Master of Requests conferred upon him. He was subsequently made Secretary of State, and lastly, Master of the Court of Wards. He died in the year 1635.

The object of our present attention consists of observations on Queen Elizabeth, her times and favourites, of whom the author gives a brief description and character, which, being the result either of personal observation or derived from the best authority, and delineated by one who was himself admitted into

the secrets of court policy, could hardly fail to be interesting. Elizabeth, reigning at a period when the waters of innovation were in constant and uneasy motion, found it necessary to assemble around her throne the subtilest spirits of the age, to assist in her councils—and the bravest and most manly, to serve in her wars and grace her court. Her reign was certainly 'golden' in one sense—it produced a rich harvest of noble Englishmen, characterised by a singular union of martial virtues with literary accomplishments—the joint offspring of Mars and Minerva—proud in honour, stout of heart, and strong of limb, noble-minded, valiant, and wise.

The Queen loved a soldier in her heart, particularly when he combined warlike qualifications with a handsome person and a courtly demeanor; but, that she was not guided in the choice of her favourites by the latter alone will be obvious from this gallery of the portraits of her servants, which have every appearance of being executed by an impartial and judicious hand.

There are, in the whole, twenty-two characters, exclusive of that of the Queen, and the preliminary observations, which occupy a fourth part of the tract. An occurrence in which the Earl of Leicester was concerned is adduced as a proof that the Queen's servants were favourites, and not minions, and acted rather by her judgement than their own wills.

"The principall note of her raigne will be, that she ruled much by faction and parties which she herself both made, upheld and weakened, as her own great judgement advised, for I do dissent from the common, and received opinion, that my Lord of Leicester, was absolute and above all in her grace; and though I come somewhat short of the knowledge of these times, yet that I might not erre nor shoot at randome, I know it from assured intelligence that it was not so; for proof whereof, amongst many that I could present I will both relate a story and therein a knowne truth, and it was thus: Bowyer the Gentleman of the Black-Rod, being charged by her express command, to looke precisely to all admissions into the Privy-Chamber, one day stayed a very gay Captaine, (and a follower of my Lord of Leicester) from entrance, for that he was neither well knowne, nor a sworne servant to the Queen; At which repulse, the Gentleman bearing high on my Lord's favor, told him that he might perchance procure him a discharge. Leicester coming to the contestation sayd publikely, which was none of his wonted speeches, that he was a knave, and should not long continue in his office, and so turning about to goe to the Queen, Bowyer (who was a bould Gentleman and well beloved) stept before him, and fell at her Majestie's feet, related the story, and humbly craved her grace's pleasure, whether my Lord of Leicester was King, or her Majesty, Queen; whereunto she replied (with her wonted oath) God's death, my Lord, I have wished you well, but my favour is not so locked up for you, that others shall not participate thereof, for I have

many servants unto whom I have and will at my pleasure bequeathe my favor, and likewise resume the same, and if you thinke to rule here, I will take course to see you forthcoming: I will have here but one Mistress and no Master and look that no ill happen to him, least it be severely requited at your hands; which so quailed my Lord of Leicester, that his fained humilitie was long after one of his best vertues."

Naunton places Leicester at the head of his collection, who is succeeded by Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex, of whom he gives the following character.

"His cor-rivall was Thomas Radcliffe, Earle of Sussex, who in his constellation was his direct opposite, for indeed he was one of the Queene's Martialists, and did her very good service in Ireland, at her first accession, till she recalled him to the Court, where she made him her Lord Chamberlaine; but he playd not his Game with that cunning and dexteritie, as the Earle of Leicester did, who was much the fairer courtier, though Sussex was thought much the honester man, and far the better souldier, but he lay too open on his guard; he was a goodly Gentleman, and of a brave and noble nature, true and constant to his friends and servants; he was also of a very ancient and noble lyneage, honoured through many discents, through the tytle of the Fitzwalters. Moreover there was such an antipathy in his nature, to that of Leicester, that being together in Court and both in high imployments, they grew to a direct frowardnesse, and were in continuall opposition, the one setting the watch, the other the guard, each on the others actions and motions, for my Lord of Sussex was of a great spirit, which backt with the Queene's speciall favor and support, by a great and ancient inheritance, could not brooke the other's empire, insomuch as the Queene upon sundry occasions had somewhat to do to appease and atone them, untill death parted the competition, and left the place to Leicester, who was not long alone without his rivall in grace, and command: and to conclude this favorite, it is confidently affirmed, that lying in his last sicknesse, he gave this *caveat* to his friends.

"I am now passing into another world, and I must leave you to your fortunes, and the Queene's grace and goodness; but beware of the Gipsey, meaning Leicester, for he will be too hard for you all, you know not the beast so well as I do."

We next come to Mr. Secretary Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, who succeeded the old Marquis of Winchester,* as

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* Of whose accommodating disposition Naunton gives us this account:

"Pawlet, Marquess of Winchester and Lord Treasurer, had served then four Princes in as various and changeable times and seasons, that I may well say, no time nor age hath yeelded the like president; this man being noted to grow high in her favor (as his place and experience required) was questioned by an intimate friend of his, how he had stood up for thirty years together, amidst the change, and ruines of so many chancellors and great personages; why, quoth the

Lord Treasurer. Of this "subtle and active spirit," we extract the following account.

"He stood not by the way of constellation, but was wholly intentive to the service of his Mistress; and his dexterity, experience and merit therein, challenged a roome in the Queene's favor, which eclipsed the others overseeming greatnesse, and made it appear that there were others steered, and stood at the Helme besides himselfe, and more stars in the firmament of grace, than Ursa Major.

"He was sent to Cambridge, and then to the Innes of Court, and so came to serve the Duke of Sommerset, in the time of his protectorship, as Secretary, and having a pregnancie to high inclinations, he came by degrees, to a higher conversation, with the chiefest affaires of state and councells, but on the fall of the Duke, he stood some years in umbrage, and without imployment, till the state found they needed his abilities, and although we finde not that he was taken into any place, during Marie's raigne, unless (as some say) towards the last, yet the councel severall times made use of him, and on the Queen's entrance, he was admitted Secretary of State; afterwards he was made Master of the Court of Wards, then Lord Treasurer, a person of most excellent abilities, and indeed the Queen began to need and seek out men of both garbs, and so I conclude to rank this great Instrument of state amongst the Togati, for he had not to do with the sword, more than as the great pay-master, and contriver of the War, which shortly followed, wherein he accomplished much, through his theoricall knowledge at home, and his intelligence abroad, by unlocking of the councels of the Queene's enemies."

Of Sir Nicholas Bacon, a short character is given, and a slight mention made of his illustrious son.

"And now I come to another of the Togati, Sir Nicholas Bacon, an arch-piece of wit, and of wisdom; he was a Gentleman, and a man of law, and of great knowledge therein, whereby together with his other parts of learning, and dexteritie, he was promoted to be keeper of the great seale, and being of kin to the treasurer Burleigh, and having also the help of his hand to bring him to the Queene's great favor, for he was abundantly facetious, which took much with the Queen, when it suited with the season, and he was well able to judge of the times: he had a very quaint saying, and he used it often to good purpose, that he

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Marquess, *Ortus sum ex salice, non ex quercu*, I am made of pliable willow, not of the stubborn Oak; and truely it seems the old man had taught them all, especially William, Earl of Pembrooke, for they two were alwaies of the King's Religion, and alwaies zealous professors: of these it is sayd, that being both younger brothers, yet of noble houses, they spent what was left them, and came on trust to the Court, where upon the bare stocke of their wits they began to traffique for themselves, and prospered so well, that they got, spent, and left, more than any Subjects from the Norman conquest, to their own times: whereupon it hath been pretily spoken, that they lived in a time of dissolution."

loved the jest well, but not the loss of his friend, and that though he knew that *verus quisque suæ fortunæ faber*, was a true and a good principle, yet the most in number were those that numbered themselves, but I will never forgive that man that looseth himself to be rid of his jests.

" He was Father to that refined wit which since hath acted a disasterous part on the publique stage, and of late sate in his father's room, as Lord Chancellor: those that lived in his age, and from whence I have taken this little modell of him, give him a lively character, and they decipher him to be another Solon, and the Synon of those times, such a one as Œdipus was in resolving of riddles; doubtless he was an able instrument, and it was his commendation that his head was the mallet, for it was a very great one, and therein kept a wedge, that entred all knotty pieces that came to the table."

There is a striking full-length portrait of Sir John Perrot, supposed to be a son of Henry VIII. the whole of which we must transcribe.

" Sir John Perrot was a goodly gentleman, and of the sword, and he was of a very ancient discent, as an heire to many abstracts of gentry, especially from Guy De Bryan, of Lawhern, so was he of a vast estate, and came not to court for want; and to these adjuncts, he had the endowments of courage, and height of spirit, had it alighted on the allay and temper of discretion; the defect whereof, with a native freedome and bouldnesse of speech drew him on to a clowded setting, and layd him open to the spleene and advantage of his enemies, of whom Sir Christopher Hatton was professed: he was yet a wise man, and a brave courtier; but rough and participating more of active, than sedentary motions, as being in his constellation destined for armes. There is a *quære* of some denotations, how he came to receive his foyle, and that in the catastrophe, for he was strengthened with honourable alliances, and the privy friendships of the Court, my Lord of Leicester, and Burleigh were both his contemporaries, and familiars, but that there might be (as the adage hath it) falsitie in friendship; and we may rest satisfied, that there is no disputing against fate. They quote him for a person that loved to stand too much alone on his legs, of too often regress and discontinuance from the Queene's presence, a fault which is incompatible with the waies of Court favor. He was sent Lord Deputy into Ireland, as it was then apprehended, for a kind of hautinesse, and repugnancie in counsells, or as others have thought, the fittest person then to bridle the insolencies of the Irish, and probable it is, that, both, considering the sway that he would have at the board and head in the Queene's favor, concurred, and did alike conspire his remove and ruine: but into Ireland he went, where he did the Queene very great and many services, if the surplusage of the measure did not abate the value of the merit, as aftertimes found that to be no paradox; for to save the Queene's purse, (which both herselfe and my Lord Treasurer Burleigh, ever took for good service,) he imposed on the Irish the charge of bearing their own armes, which both gave them the possession, and taught them the use of weapons,

which proved in the end a most fatall worke, both in the profusion of blood and treasure.

" But at his returne, and upon some account sent home before, touching the estate of that kingdome, the Queene powred out assiduous testimonies of her grace towards him, till by his retreate to his castle of Cary, where he was then building, and out of a desire to be in command at home, as he had beene abroad, together with the hatred and practise of Hatton, then in high favour, whom he had not long before bitterly taunted for his dancing, he was accused of high treason, and for high wordes, and a forged letter, condemned; though the Queene on the newes of his condemnation, swore by her wonted oath, that the jury were all knaves, and they deliver it with assurance, that on his returne to the tower, after his triall, he said with oathes, and with fury, to the Lieutenant, Sir Owen Hopton, What, will the Queene suffer her brother to be offered up as a sacrifice to the envy of my flattering adversaries? which being made knowne to the Queene, and somewhat enforced, she refused to signe it, and swore he should not die, for he was an honest and faithfull man: and surely, though not altogether to set our rest and faith upon tradition, and old reports, as that Sir Thomas Perrot, his father was a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and in the Court married to a lady of great honour, which are presumptions of some implication, but if we goe a little further, and compare his pictures, his qualities, gesture, and voyce, with that of the King, which memory retaines yet amongst us, they will plead strongly, that he was a surreptitious child of the blood royall.

" Certaine it is, that he lived not long in the Tower, and that after his decease, Sir Thomas Perrot, his sonne, then of no meane esteeme with the Queene, having before married my Lord of Essex his sister, since Countesse of Northumberland, had restitution of his land, though after his death also (which immediately followed) the Crowne resumed the estate, and tooke advantage of the former attainder; and to say the truth, the priest's forged letter was at his arraignement thought but as a fiction of envy, and was soone after exploded by the priest's owne confession, but that which most exasperated the Queene, and gave advantage to his enemies, was, as Sir Walter Rawleigh takes into observation, words of disdaine, for the Queene by sharpe and reprehensive letters had netled him, and thereupon sending others of approbation, commending his service, and intimating an invasion from Spaine, which was no sooner proposed, but he sayd publiquely in the great Chamber, at Dublin: Loe now, she is ready to * * , for feare of the Spaniards, I am againe one of her white boyes; words which are subject to a various construction, and tended to some disreputation of his Soveraigne, and such as may serve for instruction to persons in place of honour and command, to beware of the violences of nature, and especially the exorbitance of the tongue. And so I conclude him with this double observation, the one of the innocency of his intentions exempt and cleare from the guilt of treason and disloyaltie, the other of the greatnesse of his heart, for at his arraignement he was so little dejected with what might be

alledged, that rather he grew troubled with choller and in a kind of exasperation, he despised his jury, though of the order of knighthood, and of the speciall gentry, clayming the priviledge of tryall, by the Peers and Barronage of the realme, so prevalent was that of his native genious, and hautinesse of spirit, which accompanied him to his last, untill without any diminution of courage therein, it brake in peices the cords of his magnanimitie, for he died suddainely in the Tower, when it was thought the Queene did intend his enlargement, with the restitution of his possessions, which were then very great, and comparable to most of the nobilitie."

There are four short characteristic sketches of Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir John Packington, Lord Hunsdowne, and Sir Fulke Greville, which we shall group together.

"Sir Christopher Hatton came to the court as his opposit: Sir John Perrot was wont to say by the galliard, for he came thither as a private gentleman of the inns of court in a mask; and for his activity and person, which was tall and proportionable, taken into her favor: he was first made vice Chamberlain, and, shortly after, advanced to the place of Lord Chancellor; a gentleman, that besides the graces of his person, and dancing, had also the endowment of a strong and subtle capacity, and that could soon learn the discipline and garb, both of the times and court, and the truth is, he had a large proportion of gifts and endowments, but too much of the season of envy, and he was a mere vegetable of the court, that sprung up at night, and sunk again at noon."

Sir John Packington.

"Sir John Packington was a gentleman of no mean family, and of form and feature no ways despisable, for he was a brave gentleman, and a very fine courtier, and for the time which he stayed there, which was not lasting, very high in her grace, but he came in, and went out and through disassiduity, drew the curtain between himself and the light of her grace, and then death overwhelmed the remnant, and utterly deprived him of recovery, and they say of him, that had he brought less to her court than he did, he might have carried away more than he brought, for he had a time on it, but an ill husband of opportunity."

Lord Hunsdowne.

"My Lord of Hunsdowne was of the queen's nearest kindred, and on the decease of Sussex, both he and his son successively took the place of Lord Chamberlain; he was a fast man to his prince, and firm to his friend and servants, and though he might speak big, and therein would be borne out, yet was he not the more dreadful, but less harmful, and far from the practise of the Lord of Leicester's instructions, for he was down-right, and I have heard those that both knew him well and had interest in him, say merely of him, that his Latin and dissimulation were alike, and that his custom of swearing and obscenity in speaking, made him seem a worse Christian than he was, and a better knight of the carpet than he should be: as he lived in a roughling time, so he loved sword and buckler men, and such as our

fathers were wont to call men of their hands, of which sort he had many brave gentlemen that followed him, yet not taken for a popular and dangerous person; and this is one that stood amongst the Togati, of an honest stout heart, and such a one that upon occasion would have fought for his prince and country, for he had the charge of the queen's person, both in the court and in the camp at Tilbury."

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

"Sir Foulke Greville, since Lord Brook, had no mean place in her favor, neither did he hold it for any short time or term, for if I be not deceived, he had the longest lease, the smoothest time, without rubs, of any of her favorites; he came to the court in his youth and prime, as that is the time, or never; he was a brave gentleman, and hopefully descended from Willoughby, Lord Brook, and admiral to Henry VII.; neither illiterate, for he was, as he would often profess, a friend to Sir Philip Sidney, and thereof is now extant some fragments of his pen, and of the times, which do interest him in the muses, and which shew the queen's election had ever a noble conduct, and its motions more of virtue and judgement, than of fancy.

"I find that he neither sought for, nor obtained any great place or preferment in court, during all his time of attendance, neither did he need it, for he came thither backed with a plentiful fortune, which as himself was wont to say, was then better held together by a single life, wherein he lived and died a constant courtier of the ladies."

Of Sir Walter Raleigh, he observes:

"He had in the outward man a good presence, in a handsome and well compacted person, a strong natural wit, and a better judgement, with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage, and these he had by the adjuncts of some general learning, which by diligence he enforced to a great augmentation and perfection, for he was an indefatigable reader, whether by sea or land, and one of the best observors both of men and of the times, and I am somewhat confident, that among the second causes of his growth, that variance between him and my Lord General Gray, in his second descent into Ireland, was principal; for it drew them both over to the counsel table, there to plead their own causes, where what advantage he had in the case in controversie, I know not, but he had much the better in the manner of telling his tale, insomuch as the queene and the lords took no slight mark of the man and his parts, for from thence he came to be known, and to have access to the lords, and then we are not to doubt how such a man would comply to progression; and whether or no my Lord of Leicester had then cast a good word for him to the queen, which would have done him no harm, I do not determine, but true it is, he had gotten the queen's ear in a trice, and she began to be taken with his elocution, and loved to hear his reasons to her demands, and the truth is, she took him for a kind of oracle, which nettled them all, yea those that he relied on began to take this his soddain favor for an alarum, and to be sensible of their own supplantation, and to project his, which made him shortly after sing, 'Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown;'

so that finding his favour declining, and falling into a recess, he undertook a new perigrination to leave that *terra infirma* of the court for that of the wars, and by declining himself and by absence, to expel his and the passion of his enemies, which in court was a strange devise of recovery, but that he then knew there was some ill office done him; yet he durst not attempt to amend it, otherwise than by going aside, thereby to teach envy a new way of forgetfulness, and not so much as think of him: howsoever he had it always in mind never to forget himself, and his devise took so well, that in his return he came in as rams do, by going backward, with the greater strength, and so continued to the last great in her favor, and captain of her guard, where I must leave him, but with this observation, though he gained much at the court, he took it not out of the Exchequer, or merely out of the queen's purse, but by his wit and by the help of the prerogative; for the queen was never profuse in delivering out of her treasure, but paid most and many of her servants part in money, and the rest with grace, which, as the case stood, was then taken for good payment, leaving the arrears of recompence due for their merit, to her great successor, who paid them all with advantage."

We cannot persuade ourselves to abridge the portraiture of Buckhurst Lord Sackville:

"My Lord of Buckhurst was of the noble house of Sackvile, and of the Queen's consanguinity, or as the people then called him Fillsacks, by reason of his great wealth, and the vast patrimony left to his son, whereof in his youth he spent the best part, until the queen, by her frequent admonitions, diverted the torrent of his profusion; he was a very fine gentleman, of good person and endowments, both of art and nature, but without measure magnificent; till, on the turn of his humour, and the allay that his years and good counsels had wrought upon those immoderate courses of his youth, and that height of spirit inherent to his house; and then did the queen, as a most judicious, indulgent prince, when she saw the man grown settled and staid, give him an assistance, and advanced him to the treasurer-ship, where he made amends to his house for his mis-spent time, both in the increasement of his estate and honour, which the queen conferred upon him, together with the opportunity to re-make himself, and thereby to shew that this was a child that should have a share in her grace.

"They much commend his elocution, but more the excellency of his pen; for he was a scholar, and a person of quick dispatch, faculties that yet run in the blood; and they say of him that his secretaries did little for him by the way of inditement, wherein they seldom could please him, he was so facete and choice in his phrases and style; and for his dispatches, and for the content he gave to suitors, he had a decorum seldom put in practice, for he had of his attendants that took into a roll the names of all suitors, with the date of their first addresses, so that a fresh man could not leap over his head that was of a more ancient edition, excepting the urgent affairs of the state.

"I find not that he was any way insnared in the factions of the

court, which were all his time strong and in every man's note; the Howards and the Cecils of the one part, and my Lord Essex, &c. on the other, for he held the staff of the treasury fast in his hand, which made them once in a year to be beholden to him; and the truth is, as he was a wise man and a stout, he had no reason to be a partaker, for he stood sure in blood and in grace, and was wholly intentive to the Queen's service: and such were his abilities, that she received assiduous proofs of his sufficiency; and it hath been thought she might have more cunning instruments, but none of a more strong judgment and confidence in his ways, which are symptoms of magnanimity, whereunto, methinks, his motto hath some kind of reference, *Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice;* as though he would have charactered in a word the genius of his house, or express somewhat of a higher inclination than lay within his compass; that he was a courtier is apparent, for he stood always in her eye and in her favour."

We present our readers with the following particulars of Sir Robert Cecil:

"Sir Robert Cecill, since Earl of Salisbury, was the son of the Lord Burleigh, and by degrees successor of his places and favours, though not of his lands, for he had Sir Thomas Cecill, his elder brother, since created Earl of Exeter. He was first, Secretary of State; then Master of the Court of Wards; and, in the last of her reign, came to be Lord Treasurer, all which were the steps of his father's greatness, and of the honour he left to his house. For his person, he was not much beholden to nature, though somewhat for his face, which was the best part of his outside: for his inside, it may be said, and without offence, that he was his father's own son, and a pregnant proficient in all his discipline of state. He was a courtier from his cradle, which might have made him betimes; but he was at the age of twenty and upwards, and was far short of his after proof, but exposed, and by change of climate he soon made shew what he was and would be." * *

"I come again to this great Minister of state, and the staff of the queen's declining age; who, though his little person could not promise any great supportation, yet it carried thereon a head, and a head-piece of a vast content; and therein it seems nature was so diligent to compleat one, and the best part about him, as that, to the perfection of his memory and intellects, she took care also of his senses, and to put into him *linceos oculos*, or, to pleasure him the more, borrowed of Argus, so to give unto him a prospective sight; and for the rest of his sensitive virtues, his predecessor Walsingham had left him a receipt to smell out what was done in the conclave."

We shall conclude our extracts with the account which our author gives of Lord Mountjoy:

"My Lord Mountjoy was of the ancient nobility, but utterly decayed in the support thereof, his patrimony through his grandfather's excess, his father's vanity in search of the philosopher's stone, and

his brother's untimely prodigality, all which seemed, by a joint conspiracy, to ruinate the house, and altogether to annihilate it. As he came from Oxford, he took the Inner Temple in the way to court, whither he no sooner came but he had a pretty kind of admission, which I have heard from a discreet man of his own, and much more of the secrets of those times. He was then much about twenty years of age, brown haired, of a sweet face, of a most neat composure, and tall in his person; the queen was then at Whitehall, and at dinner, whither he came to see the fashion of the court; and the queen soon found him out, and with a kind of an affected favour, asked her carver what he was? He answered, he knew him not; insomuch an inquiry was made one from another who he might be, till at length it was told the queen he was brother to the Lord William Mountjoy. This inquiry, with the eye of her Majesty fixed upon him, as she was wont to do, and to daunt men she knew not, stirred the blood of the young gentleman, insomuch, as his colour went and came, which the queen observing, called unto him, and gave him her hand to kiss, encouraging him with gracious words, and new looks; and so, diverting her speech to the lords and ladies, she said, that she no sooner observed him but she knew there was in him some noble blood, with some other expressions of pity towards his house; and then, again demanding his name, she said. Fail you not to come to the court and I will bethink myself how to do you good. And this was his inlet, and the beginning of his grace: where it falls into consideration that, though he wanted not wit and courage, for he had very fine attractives, as being a good piece of a scholar; yet were those accompanied with the retractives of bashfulness, and natural modesty, which, as the wave of his house and of his fortune then stood, might have hindered his progression, had they not been reinforced by the infusion of sovereign favour, and the queen's gracious invitation. And that it may appear how low he was, and how much that heretic necessity will work in the directions of good spirits, I can deliver it with assurance, that his exhibition was very scant untill his brother died, which was shortly after his admission to the court, and then was it no more than a thousand marks per annum, wherewith he lived plentifully, and in a fine garb, and without any great sustentation of the queen during all her times.

"And as there was in his nature a kind of backwardness which did not befriend him, nor suite with the motion of the court, so there was in him an inclination to arms, with an humour of travelling and gadding abroad, which, had not some wise man about him laboured to remove, and the queen laid in her command, he would, out of his own native propension, have marred his own market: for, as he was grown by reading, whereunto he was much addicted, to the theory of a soldier, so was he strongly invited by his genius to the acquaintance of the practice of the war, which were the causes of his excursions: for he had a company in the Low-Countries, from whom he came over with a noble acceptance of the queen; but somewhat restless in honourable thoughts, he exposed himself again and again, and would press the queen with the pretences of visiting of his company so often till at length he had a flat denial; yet he stole over with Sir John Norris

into the action of Brittaine, (which was then a hot and active war,) whom he would always call his father, honouring him above all men, and ever bewailing his end; so contrary he was in his esteem and valuation of this great commander, to that of his friend, my Lord of Essex: till at last the queen began to take his digressions for contempt and confined his residence to the court, and her own presence: and upon my Lord of Essex's fall, so confident she was in her own princely judgment, and the opinion she had conceived of his worth and conduct, that she would have this noble gentleman, and none other, to bring the Irish wars to a propitious end; for it was a prophetical speech of her own that it would be his fortune, and his honour, to cut the thread of that fatal rebellion, and to bring her in peace to the grave, wherein she was not deceived, for he achieved it, but with much pains, and carefulness, and not without the fears, and many jealousies of the court and times, wherewith the queen's age, and the malignity of her setting times were replete; and so I come to his dear friend in court, Secretary Cecill, whom, in his long absence, he adored as his saint, and counted him his only Mecenas, both before and after his departure from court, and during all the time of his command in Ireland, well knowing that it lay in his power, and by a word of his mouth, to make or marr him."

The characters which we have not mentioned are William Cecil Lord Burleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Walsingham, Lord Willoughby, Henry Lord Norris, Sir Francis Knowles, the Earl of Nottingham, Robert Earl of Essex, Sir Francis Vere, and the Marquis of Worcester.

This tract, which was not published until several years after the death of the author, abounds with the grossest typographical errors, which much diminish the pleasure of reading it. A reprint of it appeared, it is true, a few years ago, but unfortunately all the errors in the first edition are preserved with the most scrupulous accuracy, and to improve the matter, some new ones are added. The editor does not seem to have made any attempt to amend the text except in one instance, which is a specimen of rather ingenious emendation. In the character of Sir Philip Sidney, the following words occur, *Ca. ubicensis*, which in the reprint are converted into *Cavibicensus*, a good sonorous Roman word, instead of *Cato Uticensis*, the sole error being in the substitution of the letter *b* for *t*. We do think, however, that a new edition of this ingenious and amusing book, would, if the text were carefully revised and corrected, and a few judicious biographical and historical notes added, be a very acceptable present to the public, and we trust it will not be long before we see our suggestion adopted.

ART. X.—*The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, a Comedy, by* George Chapman. 4*to*, 1598.

Humourous Day's Mirth, a Comedy, by George Chapman. 4*to*, 1599.

All Fools, a Comedy, by George Chapman. 4*to*, 1605.

Gentleman Usher, a Comedy, by George Chapman. 4*to*, 1606.

Monsieur d'Olive, a Comedy, by George Chapman. 4*to*, 1607.

May-Day, a Comedy, by George Chapman. 4*to*, 1611.

Widow's Tears, a Comedy, by George Chapman. 4*to*, 1612.

We return to the consideration of the plays of George Chapman. It will be recollected that the tragedies of this author have already been the subject of one of our papers; and that, from the large quantity of quotation which it was necessary to make, the comedies were deferred to a future number. Generally speaking, a tragedy is more likely to stand the test of time, and please an age remote from that for which it was written, as it appeals to the passions, which are invariably implanted in mankind. While comedy, whose office it is to catch the fleeting and changeable humours, and manners, and follies of the time, must grow obsolete with the objects it represents; so that it is rather remarkable that the comedies of our author should be more likely to please a modern taste than his tragedies, or even the extracts which we selected from them. It is nevertheless true; and the reason, perhaps, may be, that comedy, as well as tragedy, can take foibles and interests for its material, which are as unchangeable as those of tragedy; while, on the other hand, in the time of Chapman, the drama was so young and untaught that, though the appeal was indeed made to the eternal passions of the human heart, yet it was couched in a manner so clumsy and inartificial as no longer to touch the refined feelings of modern times. Certain it is, we can promise our readers more entertainment from this series of extracts than from the former.

The comedy of *All Fools* is taken in a great measure from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence. The appropriateness of its title consists in the deception which each character of the piece practises on the rest, until every one, in his turn, has been gulled. As in the play of Terence, we have two fathers, old men of opposite dispositions; their two sons in love; and the part of Syrus, the slave, replaced by Rynaldo, a brother of one of the young men. The interest in this play, as in the Roman one, turns upon deceiving the severe and avaricious father into the belief that his son's wife is the wife of his friend, and that

they have taken shelter in his house only to avoid the displeasure of the other old gentleman. Besides a series of tricks and counter-tricks of this kind, which form the main action; a weak creature, wretchedly jealous of his wife, is introduced, who mingles in the piece to make sport for the rest, to be deceived in his turn, and in the end to trick his deceivers, by which means the real nature of the connexions which have been clustering about the old men are discovered, and the *dénouement* is brought about to the contentment of all parties. This comedy may, on the whole, be pronounced an excellent play. The characters in general are well sustained; the dialogue is spirited; and the incidents interesting and agreeable: added to which, the versification is rich and musical, and many passages of considerable poetical merit are scattered over it. The talents of Chapman no where appear to so great advantage.

The play opens with the following excellent dialogue; which concludes with one of the most beautiful descriptions of the joys only known to lovers, to be found in poetry:

" *Rynaldo.* Can one self cause, in subjects so alike
As you two are, produce effect so unlike?
One like the turtle, all in mournful strains,
Wailing his fortunes; th' other like the lark
Mounting the sky, in shrill and cheerful notes
Chaunting his joys, aspir'd; and both for love:
In one, love raiseth by his violent heat
Moist vapours from the heart into the eyes,
From whence they drown his breast in daily showers;
In th' other, his divided power infuseth
Only a temperate and most kindly warmth,
That gives life to those fruits of wit and virtue,
Which the unkind hand of an uncivil father
Had almost nipt in the delightsome blossom.
Fortunio. O, brother, love rewards our services
With a most partial and injurious hand,
If you consider well our different fortunes:
Valerio loves, and joys the dame he loves:
I love, and never can enjoy the sight
Of her I love; so far from conquering
In my desire's assault, that I am come
To lay no battery to the fort I seek:
All passages to it so strictly kept
By strait guard of her father.
Rynaldo. I dare swear,
If just desert in love measured reward,
Your fortune should exceed Valerio's far;

For I am witness, being your bed-fellow,
Both to the daily and the nightly service
You do unto the deity of love
In vows, sighs, tears, and solitary watches:
He never serves him with such sacrifice,
Yet hath his bow and shafts at his command.
Love's service is much like our humourous lords,
Where minions carry more than their servitors:
The bold and careless servant still obtains:
The modest and respectful nothing gains:
You never see your love, unless in dreams:
He, Hymen, puts in whole possession:
What different stars reign'd when your loves were born:
He forc'd to wear the willow, you the horn!
But, brother, are you not asham'd to make
Yourself a slave to the base lord of love;
Begot of fancy, and of beauty born:
And what is beauty?—a mere quintessence,
Whose life is not in being—but in seeming,
And therefore is not to all eyes the same;
But, like a couzening picture, which one way
Shews like a crow, another like a swan.
And upon what ground is this beauty drawn?
Upon a woman—a most brittle creature,
And would to God (for my part) that were all.

Fortunio. But tell me, brother, did you never love?

Rynaldo. You know I did; and was belov'd again:
And that of such a dame as all men deem'd
Honour'd, and made me happy in her favours.
Exceeding fair she was not; and yet fair
In that she never studied to be fairer
Than nature made her: beauty cost her nothing.
Her virtues were so rare they would have made
An Ethiop beautiful; at least, so thought
By such as stood aloof, and did observe her
With credulous eyes. But what they were, indeed,
I'll spare to blaze, because I loved her once,
Only I found her such, as, for her sake,
I vow eternal wars against their whole sex:
Inconstant shuttle-cocks;—loving fools and jesters;
Men rich in dirt; and titles sooner won
With the most vile, than the most virtuous:
Found true to none: if one, amongst whole hundreds,
Chance to be chaste, she is so proud withall,

Wayward and rude, that one of unchaste life
Is oftentimes approv'd a worthier wife.
Undress'd, sluttish, nasty to their husbands;
Spung'd up, adorn'd, and painted to their lovers:
All day in ceaseless uproar in their households
If all the night their husbands have not pleas'd them;
Like hounds, most kind, being beaten and abus'd;
Like wolves, most cruel, being kindliest used.

Fortunio. Fie: thou profan'st the deity of their sex.

Rynaldo. Brother, I read that Egypt heretofore
Had temples of the richest fame on earth,
Much like this goodly edifice of woman:
With alabaster pillars were those temples
Upheld and beautified, and so are women:
Most curiously glaz'd, and so are women:
Cunningly painted too, and so are women:
But when a stranger view'd those fanes within,
Instead of god and goddeses, he should find
A painted fowl, a fury, or a serpent,
And such celestial parts have women.

Fortunio. Rynaldo, the poor fox that lost his tail
Persuaded others also to lose theirs:
Thyself, for one, perhaps, that for desert
Or some defect in thy attempts refused thee,
Revil'st the whole sex: beauty, love, and all:
I tell thee, love is nature's second son,
Causing a spring of virtues where she shines;
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men; so, without love,
All beauties bred in women are in vain;
All virtues born in men lie buried;
For love informs us as the sun doth colours:
And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers;
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts;
Brave resolution, and divine discourse:
O, 'tis the paradise—the heaven of earth:
And didst thou know the comforts of two hearts
In one delicious harmony united,—
As to joy, one joy; and think both one thought;
Live both one life, and therein double life;

To see their souls meet at an interview;
In their bright eyes,—at parley in their lips;
Their language, kisses; and t'observe the rest—
Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
Of all love's most unmatched ceremonies,
Thou would'st abhor thy tongue for blasphemy.
O, who can comprehend how sweet love tastes,
But he that hath been present at its feasts."

There are other whole scenes which we could with pleasure extract, particularly that in which Gostanzo pretends to discard his son; but as this play is more accessible than some of the others, we shall content ourselves with producing a few isolated passages.

The jealousy of the weak Cornelio, who is for ever tormenting himself with the suspicion of his wife's infidelity, is delineated with a masterly hand—not the "green-eyed monster" of the impassioned Othello, but the teazing maggot that infests the brain of a fool. Coming upon his wife Gazetta, who is singing and working, he thus opens a scene of considerable power:

"*Cor.* A prettie work. I pray what flowers are these?
Gaz. The pansy this.
Cor. O that's for lover's thoughts.
What's that? A columbine?
Gaz. No, that thankless flower fits not my garden.
Cor. Hem! yet it may mine:
This were a pretty present for some friend,
Some gallant courtier—as for Dareothe.
One that adores you in his soul, I know." *Act* II. *sc.* 1.

His wife, Gazetta, gives a description of her husband's jealous uneasiness, which provokes a very pretty comparison, though a homely one, from her friend Gratiana.

"*Gazetta.* There's no man's eye fixt on me but doth pierce
My husband's soul; if any ask my welfare,
He strait doubts treason practis'd to his bed;
Fancies, but to himself, all likelihoods
Of my wrong to him, and lays all on me
For certain truths; yet seeks he, with his best,
To put disguise on all his jealousy,
Fearing, perhaps, lest it may teach me that
Which otherwise I should not dream upon:
Yet lives he still abroad, at great expence;
Turns merely gallant from his farmer's state;

Uses all games and recreations;
Runs races with the gallants of the court;
Feasts them at home, and entertains them costly;
And then upbraids me with this company.
Gratiana. Indeed such love is like a smoky fire
In a cold morning: though the fire be cheerful,
Yet is the smoke so sour and cumbersome,
T'were better lose the fire than find the smoke.
Such an attendant then as smoke to fire,
Is jealousy to love; better want both
Than have both."

Valerio, a gay and dissolute young fellow, by acting the clown before his father, deludes him into the idea, that he is a sober, vigilant man of business. When the stern old man desires his son to conduct a lady into the house, who is, in fact, the young man's wife, unknown to the father, his awkwardness provokes the miser into a description of his own accomplishments when he was his son's age, in a vein of coarse pleasantry.

" *Gostanzo.* Go, dame, conduct 'em in.
Ah, errant sheep's head, hast thou liv'd thus long
And dar'st not look a woman in the face?
Though I desire especially to see
My son a husband, shall I therefore have him
Turn absolute cullion. Let's see. Kiss thy hand.
Thou kiss thy hand: thou wip'st thy mouth: by th' mass,
Fie on thee, clown. They say the world's grown finer;
But I, for my part, never saw young men
Worse fashion'd and brought, than now a-days.
S'foot, when myself was young, was I not kept
As far from court as you? I think I was;
And yet my father, on a time, invited
The dutchess to his house. I being then
About five and twenty years of age,
Was thought the only man to entertain her.
I had my congé:—plant myself of one leg:
Draw back the other with a deep-fetched honour.
Then, with a belle regard, advant mine eye
With boldness, on her visnomy.
Your dancers all were counterfeit to me:
And for discourse, in my fair mistress' presence,
I did not, as you barren gallants do,
Fill my discourses up, drinking—tobacco;
But on the present, furnish'd evermore

With stale and practis'd speeches—as, sometimes,
What is't o'clock?—What stuff's this petticoat?—
What cost the making?—What the fringe and all?—
And what she had under her petticoat?
And such like witty compliments. And for need,
I could have written as good prose and verse
As the most beggarly poet of 'em all,
Either acrostic, exordion,
Epithalamions, satires, epigrams,
Sonnets in dozens, or your quatorzanies;
In any rhyme, masculine, feminine,
Or sarnciella, or couplets, blank verse.
Y'are but bench whistlers now-a-days, to them
That were in our times. Well, about your husbandry
Go, for I'faith th' art fit for nothing else."

This same Valerio who, in his father's country house, is esteemed a pattern of frugality and good husbandry, when in town, where he contrives by stealth to pass the greater part of his time, is a rakish royster, put to his wit's end to escape the bailiffs. He gives an account of a victory he obtained over this honorable fraternity, in a strain of ludicrous exaggeration.

"*Valerio.* Foot, a man
Cannot so soon, for want of almanacks,
Forget his day—but three or four bare months;
But straight he sees a sort of corporals
To lie in ambuscado to surprize him.
Dariotto. Well, thou hadst happy fortune to escape 'em.
Valerio. But they thought 'twas happier to 'scape me.
I, walking in the place where men's law suits
Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming
Of any such encounter, steps me forth
Their valiant foreman, with the word, I 'rest you:
I made no more ado, but laid these paws
Close on his shoulders; tumbling him to earth:
And there sat he, on his posteriors,
Like a baboon; and, turning me about,
I straight espied the whole troop issuing on me.
I stept me back, and drawing my old friend here,
Made to the midst of them; and all unable
To endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout,
And down the stairs they ran with such a fury,
As, meeting with a troop of lawyers there,
Mann'd with their clients, some ten, some twenty,

Some five, some three, he that had least, had one,
Upon the stairs they bore them down afore them;
But such a rattling then was there amongst them
Of ravish'd declarations, replications,
Rejoinders, and petitions; all their books
And writings torn and trod on, and some lost;
That the poor lawyers, coming to the bar,
Could say nought to the matter; but, instead,
Were fain to rail and talk beside their books,
Without all order."

We will add an amusing description of a *petit maître* of the time of Elizabeth—the models of our old dramatists being only nominally natives of a foreign country.

" I wonder where that neat spruce slave becomes;
I think he was some barber's son, by the mass,
'Tis such a picked fellow, not a hair
About his whole bulk, but it stands in print;
Each pin hath his due place, not any point
But hath his perfect tie, fashion and grace.
A thing whose soul is specially employ'd
In knowing where best gloves, best stockings, waistcoats
Curiously wrought, are sold; sacks milliners' shops
For all new types and fashions, and can tell ye
What new devices, of all sorts, there are:
And there is not, in the whole Rialto,
But one new fashion'd waistcoat, or one night-cap,
One pair of gloves, pretty or well-perfum'd,
And from a pair of gloves, of half-a-crown
To twenty crowns, will to a very scute
Smell out the price; and for these womanly parts
He is esteem'd a witty gentleman."

We shall next turn to the *Widow's Tears*, a comedy founded upon the traditional faithlessness of the Widow of Ephesus. It contains two actions, both of which are intended to display the small dependance to be placed upon the endurable nature of a wife's affection for her deceased lord. The subject is treated in a disgusting manner, though with considerable dramatic power, inasmuch as the most unworthy motives are assigned for the easiness with which both the widows in the play replace their loss. He can know nothing of the gentler sex, who believes that the tenderest remembrances, the most sacred memory of departed worth, vanish in the virtuous female mind before the first attacks of rude lust, or that the widowed heart,

which silently pines for the loss of its companion, laments alone the gratification of selfish interests. Some of the more chaste scenes of this play, we shall extract. The success of one of the lovers may be considered rather the triumph of impudence and perseverance, than an example of the frailty of the sex. Take for granted, that the widow Eudora was a woman of strong passions, who thought it decent to make a great display; and that Tharsalio was a bold, reckless, handsome, young fellow, bent upon making his fortune; and the following scene is excellent. The lady is attended by a boasting Spartan, Lord Rebus, who is paying his addresses; when Tharsalio thus forces his way into her palace, through a crowd of attendants.

"*Enter* Tharsalio.

"*Argus.* Well, by Hercules he comes not here.

Sthenia. By Venus! but he does: or else she hath my lady's prayers, and sent some gracious spirit in his likeness to fright away that Spartan wooer that haunts her.

Tharsalio. There stand her centinels.

Argus. 'Slight, the ghost appears again.

Tharsalio. Save ye, my quondam fellows in arms; save ye, my women.

Sthenia. Your women, sir!

Tharsalio. 'Twill be so. What, no courtesies: no preparation of grace: observe me, I advise you for your own sakes.

Janthe. For your own sake I advise you to pack hence, lest your impudent valour cost you dearer than you think.

Clinias. What senseless boldness is this, Tharsalio?

Argus. Well said, Clinias; talk to him.

Clinias. I wonder, that, notwithstanding the shame of your last entertainment, and threatenings of worse, you would yet presume to trouble this place again.

Tharsalio. Come, y'are a widgeon; off with your hat, sir, acknowledge forecast is better than labour. Are you squint-ey'd, can you not see afore you? A little foresight, I can tell you, might sted you much, as the stars shine now.

Clinias. 'Tis well, sir, 'tis not for nothing your brother is ashamed on you; but, sir, you must know we are charged to bar your entrance.

Tharsalio. But, whifler, know you, that who so shall dare to execute that charge, I'll be his executioner.

Argus. By Jove; Clinias, methinks the gentleman speaks very honourably.

Tharsalio. Well, I see this house needs reformation; here's a fellow stands behind now of a forwarder insight than ye all. What place hast thou?

Argus. What place you please, sir.

Tharsalio. Law you, sir, here's a fellow to make a gentleman-

usher, sir, I discharge you of the place, and do here invest thee into his room; make much of thy hair, thy wit will suit it rarely. And for the full possession of thy office, come, usher me to thy lady: and to keep thy hand supple, take this from me.

Argus. No bribes, sir, an't please your worship.

Tharsalio. Go to, thou do'st well, but pocket it for all that: 'tis no impair to thee, the greatest do't.

Argus. Sir, 'tis your love only that I respect; but since out of your love you please to bestow it upon me, it were want of courtship in me to refuse it: I'll acquaint my lady with your coming.

Tharsalio. How say by this; have I not made a fit choice, that hath so soon attained the deepest mystery of his profession? good sooth, wenches, a few courtesies had not been cast away upon your new lord.

Sthenia. We'll believe that, when our lady has a new son of your getting.

Eudora. What's the matter; whose that you say is come?

Argus. The bold gentleman, an't please your honour.

Eudora. Why, thou leering ass, thou.

Argus. An't please your honour—

Eudora. Did I not forbid his approach by all the charge and duty of thy service?

Tharsalio. Madam, this fellow only is intelligent: for he truly understood your command according to the stile of the court of Venus: that is, by contraries, when you forbid, you bid.

Eudora. By heaven, I'll discharge my house of ye all.

Tharsalio. You shall not need, madam; for I have already cashiered your officious usher here, and chose this for his successor.

Eudora. O, incredible boldness.

Tharsalio. Madam, I come not to commend your love with enforced letters, nor to woo you with tedious stories of my pedigree, as he who draws the thread of his descent from Leda's distaff, when 'tis well known his father cried coney skins in Sparta.

Rebus. Whom mean you, sir?

Tharsalio. Sir, I name none but him who first shall name himself.

Rebus. The place, sir, I tell you still, and this goddess's fair presence, or else my reply should take a far other form upon't.

Tharsalio. If it should, sir, I would make your lordship an answer.

Argus. *Anser*'s Latin, for a goose, an't please your honour.

Eudora. Well noted, gander, what of that?

Argus. Nothing, an't please your honour, but that he said he should make his lordship an *anser*.

Eudora. Thus every fool mocks my poor suitor. Tell me, thou most frontless of all men, didst thou (when thou had'st means to note me best) ever observe so base a temper in me as to give any glance at stooping to my vassal?

Tharsalio. Your drudge, madam, to do your drudgery.

Eudora. Or am I now so scant of worthy suitors, that may advance mine honour, advance my estate, strengthen my alliance (if I had list to wed), that I must stoop to make my foot my head.

Tharsalio. No, but your side, to keep you warm abed; but, madam, vouchsafe me your patience to that point's serious answer, though I confess to get higher place in your graces, I could wish my fortunes more honourable, my person more gracious, my mind more adorned with noble and heroical virtues; yet, madam, (that you think not your blood disparaged by mixture with mine) deign to know this: howsoever I once only for your love disguised myself in the service of your late lord and mine, yet my descent is as honourable as the proudest of your Spartan attempters, who, by unknown guilts or conducts under ground, draws his pedigree from Lycurgus his great toe to the Viceroy's little finger, and from thence to his own elbow, where it will never leave itching.

Rebus. 'Tis well, sir, presume still of the place.

Tharsalio. 'Sfoot, madam, am I the first great personage that hath stooped to disguises for love? what think you of our countryman, Hercules, that, for love, put on Omphale's apron, and sat spinning amongst her wenches, while his mistress wore his lion's skin, and lamb-skinned him if he did not his business.

Eudora. Most fitly thou resembl'st thyself to that violent outlaw, that claimed all other men's possessions as his own by his mere valour. For what less hast thou done? come into my house, beat away these honourable persons.

Tharsalio. That I will, madam. Hence, ye Sparta-velvets.

Psorabeus. Hold, she did not mean so.

Tharsalio. Away, I say, or leave your lives, I protest, here.

Hiarbas. Well, sir, his altitude shall know you.

Rebus. I'll do your errand, sir.

Tharsalio. Do, good cousin Altitude, and beg the reversion of the next lady; for Dido hath betroth'd her love to me. By this fair hand, madam, a fair riddance of this Caledonian boar.

Eudora. O, most prodigious audaciousness.

Tharsalio. True, madam; O fie upon 'em, they are intolerable; and I cannot but admire your singular virtue of patience, not common in your sex, and must therefore carry it with some rare endowment of other masculine and heroical virtues; to hear a rude Spartan court so ingenuous a lady, with dull news from Athens, or the Viceroy's court: how many dogs were spoiled at the last bull-baiting; what ladies dubbed their husbands, knights, and so forth.

Eudora. But hast thou no shame; no sense of what disdain I shewed thee in my last entertainment; chasing thee from my presence, and charging thy duty not to attempt the like intrusion for thy life, and dar'st thou yet approach me in this unmannerly manner? No question, this desperate boldness cannot choose, but go accompanied with other infinite rudenesses.

Tharsalio. Good madam, give not the child an unfit name; term it not boldness, which the sages call true confidence, founded on the most infallible rock of a woman's constancy.

Eudora. If shame cannot restrain thee, tell me yet if any brainless fool would have tempted the danger attending thy approach.

Tharsalio. No, madam, that proves I am no fool: then had I been here a fool, and a base, low spirited Spartan, if for a lady's frown, or a lord's threats, or for a guard of grooms, I should have shrunk in the wetting, and suffered such a delicious flower to perish in the stalk, or to be savagely plucked by a profane finger. No, madam, first let me be made a subject for disgrace; let your remorseless guard seize on my despised body, bind me hand and foot, and hurl me into your ladyship's bed.

Eudora. O gods; I protest thou dost more and more make me admire thee.

Tharsalio. Madam, ignorance is the mother of admiration, know me better, and you'll admire me less.

Eudora. What would'st thou have me know? what seeks thy coming? why dost thou haunt me thus?

Tharsalio. Only, madam, that the Ætna of my sighs, and Nilus of my tears, poured forth in your presence, might witness to your honour the hot and moist affection of my heart, and work me some measure of favour from your sweet tongue, or your sweeter lips, or what else your good ladyship shall esteem more conducible to your divine contentment.

Eudora. Pen and ink-horn, I thank thee. This you learnt when you were a serving man.

Tharsalio. Madam, I am still the same creature; and I will so tie my whole fortunes to that stile, as were it my happiness (as I know it will be) to mount into my lord's succession, yet vow I never to assume other title, or state, than your servant's; not approaching your table, but bidden; not pressing to your bed, but your pleasure shall be first known, if you will command me any service.

Eudora. Your vows are as vain as a ruffian's oaths, as common as the air, and as cheap as the dust. How many of the light housewifes, thy muses, hath thy love promised this service besides, I pray thee?

Tharsalio. Compare shadows to bodies, madam, pictures to the life: and such are they to you, in my valuation.

Eudora. I see words will never free me from thy boldness, and will therefore now use blows, and those of the mortalest enforcement. Let it suffice, sir, that all this time, and to this place, you enjoy your safety: keep back: not one foot follow me farther: for I protest to thee, the next threshold past let's pass a prepared ambush to thy latest breath.

Tharsalio. This for your ambush! (*he draws*) Dare my love with death.

Clinias. 'Slight: follow, an't please your honour.

Argus. Not I, by this light.

Clinias. I hope, gentlewomen, you will.

Sthenia. Not we, sir, we are no parters of frays.

Clinias. Faith, nor will I be any breaker of customs."

Tharsalio's brother and sister, Lysander and Cynthia, had laughed at his presumptuous design. His success is thus communicated to them. The fortunate lover, having dressed himself sumptuously, wraps himself up in a cloak, and throws himself in his brother's way.

"*Lysander.* What, wrapt in careless cloak, face hid in hat unbanded: these are the ditches, brother, in which out-raging colts plunge both themselves and their riders.

Tharsalio. Well, we must get as well as we may; if not, there's the making of a grave saved.

Cynthia. That's desperately spoken, brother: had it not been happier the colt had been better broken, and his rider not fallen in?

Tharsalio. True, sister; but we must ride colts before we can break them, you know.

Lysander. This is your blind goddess, Confidence.

Tharsalio. Alas! brother, our house is decayed, and my honest ambition to restore it I hope is pardonable. My comfort is, the poet that pens the story will write o'er my head—*Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

Which, in our native idiom, lets you know,
His mind was high, tho' fortune was his foe.

Lysander. A good resolve, brother, to out-jest disgrace. Come, I had been on my journey but for some private speech with you: let's in.

Tharsalio. Good brother, stay a little, help this ragged colt out of the ditch.

Lysander. How now!

Tharsalio. Now I confess my oversight. This have I purchased by my confidence.

Lysander. I like you, brother, 'tis the true garb to know,
What wants in real worth supply in show.

Tharsalio. In show, alas! 'twas even the thing itself,
I op't my compting house, and took away
These simple fragments of my treasury:
Husband, my countess cry'd, take more, more yet;
Yet I, in haste to pay in part my debt,
And prove myself a husband of her store,
Kiss'd, and came off: and this time took no more.

Cynthia. But, good brother.

Tharsalio. Then were our honoured 'spousal rites perform'd,
We made all short, and sweet and close and sure.

Lysander. He's rapt.

Tharsalio. Then did ushers and chief servants stoop,
Then made my women curt'sies, and envied
Their ladie's fortune. I was magnified.

Lysander. Let him alone, this spirit will soon vanish.

Tharsalio. Brother and sister, as I love and am true servant to Venus, all the premises are serious and true: and the conclusion is, the great countess is mine. The palace is at your service, to which I invite you all to solemnize my honoured nuptials.

Lysander. Can this be credited?

Tharsalio. Good brother, do you envy my fortunate atchievement?

Lysander. Nay, I ever said the attempt was commendable.

Tharsalio. Good.

Lysander. If the issue were successful.

Tharsalio. A good state conclusion, happy events make good the best attempts. Here are your widow-vows, sister; thus are ye all in your pure naturals, certain moral disguises of coyness, which the ignorant call modesty, ye borrow of art to cover your "busk points;" which a blunt and resolute encounter taken under a fortunate aspect, easily disarms you of: and, then, alas, what are you, poor naked sinners, God wot! weak paper walls thrust down with a finger, this is the way on't, boil their appetites to a full height of lust: and then take them down in the nick.

Cynthia. Is there probability in this: that a lady so great, so virtuous, standing on so high terms of honour, should so soon stoop.

Tharsalio. You would not wonder, sister, if you knew the lure she stooped at. Greatness! think you, that can curb affection? no, it whets it more; they have the full stream of blood to bear them, the sweet gale of their sublimed spirits to drive them, the calm of ease to prepare them, the sunshine of fortune to allure them, greatness to waft them safe through all rocks of infamy: when youth, wit, and person come abroad once, tell me, sister, can you chuse but hoist sail, and put forward to the main?

Lysander. But let me wonder at this frailty yet: would she in so short time wear out his memory: so soon wipe from her eyes, nay from her heart, whom I myself and this whole isle besides, still remember with grief, the impression of his loss, taking worthily such root in us: how think you, wife?

Cynthia. I am asham'd on't and abhor to think,
So great and vow'd a pattern of our sex,
Should take into her thoughts, nay to her bed,
(O stain to womanhood) a second love.

Lysander. In so short a time?

Cynthia. In any time."

The only farther quotation we shall make from this play is a pretty scene, the subject of which is the fears and anxieties of a wife respecting the safety of an absent husband.

"*Eudora.* Come, sister, now we must exchange that name
For stranger titles: let's dispose ourselves
To entertain these Sylvan revellers,
That come to grace our loved nuptials,

I fear me we must all turn nymphs to night,
To side those sprightly wood gods in their dames.
Can you do't nimbly, sister? Slight, what ails you?
Are you not well?

Cynthia. Yes, madam.

Eudora. But your looks,
Methinks, are cloudy, unsuiting all the sunshine
Of this clear honour to your husband's house.
Is there ought here that sorts not with your liking?

Tharsalio. Blame her not, mistress, if her looks shew care.
Excuse the merchant's sadness that hath made
A doubtful venture of his whole estate,
His livelyhood, his hopes in one poor bottom,
To all encounters of the sea and storms;
Had you a husband that lov'd you as well,
Would you not take his absent plight as ill,
Cavil at every fancy—not an object,
That could present itself, but it would forge
Some vain objection, that did doubt his safety?
True love is ever full of jealousy.

Eudora. Jealous of what? of every little journey?
Mere fancy then is wanton, and doth cast,
At those slight dangers there, too doating glances.
Misgiving minds ever provoke mischances.
Shines not the sun in his way bright as here,
Is not the air as good? what hazard doubt you?

Argus. His horse may stumble, if it please your honour;
The rain may wet, the wind may blow on him,
Many shrewd hazards watch poor travellers.

Eudora. True; and the shrewdest thou hast reckon'd us,
Good sister, these cares fit young married wives.

Cynthia. Wives should be still young in their husbands' loves.
Time bears no scythe should bear down them before him.
Our life he may cut short, but not our loves.

Tharsalio. Sister, be wise; and ship not in one bark
All your ability—if he miscarry,
Your well-try'd wisdom should look out for new.

Cynthia. I wish them happy winds that run that course.
From me 'tis far, one temple seal'd our troth.
One tomb, one hour shall end and shroud us both.

Tharsalio. Well, y'are a phœnix; there, be that your cheer,
Love with your husband be your wisdom here.
Hark, our sports challenge it. Sit, dearest mistress."

The other comedies of this author have not much to recommend them which we can produce in the shape of extracts, except the *Gentleman Usher*, where the character of Bassalio, whose folly and half-witted jokes run through the whole, is amusing. He gives the name to the play, and is thus introduced, spreading rushes, then the only carpet.

"*Bassalio.* Come strew this room afresh; spread here this carpet.
Nay, quickly, man, I pray thee; this way, foole,
Lay me it smoothe, and even; looke if he will;
This way a little more: a little there.
Hast thou no forecast? Slid! me thinks a man
Should not of meere necessitie be an asse.
Looke how he strowes here too, lay me 'em thus:
In fine smoothe threaves, looke you, Sir, thus in threaves.
Perhaps some tender ladie will squat here,
And if some standing rush should chance to pricke her,
Shee'd squeak and spoil the songs that must be sung."

It is in this tragi-comedy, too, that a fanciful ceremony of marriage is performed by two lovers, whose relatives deny a more legal celebration. The lady's reasons, perhaps, are not of the soundest kind, but the vows of each have a great deal of tenderness and beauty.

"*Margaret.* That shall they never doe; may not we now
Our contract make, and marie before heaven?
Are not the laws of God and Nature, more
Than formall laws of men? Are outward rites
More virtuous than the very substance is
Of holy nuptialls solemnized within?
Or, shall lawes made to curbe the common world,
That would not be contain'd in forme without them,
Hurt them that are a law unto themselves?
My princely love, tis not a priest shall let us:
But since th' eternall actes of our pure soules
Knit us with God, the soule of all the world,
He shall be priest to us, and with such rites
As we can here devise, we will expresse,
And strongly ratifie our hearts' true vowes,
Which no external violence shall dissolve.
Vincentio. This is our only meane t' enjoy each other:
And, my deare life, I will devise a forme
To execute the substance of our minds,
In honor'd nuptialls. First, then, hide your face
With this your spotlesse white and virgin vail:

Now this my skarfe I'll knit about your arme,
As you shall knit this other end on mine,
And, as I knit it, heere I vow to heaven,
By the most sweet imaginarie joyes
Of untride nuptialls; by Love's ushering fire,
Fore-melting beauty, and Love's flame itself,
As this is soft and pliant to your arme
In a circumferent flexure, so will I
Be tender of your welfare and your will,
As of mine owne, as of my life and soule,
In all things and for ever; onelie you
Shall have this care in fulnesse, onely you
Of all dames shall be mine, and onely you
I'll court, commend, and joy in, till I die.

Mar. With like conceit on your arme this I tie,
And heere in sight of heaven, by this I sweare,
By my love to you, which commands my life,
By the dear price of such a constant husband,
As you have vow'd to be: and by the joy
I shall imbrace by all meanes to requite you:
I'll be as apt to governe as this silke,
As private as my face is to this vaile,
And as farre from offence, as this from blacknesse.
I will be courted of no man but you,
In, and for you, shall be my joyes and woes:
If you be sicke, I will be sicke, though well:
If you be well, I will be well, though sicke:
Your selfe alone my compleat world shall be,
Even from this houre, to all eternity."

The *Gentleman Usher* affords another extract of great merit. Chapman redeems himself, by this eloquent eulogy of a good wife, from the disgrace of having written the *Widow's Tears*.

"*Cynanche.* How fares it now, my dear lord and husband?

Strazza. Come near me, wife, I fare the better far,
For the sweet food of thy divine advice.
Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's counsaile; her wing'd spirit
Is feather'd oftentimes with heavenly words;
And (like her beauty) ravishing, and pure.
The weaker bodie, still the stronger soule.
When good endeavours do her powers applie,
Her love draws nearest man's felicitie.
O what a treasure is a virtuous wife,

Discreet and loving; not one gift on earth
Makes a man's life so highly bound to heaven;
She gives him double forces, to endure
And to enjoy; by being one with him,
Feeling his joies and griefes with equal sense;
And, like the twins Hippocrates reports,
If he fetch sighs, she drawes her breath as short:
If he lament, she melts herself in teares:
If he be glad, she triumphs; if he stirre,
She mooves his way; in all things his sweet ape:
And is in alterations passing strange:
Himselfe divinely varied without change.
Gold is right pretious; but his price infects
With pride and avarice; authority lifts
Hats from men's heads; and bows the strongest knees,
Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts;
Musick delights but one sense; nor choice meats;
One quickly fades, the other stir to sinne;
But a true wife, both sense and soule delights,
And mixeth not her good with any ill;
Her virtues ruling hearts, all powers command;
All store without her, leaves a man but poore;
And with her, povertie is exceeding store;
No time is tedious with her, her true worth
Makes a true husband thinke his armes enfold
(With her alone) a compleate worlde of gold."

We shall now take leave of Chapman until our next number, when we propose to treat of the plays which he wrote in conjunction with Jonson, Shirley, and others; and we shall then have an opportunity of discussing his dramatic talents at greater length.

ART. XI.—*The Moállakát, or Seven Arabian Poems, which were suspended on the Temple of Mecca; with a Translation and Arguments. By Sir* William Jones. 4to. 1782.

The Arabic language was brought to its greatest perfection at the commencement of the seventh century, by the efforts of a poetical academy that used to assemble at Ocadh, where the candidates for fame produced their compositions, the best of which were transcribed in characters of gold upon

Egyptian paper and hung up in the temple at Mecca, on which account they were called *Modhahebât*, or Golden, and *Moâllakât*, or Suspended: of these poems, the seven at the head of this article, which are usually found united in the same manuscript, are considered the best that were written before the time of Mahomet: they were printed, in Roman characters, by Sir William Jones, in 1782, with a prose version or rather paraphrase taken from the commentaries of the grammarians; they consist of Eclogues of a dramatic cast, in regular metres, embracing all the circumstances of an Arab's life, in which the female sex, then the companions, and not, as under the Prophet's system, the slaves of man, form the principal object. We propose in the present article to translate a few passages from each of these seven compositions, as specimens of the poetical talents of the Arabians.

Amriolkais, the first in order, was of the royal blood of one of the tribes. The opening of the poem represents him on a journey attended by a company of friends—they pass the place where his mistress formerly dwelt—he stops on the now deserted spot, and exclaims,

> " Stay !—Let us weep while memory tries to trace,
> The long lost fair one's sand-girt dwelling place,
> Though the rude winds have swept the sandy plain,
> Still some faint traces of that spot remain.
> My comrades reined their coursers by my side,
> And, yield not, yield not to despair, they cried,
> (Tears were my sole reply; yet what avail
> Tears shed on sands or sighs upon the gale ?)
> The same thy fortune and thy tears the same,
> When bright Howaira and Rebaba came
> To say farewell, on Mósel's swelling brow,
> And left thee mourning, as thou mournest now!
> ' Think ye, ah! think ye, I forget the day,
> That tore those damsels from my soul away,
> Who breathed a farewell, as they left these bowers,
> Sweet as an eastern gale on fields of flowers."

He relates his adventures,—his courtship of Fathima, and his more dangerous amour with a girl of a tribe at war with his own, whose beauties he very minutely and luxuriantly delineates.

> " Once through the ranks, at midnight's gloomy hour,
> Of hostile tribes, I sought the maiden's bower,

When shone the pleiads in the starry globe,
Like golden spangles on an azure robe.
Soon as I came, I saw her figure bent,
In eager gazing from the opening tent.
By heaven! she whispered as her hand she gave,
Secure, I'll trust me to a heart so brave;
We rose, and gliding o'er the silent plain,
She swept our footsteps with her flowing train.
A plain we reached beneath the cloud of night,
Whose sandy hillocks hid our onward flight
Safe from the foeman. By her waving hair,
To my fond heart I drew the trembling fair:
Raptured I gazed upon her polished breast,
Smooth as a mirror set within her vest,
Or like an ostrich-egg of pearly white,
Left in the sands and half exposed to sight.
The timid maiden turned away her face,
With eyes averted shunned my rude embrace,
Raised her arched neck in conscious virtue's pride,
Then like the wild fawn gazed from side to side.
Her jet black tresses down her shoulders strayed,
Like clustering dates amidst the palm-trees' shade."

From these love-tales he proceeds to the commendation of his own fortitude in the frequent and perilous expeditions, which his enterprise prompted him to make across the desert. His constant liability in these solitudes to be overtaken by darkness, gives occasion to a description of night.

" Oft did the night her misty horrors roll,
Like ocean's billows, o'er my anxious soul,
And as her form, without or pause or haste,
In sullen grandeur stalked the sandy waste,
I cried,—To morning yield thy hated sway,
Yet safety comes not with the coming day;
Then, night, rule on, while hid the stars remain,
Chain'd to the rocks that bound thy vast domain."

The narrative of his adventures is interrupted by a storm of lightning; his companions retire, and the drama concludes.

The poem of *Amriolkais* is easy, sprightly and elegant; that of *Tarafa*, the next in order, is in a more bold and youthful strain. This young poet, who, at the early age of twenty-six, fell the victim of his love of satire, which he had indulged

at the expense of the king of his tribe, appears, from the poem before us, to have been remarkable for the ardour and unguardedness of his character. He and his brother jointly possessed a herd of camels, which they watched alternately, lest they should be carried off by a tribe at war with their own. The poet's negligence, however, enabled the enemy to seize the herd, while he was immersed in poetic meditation; and on being sarcastically asked by his brother, whether the camels could be restored by his poetry, he departed to solicit the aid of a kinsman. Instead of granting it, his kinsman rebuked him with acrimony for his remissness in this instance, and for his general prodigality, libertinism, and spirit of contention. Tarafa produced this poem in vindication of his character and conduct, which he boldly justifies in every respect, and even claims praise for the very course of life which had exposed him to censure.

He begins, according to custom, with descriptions of his absent mistress and of his camel, the latter of which is long and tiresome; but introduces the following passage, which aptly exhibits his passion for enterprise and voluptuousness.

> " Oft has my faithful camel borne me far
> Through the wild desert to the scenes of war;
> My coward comrade, trembling with dismay,
> Wept o'er the terrors of the doubtful way.
> 'Tis mine, whene'er the tribes to glory call,
> In deeds of daring to outstrip them all.
> High waves the lash above my camel's head;
> Though sultry vapours o'er the mountains spread,
> Onward she rushes, and her flowing tail
> Floats, like the dancer's garment, on the gale.
> Me you will find, or at the council board,
> Or where the taverns maddening draughts afford;
> Come in the morning, and I'll give a bowl
> Shall warm the prudence of thy chilly soul.
> Come to the council of our tribe, and see
> Its brightest honours showered down on me;
> But above all, come, join the merry ring
> Where gay youths laugh and blooming maidens sing."

Tarafa seems to have been one of those joyous spirits whose love of wine was soon to be checked by the stern prohibition of the coming prophet. " If," says he,

> " If death be near me, let me quaff the bowl,
> That none to-morrow mourn a thirsty soul.

The same dark mansions, by an equal fate,
The noble spirit and the mean await;
Their mother earth, impartial, seals their doom,
And one broad stone protects their common tomb.
Death, the all-conquering, seizes on the bold,
His proudest prey—then claims the miser's gold.
Though short my life, I've seen the age of man
Dwindling, still dwindling, in its narrow span;
The camel-riders when they lose the rein,
With firmer grasp the loosened cord retain;
So, though he spare them for a little space,
Death holds dominion over all our race.
Let me then quaff the goblets while I live,
Nor die unconscious of the joys they give."

The rest of the poem contains an eulogy on his own fortitude, liberality, and valour, mixed with keen expostulations against the unkindness and ingratitude of his kinsman. There is a tradition, that one of the chiefs, whom Tarafa took occasion to compliment, made him a present of a hundred camels, and thus enabled him to convince his brother that poetry could repair his loss.

Zohair composed his poem, as a panegyric on Hareth and Harem, two chiefs of Arabia, who by a singular act of generosity had succeeded in healing a deadly feud that existed between theirs and a rival clan. Though the bard was, as he himself informs us, more than fourscore years of age when he wrote, yet, like his brethren, he opens his piece quite in an amatory strain, as he recognises the place where the tent of his mistress had been pitched, twenty years before. He passes on to the praises of the peace-makers, and then personifies war, describing its miseries, which the two chiefs had averted from their country, in a strain highly figurative.

"War is a monster of the foulest mien,
All know her hideous form, for all have seen.
Though for a while you drive her from the plain,
Still will you rouse her, and she'll rage again.
War, at one birth, who ne'er had borne before,
Famine and twin-born desolation bore;
Their cruel mother wean'd them from their birth,
And sent to feed upon the ravaged earth."

A bitter invective against the chief who had caused the

difference between the tribes follows, in one couplet of which occurs a truly Arabic personification of death.

> Fearless, he rush'd the hostile tents among,
> Where Death, the vulture's mother, feeds her young.

He concludes with a number of fine maxims, not unlike the *Proverbs of Solomon*, which he repeats to his friend as a specimen of the wisdom he had acquired by long experience.

The *Poem of Lebeid* is, perhaps, the most beautiful in the collection. The author was the longest-lived poet upon record, having died at the age of one hundred and forty-five years; an uncommon age, even after making an allowance of between four and five years for lunar months. At the age of ninety, he became a follower of Mahomet, and is reported to have expressed a wish to bury in oblivion all the reputation he had acquired in the time of his ignorance. Being once asked whom, among the Arabs, he considered the greatest poets, he named the two first of his companions in the present collection, Amriolkais, and Tarafa. On being pressed to fix on a third, he, in an enigmatical way, designated himself. We will quote the lines which Lebeid wrote on completing his hundred and fortieth year.

> " Time in his lengthened chain of years has bound
> Our mortal race, nor e'er his conqueror found ;
> I've seen him pass by day, I've seen by night,
> And still, unchanged, return with morning's light.
> Time, like Lebeid, grows older every day,
> But waxes stronger, while I waste away."

The opening of the poem which is more particularly the object of our present notice, is of the nature of a love elegy, and the greater part of it purely pastoral, yet it seems to have been composed on an occasion more exalted than the departure of a mistress or the complaints of a lover. The poet, having been engaged in a warm controversy with the chief of the Absites, concerning the comparative excellence of their tribes, relates of himself, that he maintained the glory of his countrymen and his own dignity against all opponents: and in order to render his triumph more brilliant, he produced, at the annual assembly, the following poem, which he was allowed to suspend at the gate of the temple.

The first fifteen couplets are extremely picturesque and highly characteristic of Arabian manners. They have been translated into elegiac stanzas by the late Arabic professor at Cambridge, J. D. Carlyle, and were published amongst his *Specimens of Arabian Poetry*, in 1796. The

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subject of this elegy, says the Professor, is one that must be ever interesting to a feeling mind—the return of a person, after a long absence, to the place where he had spent his early years. It is, in fact, an Arabian *Deserted Village*. The following are the introductory lines, and the reader will assuredly regret, that so able a translator should have only rendered a small portion of but one of these poems.

" Those dear abodes, which once contained the fair,
Amidst Mitáta's wilds, I seek in vain;
Nor towers, nor tents, nor cottages, are there,
But scatter'd ruins and a silent plain.

The proud canals, that once Rayána graced,
Their course neglected and their waters gone,
Among the levell'd sands are dimly traced,
Like moss-grown letters on a mouldering stone.

Rayána, say, how many a tedious year
Its hallow'd circle o'er our heads hath roll'd,
Since to my vows thy tender maids gave ear,
And fondly listen'd to the tale I told?

How oft, since then, the star of spring, that pours
A never failing stream, hath drench'd thy head?
How oft the summer cloud, in copious show'rs,
Or gentle drops, its genial influence shed?

How oft, since then, the hovering mist of morn
Hath caused thy locks with glittering gems to glow?
How oft hath eve her dewy treasures borne,
To fall responsive to the breeze below?

The matted thistles, bending to the gale,
Now clothe those meadows, once with verdure gay;
Amidst the windings of that lonely vale
The teeming antelope and ostrich stray:

The large-eyed mother of the herd, that flies
Man's noisy haunts, here finds a sure retreat;
Here tends her clustering young, till age supplies
Strength to their limbs and swiftness to their feet."

Our only other extract from *Lebeid* shall be in the words of Sir William Jones.

" But, ah! thou know'st not in what youthful play
Our nights, beguil'd with pleasure, swam away;

Gay songs and cheerful tales deceiv'd the time,
And circling goblets made a tuneful chime.
Sweet was the draught, and sweet the blooming maid,
Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant shade.
We sipp'd till morning purpled every plain,
The damsels slumber'd, but we sipp'd again;
The waking birds, that sung on every tree
Their early notes, were not so blithe as we."

This is a description of a rural banquet of the Arabians, before their primitive manners were invaded and destroyed by the jealous rules of Mahometan life. The occasion of this poet's conversion to Islamism is thus related. Lebeid, who had been a violent opposer of Mahomet, fixed a poem on the gate of the temple, beginning with the following distich, in which he apparently meant to reflect upon the new religion. "Are not all things vain which come not from God? and will not all honours decay but those which he confers?" These lines appeared so sublime, that none of the poets ventured to answer them, till Mahomet, having composed the second chapter of the *Koran*, placed the opening of it by the side of Lebeid's poem; who no sooner read it, than he declared it to be something divine, confessed his own inferiority, tore his verses from the gate, and embraced the religion of his rival.

Antara is the boldest of the poets of Arabia. He is the Antar whose adventures have lately been given to the English reader by Mr. Hamilton, under the name of a *Bedouin Romance*. This work is richly interspersed with specimens of his poetical powers, which in vigour and animation resemble the most forcible passages in his *Moállakáh*. But Antara could descend from his lofty flights to pathetic and pastoral strains. His poem is on the same model as the preceding, and, in common with them, includes a minute description of the camel on which he had planned an excursion in search of his mistress. We will quote a few of the lines.

"I'll choose a camel of surpassing speed,
Patient of thirst, from Shaden's generous breed.
Proudly she'll bear me to my fair one's home,
Nor stay her vigorous strides, tho' evening come.
Proud as the earless ostrich, and as fleet,
Who strikes the sands with many sounding feet,
While round her steps the gathering brood rejoice,
Like thirsty camels, at their keeper's voice."

It is, after expatiating on his own various accomplishments and virtues, his mildness to those who are kind, and his

fierceness to those who are hostile to him, his disregard of wealth, his gaiety and liberality, that he breaks out triumphantly and characteristically in praise of his military prowess and spiritual enterprise.

> " On! Antar, on! the exulting warriors cry—
> 'Gainst my black steed a thousand lances fly.
> Onward, to stem the coming tide, I prest,
> 'Till streams of blood o'erflow'd my courser's chest;
> Silent and sad he turn'd—his rider eyed,
> And, though the words of utterance were denied,
> Looks of reproach his inward feelings spoke,
> While sobs of anguish from his heart strings broke;
> Rallying again, his fiery head he rears,
> And proudly charges 'mid his proud compeers,
> While, as war's terrors I again defy—
> On! Antar, on! the exulting warriors cry."

He concludes with a wish that he may live to slay his two most rancorous enemies, and with a bitter exultation on the death of their father, whom he had left a prey to the wild beasts and the vultures.

> " Oh! may I live till justice on the heads
> Of Demden's sons the cup of vengeance sheds!
> To blight my hard-earn'd fame, they basely sought,
> Who ne'er in word had wrong'd them, or in thought:
> They sought my blood, who ne'er had wrought them harm;
> But I, at least, have known the rapt'rous charm
> Of sweet revenge—I've left their father dead,
> And ravenous eagles hovering o'er his head."

The two last of the seven poems, those of *Amru* and *Hareth*, are said to have been recited, by their authors, at the head of their respective clans, before King Amru, the son of Hinda, who had undertaken to decide their different claims to pre-eminence.

> " Wake! damsel, wake! and bring yon generous wine,
> The joyous soul of Enderina's vine;
> Fill, fill the crimson goblet to the brim,
> Till the wine totters o'er the circling rim:
> Cheer'd by its smiles, the youth forgets his care;
> His fair one's coldness, and his own despair:
> Cheer'd by its smiles, the doting miser rests
> From the fond worship of his well-fill'd chests."

After opening his poem in this jovial strain, he changes the subject immediately to the usual topics of the Arabian bards. He complains of the departure of his mistress, whose beauties he delineates with a boldness and energy highly characteristic of unpolished manners. The rest of his work consists of menaces, vaunts, and exaggerated eulogies on his own tribe. We will give the concluding extract of Amru's poem:

" Ours is the world, and all its riches ours;
None dares resist us 'midst Arabia's powers:
None dares controul—if any vainly try
To chain our freedom, from the yoke we fly:
None dares rebuke our valour as unjust,
Else the rash sland'rer should repent in dust;
One chief we own, and when that chieftain's son
Swears to maintain the name his sire has won,
In such frank fealty as becomes the free,
We bend, and make the nations bend the knee.
Still will we pour our warriors o'er the plain,
And still our ships shall rule the boundless main."

When Amru had finished his extravagant panegyric on the tribe of Tagleb, and had received the loud applause of his own party, Hareth arose, and pronounced the last of the poems before us. This speech in verse he delivered, according to some authors, without any premeditation; but others assert, with greater appearance of probability, that he had prepared and committed it to memory. Although, if we believe one of his commentators, the poet was considerably above one hundred years old at this time, yet he is said to have poured forth his couplets with such energy, that without perceiving it, he cut his hand with the string of his bow, on which, after the manner of the Arabian orators, he leaned while he was speaking.

He thus addresses his impetuous opponent, whose calumnious aspersions had roused the old warrior's indignation:

" Oh! thou adorner of a slanderous tale,
What can thy lies in Amru's court avail;
Think not thy varnish'd falsehood can do more
Than envious hosts have vainly tried before:
Still have we flourish'd, spite of slander's aim,
While glory crown'd our pantings after fame;
Long have the tribes, through Envy's shades of night,
Seen and been dazzled by our glory's light:
Fate, on a lofty rock has fixed our seat,
Where sunshine settles, and whence clouds retreat;

Firm is its base, its summit seeks the skies,
O'erlooks the storm, and all its rage defies."

We shall now conclude, with the hope that we may succeed in calling some degree of attention to the poetry of this long neglected language; and our conviction, that all who have devoted themselves to its study will fully agree in our opinion of its high merit.

ART. XII.—*The Thirteen Bookes of Aeneidos. The first twelve being the worke of the Divine Poet Virgil Maro; and the thirteenth the Supplement of Maphæus Vegius. Translated into English Verse, to the first third part of the tenth Booke, by* Thomas Phaer, Esquire: *and the residue finished, and now newly set forh, for the delight of such as are studious in Poetry, by* Thomas Twyne, Doctor in Physike. *London, printed by* Bernard Alsop, *by the Assignement of* Clement Knight. 4*to.* 1620.

An English translation of the *Æneid*, which, for at least half a century, maintained its rank as the most popular version of one of the greatest productions of the epic muse, cannot but be an object of some interest to the lover of poetry; since, though it has been repeatedly superseded by the labours of more polished bards during the last two hundred years, it must at least afford amusement to trace the circumstances which gave to the production of Phaer and Twyne that degree of favour with the public, which may be inferred from the repeated impressions it underwent.

Phaer, who was in every respect the principal partner in this literary concern, has been erroneously stiled the first English translator of Virgil.* This is a title to which he is far from having a claim. For, besides Caxton's work in prose, intitled *The Book of Æneidos, compiled from Virgil*, there were no less than two partial attempts to make the English reader acquainted with the Roman epic, and one complete version of the poem, not only written, but actually printed before Phaer entered on his task. Gawen Douglas, who finished his metrical translation of the *Æneid* in 1515, must certainly be allowed the

* See Chalmers's edition of the *General Biographical Dictionary*.—Art. *Phaer*.

honour of having been the earliest British translator of Virgil; for the work of Caxton, just alluded to, is merely a garbled and imperfect compendium of the Roman poet's narrative; derived, not from the original, but from a French version. Douglas's work is in heroic verse; and is said, by Warton, to be executed with equal spirit and fidelity. It comprises the addition to the *Æneid*, by Maphæus, usually termed the thirteenth book. The first edition was printed by W. Copland, London, 1553, 4to. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who fell a victim to the cruel jealousy of his sovereign, in 1547, was probably the next poet who employed himself in giving an English garb to the heroic muse of Virgil. He translated into blank verse the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*, and is considered as the first English poet who employed that species of metre since immortalized by the productions of Milton. Sir Thomas Wyat, the contemporary and friend of Surrey, also exercised his abilities in transfusing the beauties of Virgil into his native language. His labours were confined to the song of Jopas, towards the conclusion of the first book of the *Æneid*, which he rendered into Alexandrian verse.

After these adventurers came Phaer; of whom, with reference to his rank, as a classical translator, it can only be said, that he was the first native of South Britain, who appears to have projected an entire version of the *Æneid*, which death probably prevented him from finishing, as he was occupied in the undertaking at the time of his decease. To this production Phaer chiefly owes the preservation of his name in the records of literature, though he seems to have possessed considerable versatility of talent; and, besides some publications of original poetry, he presented the world with treatises on law and medicine, in the study of which sciences he had, at different periods of his life, been professionally engaged. He was a native of Pembrokeshire, and received his education at Oxford, whence he is supposed, by Wood, to have gone to Lincoln's-inn and engaged in the study of municipal jurisprudence. On that subject he wrote two treatises. After which it seems he renounced his legal pursuits; and, returning to Oxford, studied physic, and took his degree of Doctor of Medicine. His medical works were esteemed by his contemporaries; but he made no discoveries in that science, nor does he possess any claim to notice as an original writer. He appears to have practised physic in London till towards the latter part of his life, when he retired to Kilgerran, in South Wales. In the title page of the first edition of his translation of *Virgil*, Phaer stiles himself Solicitor to the King and Queen's Majesties, attending on their

honourable council in the Marches of Wales, an office which seems to imply that he resumed his first profession. He died at Kilgerran in 1560.

Phaer wrote some original poetry, but it deserves no particular notice. The piece which is best known, relates to the misfortunes of Owen Glendower, and forms a part of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, in the first and two subsequent editions of that collection of Poetical Narratives. A specimen of Phaer's composition is given by Mr. Bliss, in his recent publication of Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

The first seven books of the *Æneid* were published during the life of the translator, in 1558, with a dedication to Queen Mary; in which he informs us, that he was brought up under the patronage of William Marquis of Winchester. He continued his undertaking; and before his death, in 1560, had proceeded as far as the middle of the tenth book. In 1562, the first nine books, with part of the tenth, were published from the manuscripts of Phaer, by his friend, William Wightman, with a dedication to Sir Nich. Bacon, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. The first edition, as perfected by Twyne, was published in 1573, and the last was that, the title of which is given at the head of this article.

It is probable, that the encomiums bestowed on Phaer's translation of the *Æneid* by his contemporaries, were heightened by their esteem for his personal character; for they are so lavish, as to do no credit to the taste of these critical panegyrists. Puttenham says of him, that he was well learned above any other, that his translations are clear and faithful, and that his verse is learned and well corrected.* This eulogy is the more deserving of notice, as coming from the author of a critical work, who may be considered as a professed critic, and as probably speaking the sentiments of the literati of that time. In a letter prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, is the following notice of our author. "M. Phaer, likewise, is not to be forgot in regard of his famous *Virgil*, whose heavenly verse, had it not been blemished by his hawtie thoughts, England might have long insulted his wit, and *corrigat qui potest* have been subscribed to his work." This is rather strangely expressed, but it seems intended for praise. Nearly the same remark will apply to the observations of Arthur Hall, in the dedication of his ten books of Homer's *Iliades*, to Sir Thomas Cecill, in the year 1581.

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* *Art of Englishe Poesie.*

Richard Stanyhurst, who, in 1513, published a whimsical version of the first four books of the *Æneid*, in English hexameters, must have considered Phaer as a rival; and he accordingly criticises some particular passages of his predecessor's work; but in the dedication to his brother, or rather brother-in-law, Lord Dunsany, he says, "The gentleman [Phaer] hath translated *Virgil* into Englishe rythme with such surpassing excellencie, as a very few (in my conceit) for pickte and loftie words can bourd him; none, I am well assured, overgoe him."

But the most extraordinary, and, on several accounts, most curious, specimen of the opinions which the contemporaries of Phaer entertained, relative to his merit as a poetical translator, is to be found in the following "Epytaph of Maister Thomas Phayre," from a very scarce book, entitled, "*Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes.* Newly written by Barnabe Googe, 1563, 15 Marche. Imprynted at London by Thomas Colwell, for Raffe Newbery, dwelying in Flete-strete, a little above the Conduit, in the late shop of Thomas Bartelet."

"The hawtye verse y^t *Maro* wrote
made Rome to wonder muche,
And mervayle none, for why, the style
and weightynes was suche,
That all men judged *Parnassus* mownt
had clefte her selfe in twayne,
And brought forth one that seem'd to drop
from out Minervaie's brayne.
But wonder more maye Brittayne Great
when Phayre did florysh late,
And barreyne tong, with swete accord,
reduced to such estate:
That *Virgil's* verse hath greater grace
in forrayne foote obtaynde,
Than in his own, who whilst he lyved
eche other poets staynde.
The noble H. Hawarde once,
that raught eternall fame
With mighty style did bryng a pece
of Virgil's worke in frame,
And *Grimaold* gave the lyke attempt,
and Douglas wan the ball,
Whose famouse wit in Scottysh ryme
had made an ende of all.
But all these same dyd *Phayre* excell,
I dare presume to wryte

As muche as doth Apolloe's beames
the dymmest starre in lyght.
The envious fates (O pytie great)
had great disdayne to se,
That us amongst there shuld remayn
so fyne a wyt as he:
And in the midst of all his toyle
dyd force him hence to wende,
And leave a worke unperfyt so,
that never man shall ende."

These *testimonies* will derive little accession of strength from the sentence of Pits; who tells us, that Phaer translated the *Æneid, magna gravitate.* Fuller, who records this expression,* adds an observation on it, which shews, that, in his time, a better taste in poetry was becoming prevalent. He says, "Some modern wits will render *magna gravitate,* great dulness, and avouch, that Phaer, instead of a Latin *Virgil,* has presented us with an English *Ennius,* such is the rudeness of his verse. But who knoweth not that English poetry is improved fifty in the hundred, in this last century of years."

The opinion which Phaer himself expresses of his version is much less favourable than those of his contemporaries; and, if he was sincere, it must be concluded, that he possessed more poetical taste than genius. In his concluding address to his readers, he says; "You may therefore accept these translations as things roughly begun, rather than polished, and where you shall understand a fault, I desire you, with silence, patiently pass it, and, upon knowledge given to me, I shall in the next setting forth endeavour to reform it."

Though Phaer had been preceded in his undertaking by Lord Surrey and Douglas, it is not probable, that he derived any assistance from their labours. It may rather be inferred, that his interpretation is founded almost exclusively on the original text, both from the absence of any acknowledgement, and from the short time he allowed himself in going through each book: by the inscriptions placed at the end of which, it appears, that the seventh was translated in twelve days, and the first in rather less time; the eighth, which engaged his attention longest, took up forty days, and the others from fifteen to thirty.

Phaer's translation is executed in the same kind of verse with that used in Chapman's version of the *Iliad,* which con-

* *Worthies,* 4to ed. vol. ii. Pembrokeshire.

sists of fourteen syllables, and has been therefore stiled the *long verse*. It seems to have been a favourite metre with the poets of the sixteenth century, probably from its facility; but is by no means a fit vehicle for heroic poetry, though it has been employed to more advantage by Chapman than by Phaer.

Among modern critics, our translator has obtained some notice, and even occasional approbation. The description which Æneas gives, in the second book, of his visionary interview with Hector, has been considered a favourable specimen of Phaer's talents. A few lines will enable the reader to judge for himself.

" That time it was, when slumber first, and dead sleep deep oppprest,
On weary, mortal men doth creep, through God's gift, sweet at rest:
Unto my sight (as dream I did), all sad, with doleful cheer,
Did Hector stand; and large him weep with sobs I well might hear;
With horses haled, as bloody drawn sometime he was in dust,
And all to swolne his worthy feet, where through the thongs were thrust,
Alas, to think how sore berayed—how from that Hector sore
He changed was, that in Achilles' spoils came home before;
Or when, among the ships of Greece, the fires so fierce he flung:
But now in dust, his head bedaubed; his hair with blood is clung;
With naked wounds, that in defence of Trojan walls sustained
He often had; and me to weep for pity, woe constrain'd,
With heavy voice, methought I spake, and thus to him I plain'd."

There is such extreme monotony of manner extending through the whole of this version, that this short extract may be considered as affording a tolerably fair sample of it. The finest passages of the original have no splendor of diction to distinguish them in the translation. The description of the calm season of nature's repose, and the contrast it afforded to the agitation of mind under which Dido laboured, so finely pourtrayed in the fourth book, is thus rendered:

" Then was it night, and creatures all that weary were on ground
Did take their slumber sweet; both woods and seas had left their sound,
And waves of waters wild, when stars at midnight soft do slide,
When whist is every field, and beasts and birds of painted pride,
In bushes broad that breed, and country fowls of land and lake,
By night, in silence, still are set on sleep, their ease to take,
Forgetting labours long, and care away from heart they shake.

But not so Dido could, nor never rest relieves her mind;
On sleep she never falls; her eyes, or heart, no night can find:
Her cares increasing rise; with raging lover in breast she boils
Afresh, and surges wild of wrath within herself she toils:
Between them thus she strives, and thus her heavy heart turmoils."

The following short extract, from the account of the shooting of the Dove, is not ill done:

" Then Mnesteus, his bow to draw, forthwith with strength stood out;
And stretching hand aloft, his heart and eye did level right;
Yet could not he, (good man), for all his art, the culver smite,
But hit the hempen cord; and of the knot the bands he brast,
Whereby the bird was bound, and by her foot did hang at mast:
She took the wind forthwith, and to the clouds full fast she flew.
And even at that time, as he his bow and dart directing drew,
Eurition, and for his brother's help, in heaven, he cried:
The bird he saw was loose; and sporting her in skies, he spied:
Yet, marking well with eyes and stedfast hand, in clouds above,
He quickly brake her play with sudden stroke, and slew the dove,
That tumbling down she fell, and in the stars her life she left,
And dead she came to ground, and in her body brought the shaft."

The description of the bay, into which Æneas and his companions were driven, on the coast of Africa, is rather poetically translated:

" Far in the shore there lieth an isle, and there besides a bay,
Where, from the channel deep, the haven goeth in and out alway:
On either side, the reaches high, to heaven up climb to grow,
And under them the still sea lieth, for there no breath can blow;
But green wood like a garland grows, and hides them all with shade,
And in the midst a pleasant cave there stands, of nature made,
Where sit the nymphs, among the springs, in seats of moss and stone,
When ships are in, no cables need, nor anchors need they none."

This is his sketch of Mount Etna:

" A haven right large there is, whom force of wind can never move,
But Ætna's brasting noise, and grisly thundering, roars above:
Sometimes thereout a blustring cloud both break, and up to skies,
All smoking, black as pitch, with flakes of fires among it, flies;

And flames, in foldings round, to sweep the stars, the mouth doth cast.
Sometime the rocks, and mountain's deep entrails, asunder brast;
It belch, and bolketh out; and stones it melts and up it throws
In lumps with roaring noise, and low beneath the bottom glows."

The above specimens will suffice to give the reader an idea of the manner in which this very early translation of the *Æneid* is executed.

Twyne's poetical abilities were much inferior to those of his coadjutor, so that his portion of the undertaking is, as might be expected, utterly beneath criticism.

We may dismiss this publication with observing, that it has long since found its place among those books which are scarce, because they have been supplanted by superior productions on the same subject; and consequently, the demand for them having ceased, they are no longer reprinted.

ART. XIII.—*Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time.* 1724.

It has been the fate of Bishop Burnet to experience the severity of criticism, and the license of political scandal, in a greater degree than almost any writer with whom we are acquainted. Indeed he has delivered his opinion so roundly on the characters of men, spoken so many harsh and ungrateful truths, and, without regard to the quality of the offender, denounced the vices of public men in such unsparing terms, that he could hardly fail of alarming a host of prejudices, both personal and political. In directing, therefore, the publication of his history to be deferred so long after his own decease, though he might be chiefly influenced by a delicate regard to the feelings of his more immediate contemporaries, he was not, we suspect, without some foreboding of the storm it was likely to raise; and, doubtless, consoled himself with the reflection, that —let it break as it might—he should then be himself secure beyond the reach of calumny. His reputation has accordingly had to sustain the conflict from which he wisely withdrew his person; and each individual of that hornet's nest his rashness had provoked, has concentrated all its venom to sting wherever there seemed a possibility of inflicting a wound. His character has been assailed in every mode, which dulness, inspired with resentment, could bear to use; or wit, sharpened and set on by

malice, could devise. His veracity has been impeached, his integrity questioned, his candour and fairness utterly denied; and whilst one has termed him a busy meddler in politics,—another, a defamer of honest men,—a third, a factious spirit;—there is scarcely a single epithet, which the copious vocabulary of party abuse could supply, that has not, at one time or other, been appended to his name. Abundantly vain, and sufficiently credulous, his foibles have presented a fairer mark for the shafts of ridicule, and his enemies have possibly succeeded as often in raising a laugh at his expense, as they have failed in establishing the more serious charges which, in a graver mood, they have preferred against him. But the liveliest effusions of satirical wit, when directed against real merit, are, as they deserve to be, fleeting and ephemeral—the recollection of them seldom surviving the slightest change in the current of men's thoughts, and in well-constituted minds, dying with the mirth they have created. Those who were once so busy with his fame, and strove so hard to affix a stigma to his reputation—the witty and ingenious, no less than the dull and malignant, sleep the long night of oblivion; whilst all that kindled their resentment, or excited their spleen,—his intrepid, manly, and honest exposure of iniquity, wherever it lurked, and his plain and downright dealing with characters, however high in station, or distinguished for talent, still remain to demand the unequivocal applause of more impartial posterity.

Those who, in the history of Bishop Burnet, expect general and extensive views, a luminous narrative of events, or a philosophical exposition of their causes, must not be surprised, if, instead of finding what contemporary historians so seldom exhibit, they are involved, with no clue to guide them, in the confusion of a period more than usually dark and intricate. Want of perspicuity, the result either of bad arrangement, or defective information, and conclusions drawn from statements imperfect or inaccurate, partial views and mistaken opinions, judgement outrun by zeal, and discernment clouded by prejudice—sentiments coloured by party feelings or personal interests, and characters drawn with fondness or resentment,—these are defects incidental, in a greater or less degree, to the works of all, who, however honest in their intentions, or little interested in the transactions they record, have attempted to tell the story of their own times. If Burnet has not risen superior to the weaknesses of our common nature, he had at least a situation of more than ordinary difficulty to plead in excuse; and being not merely a close observer of passing events, but a warm and active partizan, during a period when parties ran high, and delusions abounded, we have less reason to wonder at his occasional errors and wrong conclusions, than to admire the

general fairness of his statements, and the accuracy and extent of his information. Although the light which he throws on the transactions of that day be not of the steady and general kind, which the unprejudiced inquirer of after times is enabled to diffuse, it falls, at least, more strongly on individual objects, and exhibits them with a great deal more distinctness and precision. The forcible impressions, which these occasional glimpses convey to the mind of particular persons and things, repay us for some weariness and much perplexity, and compensate, in a great measure, for the want of more extended and philosophical views. During these momentary gleams, which, though brief in their duration, produce a lasting effect, we seem at once to enter into the spirit of the times, and gain a livelier conception of the sort of people with whom we are engaged, than the most minute detail of their manners, habits, and modes of life could possibly afford us. This is a species of knowledge, which we seldom derive from the perusal of more general history, occupied as it is with national events, and rarely descending into the privacy of individual life. The business, too, of the philosophical historian, being to shew that in ages, however distant, or countries, however remote from one another, man is still the same,—affected in a similar manner by like circumstances from without, and influenced within by the same passions and emotions, we are not made sufficiently aware of the vast difference that subsists, in all other respects, between ourselves and the persons of whom we read; and, could they be presented to our view, should probably be not a little astounded by the strangeness of their aspect and manners, with whose minds we are so conversant, and with whom we claim such a perfect community of interests and feelings.

But besides these emanations of a brighter genius, the tenor of *Burnet's History* is, in general, so lively and spirited, that we are transported with little trouble into the times of which it treats, involved in the hurry and bustle of life, and made to participate in all the fears, jealousies, and resentments, of that most anxious and eventful period. The rapidity of the narrative seldom permits the attention to falter, and the energy of a strong and powerful style carries it triumphantly through discussions and details, otherwise of a nature sufficiently tedious to threaten it with total extinction. He does not write like one who, from time to time, has disburthened his memory upon paper, and then, with his materials around him, sits down to make a compilation; on the contrary, he seems to pour forth his narrative from the accumulated stores of many years, and from his strong recollection of the incidents related, to be animated with all the feelings that they had originally excited in his breast. Thus telling only what he distinctly recollects, his

relation has not the lifeless air of having been recovered from imperfect memoranda, which with difficulty awakened his slumbering memory, but is fresh and vigorous, preserving all the animation and originality which belong to works written while the events, of which they treat, are yet recent, and the swell of the passions not yet subsided. Besides, even those parts which are the most barren of interest, are still diversified with unpremeditated but striking touches of character,—whimsical ebullitions of spleen, and round and unequivocal expressions of indignation, and sometimes with amusing exhibitions of the author's sense of his own personal dignity and importance. This foible of the reverend historian has laid his character open to ridicule, and here accordingly has the adversary aimed his shafts with most success. But what is ludicrous in itself, requires less wit in another to set it off to advantage, and we probably smile more irresistibly at the good bishop's unintentional exposure of himself, than at the exaggerated representations of those, who have endeavoured to enhance the ridicule. His consequence in the world, at least his own opinion of it, seems early to have been considerable; for, we find that, at the advanced age of nineteen, he was let into the secret of all affairs by the then administration; "for they had such an imagination of some service I might do them, that they treated me with a very particular freedom and confidence. But I had drunk in the principles of moderation so early, that though I was entirely Episcopal, yet I would not engage with a body of men, that seemed to have the principles and tempers of inquisitors in them, and to have no regard to religion in any of their proceedings."—Two years afterwards, "it was thought," he says, "that Lord Lauderdale was preparing me, as one who was known to have been always Episcopal, to be set up against Sharp (the Archbishop), and his set of men, who were much hated by one side, and not loved nor trusted by the other." In 1672, he represents himself as out of measure weary of his atendance at Court, but was pressed to continue it. "Many found I did good offices. I got some to be considered and advanced, that had no other way of access. But that which made it more necessary was, that I saw Sharp and his creatures were making their court with the most abject flattery. Leighton went seldom to them, though he was always treated by them with great indulgence. So it was necessary for me to be about them, and keep them right: otherwise all our designs were lost without recovery."—We give but one specimen more, where his vanity soars to a yet higher pitch, and he dilates in a still greater degree of imaginary consequence:

"While I was at the court (of France) which was only for four or five days, one of the king's coaches was sent to wait on me, and the king ordered me to be well treated by all about him, which, upon that, was done with a great profusion of extraordinary respects: at which all people stood amazed. Some thought, it was to encourage the side against the court by this treatment of one then in disgrace. Others more probably thought, that the king hearing I was a writer of history, had a mind to engage me to write on his side. I was told a pension would be offered me. But I made no steps towards it, for, though I was offered an audience of the king, I excused it. After a few months' stay, I returned, and found both the king and the duke were highly offended with the reception I had met with in France. They did not know what to make of it, and fancied there was something hid under it."

Whether naturally led by his searching and inquisitive temper to pry into the thoughts and dispositions of public men, or from a consideration that the knowledge of these might afford a key to all that was strange or anomalous in the management of affairs, Burnet seems to have been more curious in observing the characters of men, than the nature of things, and desirous to know what they were, rather than what they did. The choicest and most valuable portions of his history are those parts of it, which he has devoted to the delineation of characters, a task for which he was eminently qualified, as well by his power of close and acute observation, as by his active temper, which, by leading him to mix much with the world, gave him frequent opportunities of exercising them with advantage. Accordingly, he has left us a collection of portraits, of all lengths, both of friends and foes, executed with more or less fidelity and success, but doubtless conveying each the most prominent features of the original. In these he has seldom descended to the mention of those characteristic peculiarities of temper and personal appearance, which, when happily hit off, enable us to embody the description, and place the whole man before our eyes. Considering the characters of public men, with an especial view to the effect they were likely to produce on the administration of affairs, he has been at less pains to describe their persons, manners, or habits, than to measure their understandings, and fathom the depths of their minds. The only attempt at a personal description, which we recollect, is of Duke Lauderdale, who is depicted in the following manner.—"He made a very ill appearance: he was very big: his hair red, hanging oddly about him: his tongue was too big for his mouth, which made him bedew all that he talked to: and his whole manner was rough and boisterous, and very unfit for a man." This sketch may remind our readers of the nobleman, who presided in that sitting

of the privy council, painted by the hand of a great master, which inflicted the torture on Macbriar, and who is there described, as " lolling a tongue, which was always too big for his mouth, and accommodating his coarse features to a sneer, to which they seemed familiar."—An enumeration of the chief faculties for which each person was distinguished, and the extent in which they were enjoyed, together with a summary of virtues and vices, constitute the bulk of the greater part of Burnet's descriptions: but in these rough, though striking sketches, there are occasionally more delicate strokes; and, without entering into metaphysical distinctions, he has often happily discriminated the finer shades of character, and the more secret qualities of the mind. But these representations, though correct in the main, are probably the parts of his history, which are most deeply tinged by the prejudices and feelings of the writer. Facts are such stubborn things, that it is difficult, without gross partiality, or dishonest views, to misrepresent or distort them: but in the delineation of character, there is so much room for the play of fancy and the operation of prejudice, that the judgement is constantly in danger of being led astray, however carefully it be guarded. Burnet, a man of ardent temperament, strong feelings, and lively fancy, was as likely as any one to go off on a wrong scent—pursue fancied errors, and exterminate imaginary crimes,—and cheat himself and the world by drawing from some phantom conjured up by the enthusiasm of party zeal.

If we were to distinguish between the characters he has left us of those who were his friends and adversaries in political life, we should be disposed to say, that the former are drawn with the most impartiality, and the latter with most effect. His attachment never seems to have blinded him to the faults of the first, which indeed, his devotion to their common cause made him only the more quick to discern and lament; but with regard to the latter, his candour has often enough been unable to keep pace with his resentment, and seeing their faults through the exaggerating medium of party politics, if he has not sometimes caricatured, he, at least, may be said to have, occasionally, distorted their features. In giving the character of Sancroft, for instance, the worthy author's prejudices have fairly mastered his candour; and in no part of his history, does he ever mention that blameless prelate with the justice we conceive to be due to his unblemished life, and primitive manners. The mild solemnity of his looks and deportment is construed into a sullen gravity—his pure and abstemious mode of life—abstracted from the world, and detached from its noise and tumult—is called a monastic strictness—in short, " he was a dry, cold man, reserved and peevish, so that none loved, and few esteemed

him." Fixed in the old maxims of high loyalty, and attaching a superstitious value to little things, his quiet but undaunted opposition to the encroachments of the king gain him little credit; and his martyr-like resignation of wealth, name, and station, for conscience-sake, is absolutely pitiful in the eyes of the more active prelate of the revolution. Sir William Temple is another illustrious character to which the prejudices of the historian have done violence; nor do we, in the following description, recognize a fair likeness of the man, whose life has been pronounced, by a better judge than Burnet, to be "a refutation of the vulgar notion that philosophy and practical good sense are things incompatible in a statesman."

"He was a vain man, much blown up in his own conceit, which he shewed too indecently on all occasions. He had a true judgment in affairs, and very good principles with relation to government, but in nothing else. He seemed to think that things were as they are from all eternity: at least, he thought religion was fit only for the mob. He was a great admirer of the sect of Confucius in China, who were atheists themselves, but left religion to the rabble. He was a corrupter of all that came near him, and he delivered himself up wholly to study ease and pleasure.

Among those who have not met with fair quarter from the pen of Burnet, it is rather singular we should have to mention the king himself, in whose character, it might have been supposed, there existed defects numerous enough to have satisfied even the historian's desire of vengeance by the recital; without laying him under the necessity of finding a parallel between that monarch and the sullen Tiberius. Yet so prepossessed was he with the exactness and truth of this parallel, which is about as complete as Fluellen's notable one between Monmouth and Macedon, that he did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their face and person. At Rome he saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth. But, "bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese, and Signior Dominico to whom it belonged, did agree with him in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him." In justice, however to Burnet, we ought to remember the country from which he came. In England, the king's condescension and affability, his good humoured wit and popular graces, might buy golden opinions of all men, and leave them little inclination for the ungrateful task of scrutinizing his defects; but, upon Scotland, he had looked with another face,—his smiles were converted into frowns,—and holding communication with his subjects there, only through the medium of severe and arbitrary proclamations, is it to be wondered at, if, instead of the gay and airy monarch, they drew in their imagina-

tion, a gloomy, unrelenting tyrant? Feeling, therefore, too much in sad and sober earnest, to view the gay scenes at Whitehall with aught but disgust, and retaining too lively a recollection of that execrable system of tyranny which had made the government odious to all who did not in some shape or other profit by it, to suffer himself to be captivated by kind words and gracious looks, Burnet seems alone to have been insensible to a fascination, which charmed all the world besides, and has drawn a character as much too severe, as those of other contemporary writers are too partial. But if hard measure is dealt out to the king, a yet severer sentence awaits his poet-laureate; and we cannot but think it extremely unjust, that in a history of the reign of Charles II. the great master of English poesy should be characterized only "as a monster of immodesty and impurity of all sorts." Yet, here again, Burnet has a good excuse; and it is possible he might have been induced to overlook the licentiousness of Dryden's verse, had not the recollection of the unlucky bard's description of king Buzzard intervened and cut off all hopes of pardon.

> "A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
> He seemed a son of Anach for his height;
> Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer,
> Black-browed, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter."

The instances we have mentioned here, are not the only ones which might be adduced to show the unmerciful treatment which the characters of men have occasionally met with at his hands: but having cited so many, it would be unfair not to give the very candid apology, which Burnet has himself offered in the preface to his history.

> "I find, [says he,] that the long experience I have had of the baseness, the malice, and the falsehood of mankind has inclined me to be apt to think generally the worst, both of men, and parties: and indeed the peevishness, the ill nature, and the ambition of many clergymen has sharpened my spirits too much against them: so I warn my reader to take all that I say on these heads with some grains of allowance, though I have watched over myself and my pen so carefully that I hope there is no great occasion for this apology."

Not less remarkable than the force with which Burnet has drawn his characters, is the great facility with which they appear to have been produced. There are no marks of labour or afterthought, and no attempts to shade or soften down the rough lines of the original description; it is probable we have them just as they came from his pen, without alteration, or amendment. No other writer, with whom we are acquainted, has ex-

pressed his sentiments in terms so plain and unambiguous; or, without descending to abuse, has spoken of the vices and follies of the great in a manner so blunt and uncourtly. This, it appears to us, arose not from any disposition to vilify those, whose characters he disliked or despised, nor yet from any severity of temper in him, who was rather, we should suppose, notwithstanding his own confession, inclined, where political prejudice did not interfere, to indulgence; but from a simplicity of mind, which naturally led him to reject all sorts of circumlocution, and to use, on all occasions, the language that was plainest and most straight-forward. He seems to have thought with Yorick, that things were best known by their right names; and that there was nothing so dignified in vice and dishonesty, as that he should be at the pains to soften his reprobation of them, by seeking for more delicate and courtly phrases. From among the minor characters of the reign of Charles II. we present the following, as illustrating the direct and uncompromising way, in which he has dealt with the faults of public men.

"Annesly had the faculty of speaking indefatigably upon every subject, but he spoke ungracefully; and did not know that he was not good at raillery, for he was always attempting it. He was a man of a grave deportment, but stuck at nothing, and was ashamed of nothing. He was neither loved nor trusted by any man, or any side; and he seemed to have no regard to common decencies, but sold every thing that was in his power, and sold himself after, that at last the price fell so low that he grew useless.

"Hollis was a man of great courage, and of as great pride. He argued well, but too vehemently, for he could not bear contradiction. He had the soul of an old stubborn Roman in him. He was a faithful but rough friend, and a severe but fair enemy.

"Clarges valued himself on opposing the court, and on his frugality in managing the public money, for he had Cromwell's economy ever in his mouth; and was always for reducing the expences of war to the modesty and parsimony of those times. After he was become very rich himself by the public money, he seemed to take care that nobody else should grow as rich as he was in that way.

"Monk was ravenous, as well as his wife, who was a mean contemptible creature. They both asked and sold all that was within their reach, nothing being denied to them for some time; till he became so useless that little personal regard could be paid him."

Mr. Hume, who has been pleased to make a hero of General Monk, is very angry with the bishop for this disparaging mention of a nobleman, "the tenor of whose life was so unexceptionable;" and accuses him of having, "agreeably to his factious temper," treated him with great malignity. If this censure be justly passed, it must fall upon Clarendon also, who,

not less subject, apparently, to the "strange power of faction" than Burnet himself, has once or twice noticed the general's turn for frugality, in terms equally unceremonious. Having observed, in one place, that "the general, in his own nature, was an immoderate lover of money," he says, yet more plainly in another, that "profit was the highest reason always with him;" and adds, that in the disposal of places under the Master of Horse, which office was among the many that the general had appropriated to himself, "the vile good huswifery of his wife preferred him who offered most money, before all other considerations or motives." There is related, immediately after, another particular concerning this illustrious personage; which, since we have been led to the mention of him, we insert, as too characteristic of the man to be omitted. One Morrice, who was the person that had prevailed with Monk to declare for the king, had been recommended by him to fill the important office of Secretary of State, but had no true judgement of foreign affairs. "And," continues Burnet, "the Duke of Albemarle's judgment of them may be measured by what he said when he found the king grew weary of Morrice, but that, in regard to him, he had no mind to turn him out; he did not know what was necessary for a good Secretary of State, in which he was defective, for he could not speak French and write short-hand." In the language of a more dignified historian, there is the following mention of the same particulars: the contrast is not a little amusing—"The capacity of Albemarle was not extensive, and his parts were more solid than shining; Morris, his friend, was created Secretary of State, and was supported more by his patron's credit than by his own abilities or experience." Indeed, it does not appear that the qualifications for the office of Secretary of State were very extraordinary in the reign of Charles II. whatever they may have since become; at least, if any inference is to be drawn from the extent of information possessed by some of those who, at different times, discharged its functions. Long after the decline of the administration, of which Morrice was so hopeful a member, we find the same office equally well filled by Secretary Jenkins, who, in Burnet's blunt style, "understood nothing;" and by a certain Lord Conway, "who was so very ignorant of foreign affairs, that his province being the North, when one of the foreign ministers talked to him of the Circles of Germany, it amazed him: he could not imagine what circles had to do with affairs of state."

Amidst the endless variety of characters, princes, statesmen, lawyers, divines, who are under obligations to Burnet for having transmitted their good or ill qualities to posterity, there

are none which are drawn with more skill, and, in general, with greater candour and fairness, than those of the court. Attached himself, by education, to the Episcopal church, but extremely moderate in his notions of ecclesiastical government, and liberal in his estimation of those who differed from him in opinion, he was admirably qualified to judge the pretensions of the different sects, and to detect those absurdities in the conduct of each, which their violent prejudices in favour of their own form, and in opposition to every other, made them unable to discern. To one so indifferent to forms, as he seems to have been, and thinking "that none of them were bad enough to make men bad, nor any of them good enough to make men good," how unreasonable must have appeared that vehemence and acrimony with which each party was wont to assert, not merely every point of doctrine, however immaterial, but every peculiarity of discipline, however minute; choosing rather to divide the whole nation into religious factions, than consent to change even a posture, or alter in the fashion of a gown. The debates that ensued immediately after the restoration, between the two principal parties in the church, are given with great impartiality, and some of the managers characterized with equal truth and effect. "The two men," he says, "who had the chief management of the debate, were the most unfit to heal matters, and the fittest to widen them that could have been found out. Baxter was the opponent, and Gunning the respondent." The first of these is described a little above, as having "a very moving and pathetical way of writing, and been his whole life long a man of great zeal and much simplicity, but most unhappily subtle and metaphysical in every thing." He would have been esteemed too one of the learned men of the age, "if he had not meddled in too many things;" an objection, we think, which would have come with a better grace from almost any one than Burnet. The Episcopal party, on their side, not to be behind-hand with the Presbyterians, seem to have selected their champion with equal judgement. "He was a man of great reading, and noted for a special subtlety of arguing: all the arts of sophistry were made use of by him on all occasions, in as confident a manner as if they had been sound reasonings: he was a man of an innocent life; unweariedly active to very little purpose." He is subsequently mentioned as being "a dry man, and much inclined to superstition, having a great confusion of things in his head, but able to bring nothing into method." To that he was a dark and perplexed preacher, his sermons being full of Greek and Hebrew, yet they were much relished by the ladies of a "high form," which, the king used to say, was because they did not understand them. The

conference carried on by two such subtle disputants as these was not likely to come to a speedy, or, indeed, to any end at all. "They spent some days in much logical arguing, to the diversion of the town, who thought here was a couple of fencers engaged in disputes that could never be brought to an end, nor have any good effect." Indeed it never seems to have been the intention of the Episcopal party to suffer the slightest concession to be made in favour of the sectarists, who were an implacable as well as an unreasonable people; and, after this conference, they bravely resolved to maintain conformity to the height, and to make the terms of it much stricter than they had ever been before. Accordingly, it is said that no fewer than two thousand were, in one day, deprived of their benefices, and, in a manner, compelled to form separate congregations; thus keeping up a standing faction in every town and village in England. During the time of the plague, and afterwards, while the city lay in ashes, the Non-conformists, to whose disease had been applied the usual remedy of severe enactments, ventured to occupy the pulpits which had been deserted by the regular owners, and, people being then in a more than ordinary disposition to profit by good sermons, preached, it is said, with considerable effect, but not without reflecting on the sins of the court, and on the ill usage that they themselves had met with. This drew upon them, once again, the notice of parliament; and their boldness in daring, in defiance of the plague and fire, to discharge the duties of a calling there were none left but themselves to exercise, was met with a degree of hardship proportioned to the excess of their temerity. In consequence of new and severer clauses in an act, which was not yet deemed sufficiently coercive, many of the sects either discontinued their meetings, or held them very secretly, with small numbers, and not in hours of public worship. Yet informers were encouraged, and were everywhere at work. The behaviour of the Quakers was more particular, and had something in it that looked bold. They met at the same place, and at the same hour, as before; and when they were seized, none of them would go out of the way. They went all together to prison; they staid there till they were dismissed, for they would not petition to be set at liberty; nor would they pay the fines set on them; nor so much as the gaol fees, calling them the wages of unrighteousness. And as soon as they were let out, they went to their meeting-houses again: and when they found that they were shut up by order, they held their meetings in the streets, before the doors of those houses. They said they would not disown, or be ashamed of their meeting together to worship God; but, in imitation of Daniel, they would do it the more publicly, be-

cause they were forbidden the doing of it. Some called this obstinacy, while others called it firmness. But by it they carried their point: for the government grew weary of dealing with so much perverseness, and so began with letting them alone.

In Scotland, where religious differences proceeded to much greater lengths,—where the violence of one party was equalled only in its excess by the fanaticism of the other,—and where, among a people, rude and primitive in their manners, the characteristic marks of each were more equally discernible, Burnet, who seems to have been actively and benevolently employed in endeavouring to appease the animosities of both, had better opportunities, as well as a wider field for observation. There are few passages to be met with in history which convey so just and accurate a view of the life and manners, or are so entirely free from the colouring of party and prejudice, as the description, which he has given, of this singular people. Though by no means partial to Presbytery itself, indeed, so little so, as to have viewed with something like regret its final triumph at the revolution, he has yet been as far from denying what was meritorious in that sect, as from disguising or palliating what was obnoxious in the other. He describes the old incumbents, who were driven from their churches to make way for the Episcopal ministers, as "a grave, solemn sort of people; whose spirits were eager, and their tempers sour, but having no appearance that created respect."

"They had brought [he continues] the people to such a degree of knowledge, that cottagers and servants would have prayed extempore. I have often heard them at it; and though there was a large mixture of odd stuff, yet I have been astonished to hear how copious and ready they were at it. Their ministers generally brought them about them on the Sunday nights, where the sermons were talked over; and every one, women as well as men, were desired to speak their sense and their experience; and by these means they had a comprehension of matters of religion, greater than I have seen among people of that sort any where."

The preachers were all accustomed to use the same method in their sermons,—expounding points of doctrine, and then shewing the use that was to be made of them, "both for instruction and terror; for exhortation and comfort; for trial of themselves upon it; and for furnishing them with proper directions and helps: and this was so methodical, that the people grew to follow a sermon quite through every branch of it."

"To this some added the resolving of doubts concerning the state they were in, or their progress or decay in it; which they called

cases of conscience. And these were taken from what their people said to them at any time, very oft being under fits of melancholy, or vapours, or obstructions, which, though they flowed from natural causes, was looked on as the spirit of God, and a particular exercise to them; and they fed this disease of weak minds too much. As they lived in great familiarity with their people, and used to pray and talk oft with them in private, so it can hardly be imagined to what a degree they were loved and reverenced by them."

This is the favourable side of the picture; let us now turn to the reverse, which is painted with equal truth:—

"Their faults and defects were not so conspicuous: they had a very scanty measure of learning, and a narrow compass in it. They were little men, of a very indifferent size of capacity, and apt to fly out into great excess of passion and indiscretion. They were servile, and too apt to fawn upon, and flatter their admirers. They were affected in their deportment, and very apt to censure all who differed from them, and to believe and report whatever they heard to their prejudice. And they were superstitious and haughty. In their sermons they were apt to enlarge on the state of the present time, and to preach against the sins of princes and courts, a topic that naturally makes men popular. It has an appearance of courage, and the people are glad to hear those sins insisted on in which they perceive they have no share, and to believe that all the judgments of God come down by the means and procurement of other men's sins."

The answer which one of them gave to Middleton, when pressed by him on the subject of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of defensive arms, deserves to be inscribed in letters of gold on the walls of a king's palace: "He wished that kings and their ministers would believe them lawful, and so govern as men that expect to be resisted; but he wished that their subjects would believe them to be unlawful, and so the world would be quiet." When sent by Leighton, along with some other divines, to the western counties, they were amazed to see a poor commonality so capable to argue on the points of government and religion. "Upon all these topics they had texts of Scripture at hand; and were ready with their answers to any thing that was said to them. This measure of knowledge was spread even among the meanest of them, their cottagers and their servants. They were indeed vain of their knowledge; much conceited of themselves; and were full of a most intangled scrupulosity: so that they found or made difficulties in every point that could be laid before them."

After the government had once more proceeded to force the mitre upon the reluctant head of the Scottish presbytery, and the newly consecrated bishops had gone down in a sort of triumph to Scotland, the privy council deliberated, (if that could

be called deliberation, when they were all so drunk, as Duke Hamilton said, that they were not capable of considering any thing) about the measures to be adopted with regard to the Presbyterian ministers. Their resolution was, to execute the laws without any relenting or delay; nay, the military were even ordered "to pull them out of their pulpits, if they should presume to go on in their functions;" and an invitation was sent over the kingdom, "like a hue and cry, to all persons, to accept of benefices in the West, which drew many worthless persons thither, who had little learning, less piety, and no sort of discretion." After Leighton had undertaken the administration of the see of Glasgow, he, in many discourses, excited the episcopal clergy "to bear the contempt and ill usage they met with as a cross laid upon them for the exercise of their faith and patience—to lay aside all their appetites of revenge, and humble themselves, and then they might expect a blessing upon their endeavours."

"This was a new language to the clergy. They had nothing to say against it: but it was a comfortless doctrine to them: and they had not been accustomed to it. No speedy ways were proposed for forcing the people to come to church, nor for sending soldiers among them, or raising the fines, to which they were liable. So they went home, as little edified with their new bishop, as he was with them."

We suppose, that no people, however subject to arbitrary laws and despotic princes, ever experienced such a continued series of violence and oppression as was maintained by the government of Scotland, during the reign of the two last princes of the house of Stuart. Every administration, by turn, seemed to go a step farther than the one which had preceded it; and the fury of Lauderdale did not more improve upon the drunkenness of Middleton, than it was exceeded by the more regular and systematic cruelty of the Duke of Queensberry. Sometimes, Leighton pleaded, and Hamilton and others remonstrated, whilst the king would intimate that another mode of proceeding was necessary to his affairs; but the interval was sure to be brief, and there was a quick return to former violence and additional atrocities. The strangest of all the ministers that tyrannized over Scotland, in the reign of Charles, was Lauderdale: sometimes he would break out into the most frantic fits of rage possible, and then, after he had "let himself loose," calm all on the sudden; so that his way was "to govern by fits, and to pass from hot to cold ones, always in extremes." On one occasion, when Burnet said to him, was that a time to drive the people into a rebellion? "Yes," said he, "would to God they would rebel, that so I might bring over an army of Irish papists to cut their throats;" and on another, after the high-

landers had been sent into the west, to live on free quarter, and the gentlemen of the country refused to deliver up their arms, upon oath, or submit to keep no horse above four pound price, Duke Lauderdale was put "in such a frenzy, that at council table he made bare his arms above his elbow, and swore by Jehovah, he would make them enter into those bonds." So early as the year 1667, when the severe proceedings of the privy council had thrown the whole kingdom into a fermentation, and a rising had, in consequence, ensued in the West, the description of the conduct both of military and clergy, reminds us of the way in which the crusaders were wont to treat their captives, or the inquisition its victims.

"The forces were ordered to lie in the west, where Dalziel acted the Muscovite too grossly. He threatened to spit men, and to roast them: and he killed some in cold blood, or rather in hot blood; for he was then drunk, when he ordered one to be hanged, because he would not tell where his father was, for whom he was in search. When he heard of any that did not go to church, he did not trouble himself to set a fine upon him: but he set so many soldiers upon him, as should eat him up in a night. By this means, all people were struck with such a terror, that they came regularly to church. And the clergy were so delighted with it, that they used to speak of that time, as the poets do of the golden age. They never interceded for any compassion to their people; nor did they take care to live more regularly, or to labour more carefully. They looked on the soldiery as their patrons: they were ever in their company, complying with them in their excesses: and, if they were not much wronged, they rather led them into them, than checked them for them. Dalziel himself and his officers were disgusted with them."

We have dwelt longer upon the subject of Scottish character, and Scottish persecutions, not only because the account which Burnet has given of them, is as impartial as it is striking, but because the extracts we have made illustrate, in a remarkable manner, the historical truth, with which the author of *Old Mortality* has described the fictitious scenes and characters of that admirable composition. The historian furnishes a general view of the life and manners of the same people and period, of which the novelist (since so we must term him for distinction's sake) has given the detail: and whether the one or the other has described them with most truth and felicity, it would be difficult to pronounce. We will give one extract more, in which the defeat of the insurgents at Pentland Hill is represented in a manner, that brings to our recollection the more elaborate account of the victory at Drunclog, and the rout of Bothwell Bridge.

"The rebels thought to have marched back by the way of Pent-

land Hill. They were not much concerned for the few horses they had, and they knew that Dalziel, whose horse was fatigued with a fortnight's constant march, could not follow them. And if they had gained but one night more in their march, they had got out of his reach. But on the twenty-eighth of November, about an hour before sun-set, he came up with them. They were posted on the top of a hill: so he engaged with a great disadvantage. They, finding they could not get off, stopt their march. Their ministers did all they could, by preaching and praying, to infuse courage into them; and they sung the seventy-fourth and the seventy-eighth psalms. And so they turned on the king's forces. They received the first charge that was given by the troop of guards very resolutely, and put them in disorder. But that was all the action; for in the charge they lost all order, and ran for their lives. It was now dark: about forty were killed on the spot, and a hundred and twenty taken. They were a poor harmless company of men, become mad by oppression."

If there was any form of Christianity which Burnet was disposed to view with jealousy and dislike, it was that of the Church of Rome. Yet the fears of popery which he entertained, along with many others of the best and wisest men in the nation, did not make him harsh in his demeanour to the votaries of that religion, or illiberal in his estimation of their personal characters. He speaks with kindness of Peter Walsh, "the honestest and learnedest man he ever knew among them;" who, though agreeing in many points of controversy with the Protestants, still continued in the communion of the Romish church—"he was sure he did some good staying still on that side, but that he could do none at all if he should come over: he thought, no man ought to forsake that religion, in which he was born and bred, unless he was clearly convinced, that he must certainly be damned if he continued in it." Even when at Rome, though without his usual feeling of the consequence attached to all his proceedings, he excused himself from an interview with Pope Innocent XI., on account "of the noise it would make, yet he seems to have mingled freely with the cardinals there, and to have been treated by them with an easy freedom." One evening, he called on Cardinal Howard, whilst the latter was busy giving reliques to some French gentlemen, which Burnet was invited to see: so he whispered the Cardinal in English, "that it was somewhat odd, that a priest of the church of England should be at Rome helping them off with the wares of Babylon."

Burnet was told, that Pope Innocent, when he was made Cardinal, had a master to teach him to pronounce the little Latin he had occasion for at high masses; neither did he understand any thing of divinity; so that he remarks, the submitting to his infallibility "was a very implicit act of faith."

This reminds him of what a Jesuit at Venice had told him, when they were talking on this subject: "he said, that being in Rome during Altieri's pontificate, who lived some years in a perfect dotage, he confessed it required a very strong faith to believe him infallible: but, he added pleasantly, the harder it was to believe it, the act of faith was the more meritorious." With still greater freedom does Queen Christina treat the characters of those holy fathers of the church: she said to Burnet, "it was certain, that the church was governed by the immediate care and providence of God: for none of the four popes, that she had known since she came to Rome, had common sense. She added, they were the first and last of men." Upon the whole, Burnet appears to have been on such good terms with the cardinals and others at Rome, as to draw down upon him the following reflection of honest Samuel Johnson, who complains, that "while a certain traveller was making his court to cardinals, he got such an almanack in his bones, as to incapacitate him from learning this Scotch trick of a *gude* memory." This last expression was designed to ridicule the Bishop's Scottish dialect, and refers to a conciliatory speech of his after the Revolution, when, with that moderation which distinguished him through life, he exhorted all to forgetfulness of injuries, and forgiveness of wrongs. "Pray you have *gude* memories, *gude* memories; do not remember bad things, but keep your memories for *gude* things, have *gude* memories." The magnanimity and generous forbearance evinced in this singular speech, amply atone for the badness of the dialect and the homeliness of the sentence.

No change has been more frequently and, in some degree, it must be allowed, more justly urged against the character of Burnet, than that of excessive credulity: some, indeed, have not hesitated to say, he had a disposition to believe every thing he had an interest in believing. It is very certain, that the Bishop has given credence to many strange stories, and it unfortunately happens, that some of them are most injurious to the party whom he most disliked and opposed. Without going the length of affirming, that he was in the habit of believing what he wished, it must be confessed, he has often believed what was more plausible than true; and has probably sometimes been led, by the heat and animosities of party, to credit what his judgement, if he could have freely exercised it, would have induced him to reject. The materials for his history were collected, partly from his own observation, and partly from what he learnt from others: what he delivers, as seen by himself, may be relied upon with confidence; and what, as reported by others, we have no doubt he himself believed, notwithstanding subsequent inquiries may have shewn it, in some respects, to be

erroneous. On one subject, he escaped the delusion, which prevailed so very generally throughout the nation, and particularly the party to which he was attached. He has the honour of having been one among the very few, who denied the existence of the Popish plot; and at a time, when it was dangerous to express any doubts of its reality, he had the courage to attempt to save one of its victims, and to expose the falsehood of the evidence. His narrative of English affairs he owns to be imperfect, and, in some parts, out of order; but he thinks, that, considering the sources from which he derived it, he could not be misled—especially when he made allowance for the different accounts, which diversity of parties lead men to give—too easily believing some things, and as easily rejecting others.

The concluding sentence of the reign of Charles II., in which he speaks with a becoming confidence, contains a solemn asseveration of the truth and fairness of his history:—"How ungrateful soever this labour has proved to myself, and how unacceptable soever it may be to some, who, by the engagement of parties and interests are under other biases, yet I have gone through all that I knew relating to his life and reign, with that regard to truth, which became an impartial writer of history, and one who believes that he must give an account to God of what he writes, as well as of what he says and does."

END OF VOL. V.

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